

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXVII. — FEBRUARY, 1871. — NO. CLX.

THE ORIGINS OF FOLK-LORE.

"La mythologie, cette science toute nouvelle, qui nous fait suivre les croyances de nos pères depuis le berceau du monde jusqu'aux superstitions de nos campagnes." — EDMOND SCHERRER.

FEW mediæval heroes are so widely known as William Tell. His exploits have been celebrated by one of the greatest poets and one of the most delightful musicians of modern times. They are doubtless familiar to many who have never heard of Stauffacher or Winkelried, who are quite ignorant of the prowess of Roland, and to whom Arthur and Lancelot, nay, even Charlemagne, are but empty names.

Nevertheless, in spite of his vast reputation, it is probable that no such person as William Tell ever existed, and it is certain that the story of his shooting the apple from his son's head has no historical value whatever. In spite of the wrath of unlearned but patriotic Swiss, especially of those of the *cicerone* class, this conclusion is forced upon us as soon as we begin to study the legend in accordance with the canons of modern historical criticism. It is useless to point to Tell's lime-tree, standing to-day in the centre of the market-place at Altdorf, or to quote for our confusion his crossbow preserved

in the arsenal at Zurich, as unimpeachable witnesses to the truth of the story. It is in vain that we are told, "The bricks are alive to this day to testify to it; therefore, deny it not." These proofs are not more valid than the handkerchief of St. Veronica, or the fragments of the true cross. For if relics are to be received as evidence, we must needs admit the truth of every miracle narrated by the Bollandists.

The earliest work which makes any allusion to the adventures of William Tell is the chronicle of the younger Melchior Russ, written in 1482. As the shooting of the apple was supposed to have taken place in 1296, this leaves an interval of one hundred and eighty-six years, during which neither a Tell, nor a William, nor the apple, nor the cruelty of Gessler, received any mention. It may also be observed, parenthetically, that the charters of Küssnacht, when examined, show that no man by the name of Gessler ever ruled there. The chroniclers of the fifteenth century, Faber and Hammerlin, who minutely de-

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scribe the tyrannical acts by which the Duke of Austria goaded the Swiss to rebellion, do not once mention Tell's name, or betray the slightest acquaintance with his exploits or with his existence. In the Zurich chronicle of 1479 he is not alluded to. But we have still better negative evidence. John of Winterthur, one of the best chroniclers of the Middle Ages, was living at the time of the battle of Morgarten (1315), at which his father was present. He tells us how, on the evening of that dreadful day, he saw Duke Leopold himself in his flight from the fatal field, half dead with fear. He describes, with the loving minuteness of a contemporary, all the incidents of the Swiss revolution, but nowhere does he say a word about William Tell. This is sufficiently conclusive. These mediæval chroniclers, who never failed to go out of their way after a bit of the epigrammatic and marvellous, who thought far more of a pointed story than of historical credibility, would never have kept silent about the adventures of Tell, if they had known anything about them.

After this, it is not surprising to find that no two authors who describe the deeds of William Tell agree in the details of topography and chronology. Such discrepancies never fail to confront us when we leave the solid ground of history and begin to deal with floating legends. Yet, if the story be not historical, what could have been its origin? To answer this question we must considerably expand the discussion.

The first author of any celebrity who doubted the story of William Tell was Guiliamann, in his work on Swiss Antiquities, published in 1598. He calls the story a pure fable, but, nevertheless, eating his words, concludes by proclaiming his belief in it, because the tale is so popular! Undoubtedly he acted a wise part; for, in 1660, as we are told, Uriel Freudenberger was condemned by the canton of Uri to be burnt alive, for publishing his opinion that the legend of Tell had a Danish origin.*

* See Delepierre, *Historical Difficulties*, p. 75.

The bold heretic was substantially right, however, like so many other heretics, earlier and later. The Danish account of Tell is given as follows, by Saxo Grammaticus:—

“A certain Palnatoki, for some time among King Harold's body-guard, had made his bravery odious to very many of his fellow-soldiers by the zeal with which he surpassed them in the discharge of his duty. This man once, when talking tipsily over his cups, had boasted that he was so skilled an archer that he could hit the smallest apple placed a long way off on a wand at the first shot; which talk, caught up at first by the ears of backbiters, soon came to the hearing of the king. Now, mark how the wickedness of the king turned the confidence of the sire to the peril of the son, by commanding that this dearest pledge of his life should be placed instead of the wand, with a threat that, unless the author of this promise could strike off the apple at the first flight of the arrow, he should pay the penalty of his empty boasting by the loss of his head. The king's command forced the soldier to perform more than he had promised, and what he *had* said, reported by the tongues of slanderers, bound him to accomplish what he had *not* said. Yet did not his sterling courage, though caught in the snare of slander, suffer him to lay aside his firmness of heart; nay, he accepted the trial the more readily because it was hard. So Palnatoki warned the boy urgently when he took his stand to await the coming of the hurtling arrow with calm ears and unbent head, lest, by a slight turn of his body, he should defeat the practised skill of the bowman; and, taking further counsel to prevent his fear, he turned away his face, lest he should be scared at the sight of the weapon. Then, taking three arrows from the quiver, he struck the mark given him with the first he fitted to the string. . . . But Palnatoki, when asked by the king why he had taken more arrows from the quiver, when it had been settled that he should only try the fortune of the bow *once*,

made answer, 'That I might avenge on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the rest, lest perchance my innocence might have been punished, while your violence escaped scot-free.' *"

This ruthless king is none other than the famous Harold Blue-tooth, and the occurrence is placed by Saxo in the year 950. But the story appears not only in Denmark, but in England, in Norway, in Finland and Russia, and in Persia, and there is some reason for supposing that it was known in India. In Norway we have the adventures of Pansa the Splay-footed, and of Hemingr, a vassal of Harold Hardrada, who invaded England in 1066. In Iceland there is the kindred legend of Egil, brother of Wayland Smith, the Norse Vulcan. In England there is the ballad of William of Cloudeslee, which supplied Scott with many details of the archery scene in "Ivanhoe." Here, says the dauntless bowman,

"I have a sonne seven years old ;
Hee is to me full deere ;
I will tye him to a stake —
All shall see him that bee here —
And lay an apple upon his head,
And goe six paces him froe,
And I myself with a broad arrowe
Shall cleave the apple in towne."

In the *Malleus Maleficarum* a similar story is told of Puncher, a famous magician on the Upper Rhine. The great ethnologist Castrén dug up the same legend in Finland. It is common, as Dr. Dasent observes, to the Turks and Mongolians ; "and a legend of the wild Samoyeds, who never heard of Tell or saw a book in their lives, relates it, chapter and verse, of one of their marksmen." Finally, in the Persian poem of Farid-Uddin Attar, born in 1119, we read a story of a prince who shoots an apple from the head of a beloved page. In all these stories, names and motives of course differ ; but all contain the same essential incidents. It is always an unerring archer who, at the capricious command of a tyrant, shoots from the head of some one dear to him a small object, be it

an apple, a nut, or a piece of coin. The archer always provides himself with a second arrow, and, when questioned as to the use he intended to make of his extra weapon, the invariable reply is, "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my son." Now, when a marvellous occurrence is said to have happened everywhere, we may feel sure that it never happened anywhere. Popular fancies propagate themselves indefinitely, but historical events, especially the striking and dramatic ones, are rarely repeated. The facts here collected lead inevitably to the conclusion that the Tell myth was known, in its general features, to our Aryan ancestors, before ever they left their primitive dwelling-place in Central Asia.

It may, indeed, be urged that some one of these wonderful marksmen may really have existed and have performed the feat recorded in the legend ; and that his true story, carried about by hearsay tradition from one country to another and from age to age, may have formed the theme for all the variations above mentioned, just as the fables of La Fontaine were patterned after those of Æsop and Phædrus, and just as many of Chaucer's tales were consciously adopted from Boccaccio. No doubt there has been a good deal of borrowing and lending among the legends of different peoples, as well as among the words of different languages ; and possibly even some picturesque fragment of early history may have now and then been carried about the world in this manner. But as the philologist can with almost unerring certainty distinguish between the native and the imported words in any Aryan language, by examining their phonetic peculiarities, so the student of popular traditions, though working with far less perfect instruments, can safely assert, with reference to a vast number of legends, that they cannot have been obtained by any process of conscious borrowing. The difficulties inseparable from any such hypothesis will become more and more apparent as we proceed to exam-

* Saxo Grammaticus, Bk. X. p. 166. Ed. Frankf.

ine a few other stories current in different portions of the Aryan domain.

As the Swiss must give up his Tell, so must the Welshman be deprived of his brave dog Gellert, over whose cruel fate I confess to having shed more tears than I should regard as well bestowed upon the misfortunes of many a human hero of romance. Every one knows how the dear old brute killed the wolf which had come to devour Llewellyn's child, and how the prince, returning home and finding the cradle upset and the dog's mouth dripping blood, hastily slew his benefactor, before the cry of the child from behind the cradle and the sight of the wolf's body had rectified his error. To this day the visitor to Snowdon is told the touching story, and shown the place, called Beth-Gellert,* where the dog's grave is still to be seen. Nevertheless, the story occurs in the fireside lore of nearly every Aryan people. Under the Gellert-form it started in the Panchatantra, a collection of Sanskrit fables; and it has even been discovered in a Chinese work which dates from A. D. 668. Usually the hero is a dog, but sometimes a falcon, an ichneumon, an insect, or even a man. In Egypt it takes the following comical shape: "A Wali once smashed a pot full of herbs which a cook had prepared. The exasperated cook thrashed the well-intentioned but unfortunate Wali within an inch of his life, and when he returned, exhausted with his efforts at belaboring the man, to examine the broken pot, he discovered amongst the herbs a poisonous snake."† Now this story of the Wali is as manifestly identical with the legend of Gellert as the English word *father* is with the Latin *pater*; but as no one would maintain that the word *father* is in any sense derived from *pater*, so it would be im-

possible to represent either the Welsh or the Egyptian legend as a copy of the other. Obviously the conclusion is forced upon us that the stories, like the words, are related collaterally, having descended from a common ancestral legend, or having been suggested by one and the same primeval idea.

Closely connected with the Gellert myth are the stories of Faithful John and of Rama and Luxman. In the German story, Faithful John accompanies the prince, his master, on a journey in quest of a beautiful maiden, whom he wishes to make his bride. As they are carrying her home across the seas, Faithful John hears some crows, whose language he understands, foretelling three dangers impending over the prince, from which his friend can save him only by sacrificing his own life. As soon as they land, a horse will spring toward the king, which, if he mounts it, will bear him away from his bride forever; but whoever shoots the horse, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from toe to knee. Then, before the wedding a bridal garment will lie before the king, which, if he puts it on, will burn him like the Nessos-shirt of Herakles; but whoever throws the shirt into the fire and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from knee to heart. Finally, during the wedding-festivities, the queen will suddenly fall in a swoon, and "unless some one takes three drops of blood from her right breast she will die"; but whoever does so, and tells the king the reason, will be turned into stone from head to foot. Thus forewarned, Faithful John saves his master from all these dangers; but the king misinterprets his motive in bleeding his wife, and orders him to be hanged. On the scaffold he tells his story, and while the king humbles himself in an agony of remorse, his noble friend is turned into stone.

In the South Indian tale Luxman accompanies Rama, who is carrying home his bride. Luxman overhears two owls talking about the perils that await his

* According to Mr. Isaac Taylor, the name is really derived from "St. Celert, a Welsh saint of the fifth century, to whom the church of Llangeller is consecrated." (Words and Places, p. 339.)

† Compare Krilof's story of the Gnat and the Shepherd, in Mr. Ralston's excellent version, Krilof and his Fables, p. 170. Many parallel examples are cited by Mr. Baring-Gould, Curious Myths, Vol. I. pp. 126-136.

master and mistress. First he saves them from being crushed by the falling limb of a banyan-tree, and then he drags them away from an arch which immediately after gives way. By and by, as they rest under a tree, the king falls asleep. A cobra creeps up to the queen, and Luxman kills it with his sword; but, as the owls had foretold, a drop of the cobra's blood falls on the queen's forehead. As Luxman licks off the blood, the king starts up, and, thinking that his vizier is kissing his wife, upbraids him with his ingratitude, whereupon Luxman, through grief at this unkind interpretation of his conduct, is turned into stone.*

For further illustration we may refer to the Norse tale of the "Giant who had no Heart in his Body," as related by Dr. Dasent. This burly magician having turned six brothers with their wives into stone, the seventh brother — the crafty Boots or many-witted Odysseus of European folk-lore — sets out to obtain vengeance if not reparation for the evil done to his kith and kin. On the way he shows the kindness of his nature by rescuing from destruction a raven, a salmon, and a wolf. The grateful wolf carries him on his back to the giant's castle, where the lovely princess whom the monster keeps in irksome bondage promises to act, in behalf of Boots, the part of Delilah, and to find out, if possible, where her lord keeps his heart. The giant, like the Jewish hero, finally succumbs to feminine blandishments. "Far, far away in a lake lies an island; on that island stands a church; in that church is a well; in that well swims a duck; in that duck there is an egg; and in that egg there lies my heart, you darling." Boots, thus instructed, rides on the wolf's back to the island; the raven flies to the top of the steeple and gets the church-keys; the salmon dives to the bottom of the well, and brings up the egg from the place where the duck had dropped it; and so Boots becomes master of the situation. As he squeezes

the egg, the giant, in mortal terror, begs and prays for his life, which Boots promises to spare on condition that his brothers and their brides should be released from their enchantment. But when all has been duly effected, the treacherous youth squeezes the egg in two, and the giant instantly bursts.

The same story has lately been found in Southern India, and is published in Frere's remarkable collection of tales entitled "Old Deccan Days." In the Hindu version the seven daughters of a rajah, with their husbands, are transformed into stone by the great magician Punchkin, — all save the youngest daughter, whom Punchkin keeps shut up in a tower until by threats or coaxing he may prevail upon her to marry him. But the captive princess leaves a son at home in the cradle, who grows up to manhood unmolested, and finally undertakes the rescue of his family. After long and weary wanderings he finds his mother shut up in Punchkin's tower, and persuades her to play the part of the princess in the Norse legend. The trick is equally successful. "Hundreds of thousands of miles away there lies a desolate country covered with thick jungle. In the midst of the jungle grows a circle of palm-trees, and in the centre of the circle stand six jars full of water, piled one above another; below the sixth jar is a small cage which contains a little green parrot; on the life of the parrot depends my life, and if the parrot is killed I must die." The young prince finds the place guarded by a host of dragons, but some eaglets whom he has saved from a devouring serpent in the course of his journey take him on their crossed wings and carry him to the place where the jars are standing. He instantly overturns the jars, and seizing the parrot, obtains from the terrified magician full reparation. As soon as his own friends and a stately procession of other royal or noble victims have been set at liberty, he proceeds to pull the parrot to pieces. As the wings and legs come away, so tumble off the arms and legs of the

* See Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. I. pp. 145-149.

magician; and finally as the prince wrings the bird's neck, Punchkin twists his own head round and dies.

The story is also told in the highlands of Scotland, and some portions of it will be recognized by the reader as incidents in the Arabian tale of the Princess Parizade. The union of close correspondence in conception with manifest independence in the management of the details of these stories is striking enough, but it is a phenomenon with which we become quite familiar as we proceed in the study of Aryan popular literature. The legend of the Master Thief is no less remarkable than that of Punchkin. In the Scandinavian tale the Thief, wishing to get possession of a farmer's ox, carefully hangs himself to a tree by the roadside. The farmer, passing by with his ox, is indeed struck by the sight of the dangling body, but thinks it none of his business, and does not stop to interfere. No sooner has he passed than the Thief lets himself down, and running swiftly along a by-path, hangs himself with equal precaution to a second tree. This time the farmer is astonished and puzzled; but when for the third time he meets the same unwonted spectacle, thinking that three suicides in one morning are too much for easy credence, he leaves his ox and runs back to see whether the other two bodies are really where he thought he saw them. While he is framing hypotheses of witchcraft by which to explain the phenomenon, the Thief gets away with the ox. In the *Hitopadesa* the story receives a finer point. "A Brahman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to the market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brahman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first thief, the thief said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brahman replied, 'It is not a dog, it is a goat.' A little while after he was accosted by the second thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?'

The Brahman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, and walked on. Soon after he was stopped by the third thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' Then the Brahman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it." The adroitness of the Norse King in "The Three Princesses of Whiteland" shows but poorly in comparison with the keen psychological insight and cynical sarcasm of these Hindu sharpers. In the course of his travels this prince met three brothers fighting on a lonely moor. They had been fighting for a hundred years about the possession of a hat, a cloak, and a pair of boots, which would make the wearer invisible, and convey him instantly whithersoever he might wish to go. The King consents to act as umpire, provided he may once try the virtue of the magic garments; but once clothed in them, of course he disappears, leaving the combatants to sit down and suck their thumbs. Now in the "Sea of Streams of Story," written in the twelfth century by Somadeva of Cashmere, the Indian King Putraka, wandering in the Vindhya Mountains, similarly discomfits two brothers who are quarrelling over a pair of shoes, which are like the sandals of Hermes, and a bowl which has the same virtue as Aladdin's lamp. "Why don't you run a race for them?" suggests Putraka; and, as the two blockheads start furiously off, he quietly picks up the bowl, ties on the shoes, and flies away!

It is unnecessary to cite further illustrations. The tales here quoted are fair samples of the remarkable correspondence which holds good through all the various sections of Aryan folklore. The hypothesis of lateral diffusion, as we may call it, manifestly fails to explain coincidences which are maintained on such an immense scale. It is quite credible that one nation may have borrowed from another a solitary legend of an archer who performs the

feats of Tell and Palnatoki; but it is utterly incredible that ten thousand stories, constituting the entire mass of household mythology throughout a dozen separate nations, should have been handed from one to another in this way. No one would venture to suggest that the old grannies of Iceland and Norway, to whom we owe such stories as the Master Thief and the Princesses of Whiteland, had ever read Somadeva or heard of the treasures of Rhampsinitos. A large proportion of the tales with which we are dealing were utterly unknown to literature until they were taken down by Grimm and Frere and Castrén and Campbell, from the lips of ignorant peasants, nurses, or house-servants, in Germany and Hindustan, in Siberia and Scotland. Yet, as Mr. Cox observes, these old men and women, sitting by the chimney-corner and somewhat timidly recounting to the literary explorer the stories which they had learned in childhood from their own nurses and grandmas, "reproduce the most subtle turns of thought and expression, and an endless series of complicated narratives, in which the order of incidents and the words of the speakers are preserved with a fidelity nowhere paralleled in the oral tradition of historical events. It may safely be said that no series of stories introduced in the form of translations from other languages could ever thus have filtered down into the lowest strata of society, and thence have sprung up again, like Antaios, with greater energy and heightened beauty." There is indeed no alternative for us but to admit that these fireside tales have been handed down from parent to child for more than a hundred generations; that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of *yava* and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of Boots and Cinderella and the Master Thief, in the days when the squat Laplander was master of Europe and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmolested in the Punjab. Only such

community of origin can explain the community in character between the stories told by the Aryan's descendants, from the jungles of Ceylon to the highlands of Scotland.

This conclusion essentially modifies our view of the origin and growth of a legend like that of William Tell. The case of the Tell legend is radically different from the case of the blindness of Belisarius or the burning of the Alexandrian library by order of Omar. The latter are isolated stories or beliefs; the former is one of a family of stories or beliefs. The latter are untrustworthy traditions of doubtful events; but in dealing with the former, we are face to face with a *myth*.

What, then, is a myth? The theory of Euhemeros, which was so fashionable a century ago, in the days of the Abbé Banier, has long since been so utterly abandoned that to refute it now is but to slay the slain. The peculiarity of this theory was that it cut away all the extraordinary features of a given myth, wherein dwelt its inmost significance, and to the dull and useless residuum accorded the dignity of primeval history. In this way the myth was lost without compensation, and the student, in seeking good digestible bread, found but the hardest of pebbles. Considered merely as a pretty story, the legend of the golden fruit watched by the dragon in the garden of the Hesperides is not without its value. But what merit can there be in the gratuitous statement which, degrading the grand Doric hero to a level with any vulgar fruit-stealer, makes Herakles break a close with force and arms, and carry off a crop of oranges which had been guarded by mastiffs? It is still worse when we come to the more homely folk-lore with which the student of mythology now has to deal. The theories of Banier, which limped and stumbled awkwardly enough when it was only a question of Hermes and Minos and Odin, have fallen never to rise again since the problems of Punchkin and Cinderella and the Blue Belt have be-

gun to demand solution. The conclusion has been gradually forced upon the student, that the marvellous portion of these old stories is no illegitimate excrescence, but was rather the pith and centre of the whole,* in days when there was no supernatural, because it had not yet been discovered that there was such a thing as nature. The religious myths of antiquity and the fire-side legends of ancient and modern times have their common root in the mental habits of primeval humanity. They are the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the world into which they were born.

That prosaic and coldly rational temper with which modern men are wont to regard natural phenomena was in early times unknown. We have come to regard all events as taking place regularly, in strict conformity to law: whatever our official theories may be, we instinctively take this view of things. But our primitive ancestors knew nothing about laws of nature, nothing about physical forces, nothing about the relations of cause and effect, nothing about the necessary regularity of things. There was a time in the history of mankind when these things had never been inquired into, and when no generalizations about them had been framed, tested, or established. There was no conception of an order of nature, and therefore no distinct conception of a supernatural order of things. There was no belief in miracles as infractions of natural laws, but there was a belief in the occurrence of wonderful events too mighty to have been brought about by ordinary means. There was an unlimited capacity for believing and fancying, because fancy and belief had not yet been checked and headed off in various directions by established rules of experience. Physical science is a very late acquisition of the human mind, but we are already sufficiently imbued with it to be almost completely disabled from comprehend-

ing the thoughts of our ancestors. "How Finn cosmogonists could have believed the earth and heaven to be made out of a severed egg, the upper concave shell representing heaven, the yolk being earth, and the crystal surrounding fluid the circumambient ocean, is to us incomprehensible; and yet it remains a fact that they did so regard them. How the Scandinavians could have supposed the mountains to be the mouldering bones of a mighty Jötun, and the earth to be his festering flesh, we cannot conceive; yet such a theory was solemnly taught and accepted. How the ancient Indians could regard the rain-clouds as cows with full udders milked by the winds of heaven is beyond our comprehension, and yet their Veda contains indisputable testimony to the fact that they were so regarded." We have only to read Mr. Baring-Gould's book of "Curious Myths," from which I have just quoted, or to dip into Mr. Thorpe's great treatise on "Northern Mythology," to realize how vast is the difference between our stand-point and that from which, in the later Middle Ages, our immediate forefathers regarded things. The frightful superstition of werewolves is a good instance. In those days it was firmly believed that men could be, and were in the habit of being, transformed into wolves. It was believed that women might bring forth snakes or poodle-dogs. It was believed that if a man had his side pierced in battle, you could cure him by nursing the sword which inflicted the wound. "As late as 1600 a German writer would illustrate a thunder-storm destroying a crop of corn by a picture of a dragon devouring the produce of the field with his flaming tongue and iron teeth."

Now if such was the condition of the human intellect only three centuries ago, what must it have been in that dark antiquity when not even the crudest generalizations of Greek or of Oriental science had been reached? The same mighty power of imagination which now, restrained and guided by scientific principles, leads us to discover

* "Retrancher le merveilleux d'un mythe, c'est le supprimer." — Bréal, *Hercule et Cacus*, p. 50.

eries and inventions, must then have wildly run riot in mythologic fictions whereby to explain the phenomena of nature. Knowing nothing whatever of physical forces, of the blind steadiness with which a given effect invariably follows its cause, the men of primeval antiquity could interpret the actions of nature only after the analogy of their own actions. The only force they knew was the force of which they were directly conscious, — the force of will. Accordingly, they imagined all the outward world to be endowed with volition, and to be directed by it. They personified everything, — sky, clouds, thunder, sun, moon, ocean, earthquake, whirlwind.* The comparatively enlightened Athenians of the age of Perikles addressed the sky as a person, and prayed to it to rain upon their gardens. And for calling the moon a mass of dead matter, Anaxagoras came near losing his life. To the ancients the moon was not a lifeless ball of stones and clods: it was the horned huntress, Artemis, coursing through the upper ether, or bathing herself in the clear lake; or it was Aphrodite, protectress of lovers, born of the sea-foam in the East near Cyprus. The clouds were no bodies of vaporized water: they were cows with swelling udders, driven to the milking by Hermes, the summer wind; or great sheep with moist fleeces, slain by the unerring arrows of Bellerophon, the sun; or swan-maidens, flitting across the firmament, Valkyries hovering over the battle-field to receive the souls of falling heroes; or, again, they were mighty mountains piled one above another, in whose cavernous recesses the divining-wand of the storm-god Thor

revealed hidden treasures. The yellow-haired sun, Phoibos, drove westerly all day in his flaming chariot; or perhaps, as Meleagros, retired for a while in disgust from the sight of men; wedded at eventide the violet light (Oinone, Iole), which he had forsaken in the morning; sank, as Herakles, upon a blazing funeral-pyre, or, like Agamemnon, perished in a blood-stained bath; or, as the fish-god, Dagon, swam nightly through the subterranean waters, to appear eastward again at daybreak. Sometimes Phaëthon, his rash, inexperienced son, would take the reins and drive the solar chariot too near the earth, causing the fruits to perish, and the grass to wither, and the wells to dry up. Sometimes, too, the great all-seeing divinity, in his wrath at the impiety of men, would shoot down his scorching arrows, causing pestilence to spread over the land. Still other conceptions clustered around the sun. Now it was the wonderful treasure-house, into which no one could look and live; and again it was Ixion himself, bound on the fiery wheel in punishment for violence offered to Héré, the queen of the blue air.

This theory of ancient mythology is not only beautiful and plausible, it is, in its essential points, demonstrated. It stands on as firm a foundation as Grimm's law in philology, or the undulatory theory in molecular physics. It is philology which has here enabled us to read the primitive thoughts of mankind. A large number of the names of Greek gods and heroes have no meaning in the Greek language; but these names occur also in Sanskrit, with plain physical meanings. In the Veda we find Zeus or Jupiter (*Dyaus-pitar*) meaning the sky, and *Sarameias* or *Hermes*, meaning the breeze of a summer morning. We find *Athene* (*Ahana*), meaning the light of daybreak; and we are thus enabled to understand why the Greek described her as sprung from the forehead of Zeus. There too we find *Helena* (*Sarama*), the fickle twilight, whom the *Panis*, or night-demons, who serve as the prototypes of the

* "No distinction between the animate and inanimate is made in the languages of the Esquimaux, the Choctaws, the Muskoghee, and the Caddo. Only the Iroquois, Cherokee, and the Algonquin-Lenape have it, so far as is known, and with them it is partial." According to the Fijians, "vegetables and stones, nay, even tools and weapons, pots and canoes, have *souls* that are immortal, and that, like the souls of men, pass on at last to *Mbulu*, the abode of departed spirits." — M'Lennan, *The Worship of Animals and Plants*, *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. XII. p. 416.

Hellenic Paris, strive to seduce from her allegiance to the solar monarch. Even Achilles (Aharyu) again confronts us, with his captive Briseis (Brisaya's offspring); and the fierce Kerberos (Carvara) barks on Vedic ground in strict conformity to the laws of phonetics. Now, when the Hindu talked about Father Dyaus, or the sleek kine of Siva, he thought of the personified sky and clouds; he had not outgrown the primitive mental habits of the race. But the Greek, in whose language these physical meanings were lost, had long before the Homeric epoch come to regard Zeus and Hermes, Athene, Helena, Paris, and Achilles, as mere persons, and in most cases the originals of his myths were completely forgotten. In the Vedas the Trojan War is carried on in the sky, between the bright deities and the demons of night; but the Greek poet, influenced perhaps by some dim historical tradition, has located the contest on the shore of the Hellespont, and in his mind the actors, though superhuman, are still completely anthropomorphic. Of the true origin of his epic story he knew as little as Euhemerus, or Lord Bacon, or the Abbé Banier.

After these illustrations, we shall run no risk of being misunderstood when we define a *myth* as, in its origin, an explanation, by the uncivilized mind, of some natural phenomenon; not an allegory, not an esoteric symbol, — for the ingenuity is wasted which strives to detect in myths the remnants of a refined primeval science, — but an explanation. Primitive men had no profound science to perpetuate by means of allegory, nor were they such sorry pedants as to talk in riddles when plain language would serve their purpose. Their minds, we may be sure, worked like our own, and when they spoke of the far-darting sun-god, they meant just what they said, save that where we propound a scientific theorem, they constructed a myth.* A thing is said

to be explained when it is classified with other things with which we are already acquainted. That is the only kind of explanation of which the highest science is capable. We explain the origin, progress, and ending of a thunder-storm, when we classify the phenomena presented by it along with other more familiar phenomena of vaporization and condensation. But the primitive man explained the same thing to his own satisfaction when he had classified it along with the well-known phenomena of human volition, by constructing a theory of a great black dragon pierced by the unerring arrows of a heavenly archer. We consider the nature of the stars to a certain extent explained when they are classified as suns; but the Mohammedan compiler of the "*Mishkat-ul-Ma'sābih*" was content to explain them as missiles useful for stoning the Devil! Now, as soon as the old Greek, forgetting the source of his conception, began to talk of a human Oidipous slaying a leonine Sphinx, and as soon as the Mussulman began, if he ever did, to tell his children how the Devil once got a good pelting with golden bullets, then both the one and the other were talking pure mythology.

We are justified, accordingly, in distinguishing between a myth and a legend. Though the words are etymologically parallel, and though in ordinary discourse we may use them interchangeably, yet when strict accuracy is required, it is well to keep them separate. And it is perhaps needless, save for the sake of completeness, to say that both are to be distinguished from stories which have been designedly fabricated. The distinction may occasionally be subtle, but is usually broad enough. Thus, the story that Philip II. murdered his wife Elizabeth, is a misrepresentation; but the story

nous présentent le phénomène de la plus riche mythologie à côté de la plus profonde métaphysique." "La conception de la multiplicité dans l'univers, c'est le polythéisme chez les peuples enfants; c'est la science chez les peuples arrivés à l'âge mûr." — Renan, *Hist. des Langues Sémitiques*, Tom. I. p. 9.

* "Les facultés qui engendrent la mythologie sont les mêmes que celles qui engendrent la philosophie, et ce n'est pas sans raison que l'Inde et la Grèce

that the same Elizabeth was culpably enamored of her step-son Don Carlos, is a legend. The story that Queen Eleanor saved the life of her husband, Edward I., by sucking a wound made in his arm by a poisoned arrow, is a legend; but the story that Hercules killed a great robber, Cacus, who had stolen his cattle, conceals a physical meaning, and is a myth. While a legend is usually confined to one or two localities, and is told of not more than one or two persons, it is characteristic of a myth that it is spread, in one form or another, over a large part of the earth, the leading incidents remaining constant, while the names and often the motives vary with each locality. This is partly due to the immense antiquity of myths, dating as they do from a period when many nations, now widely separated, had not yet ceased to form one people. Thus the myth of the Trojan War is found, in its main features, both in the *Iliad* and in the *Veda*; and the myth of St. George and the Dragon is found in all the Aryan nations. But we must not always infer that myths have a common descent, merely because they resemble each other. We must remember that the proceedings of the uncultivated mind are more or less alike in all latitudes, and that the same phenomenon might in various places independently give rise to similar stories. The myth of Jack and the Bean-Stalk is found not only among people of Aryan descent, but also among the Zulus of South Africa, and again among the American Indians. Whenever we can trace a story in this way from one end of the world to the other, or through a whole family of kindred nations, we are pretty safe in assuming that we are dealing with a true myth, and not with a mere legend.

Applying these considerations to the Tell myth, we at once obtain a valid explanation of its origin. The conception of infallible skill in archery, which underlies such a great variety of myths and popular fairy-tales, is originally derived from the inevitable victory of

the sun over his enemies, the demons of night, winter, and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords from whose blow no armor can protect are invariably the weapons of solar divinities or heroes. The shafts of Bellerophon never fail to slay the black demon of the rain-cloud, and the bolt of Phoibos Chrysaor deals sure destruction to the serpent of winter. Odysseus, warring against the impious night-heroes, who have endeavored throughout ten long years or hours of darkness to seduce from her allegiance his twilight-bride, the weaver of the never-finished web of violet clouds,—Odysseus, stripped of his beggar's raiment and endowed with fresh youth and beauty by the dawn-goddess, Athene, engages in no doubtful conflict as he raises the bow which none but himself can bend. Nor is there less virtue in the spear of Achilles, in the swords of Perseus and Sigurd, in Roland's stout blade Durandal, or in the brand Excalibur, with which Sir Bedivere was so loath to part. All these are solar weapons, and so, too, are the arrows of Tell and Palnatoki, Egil and Hemingr, and William of Cloudeslee, whose surname proclaims him an inhabitant of the Phæakian land. William Tell, whether of Cloudland or of Altdorf, is the last reflection of the beneficent divinity of daytime and summer, constrained for a while to obey the caprice of the powers of cold and darkness, as Apollo served Laomedon, and Herakles did the bidding of Eurystheus. His solar character is well preserved, even in the sequel of the Swiss legend, in which he appears no less skilful as a steersman than as an archer, and in which, after traversing, like Dagon, the tempestuous sea of night, he leaps at daybreak in regained freedom upon the land, and strikes down the oppressor who has held him in bondage.

But the sun, though ever victorious in open contest with his enemies, is nevertheless not invulnerable. At times he succumbs to treachery, is bound by the frost-giants, or slain by the demons

of darkness. The poisoned shirt of the cloud-fiend Nessos is fatal even to the mighty Herakles, and the prowess of Siegfried at last fails to save him from the craft of Hagen. In Achilles and Meleagros we see the unhappy solar hero doomed to toil for the profit of others, and to be cut off by an untimely death. The more fortunate Odysseus, who lives to a ripe old age, and triumphs again and again over all the powers of darkness, must nevertheless yield to the craving desire to visit new cities and look upon new works of strange men, until at last he is swallowed up in the western sea. That the unrivalled navigator of the celestial ocean should disappear beneath the western waves is as intelligible as it is that the horned Venus or Astarte should rise from the sea in the far east. It is perhaps less obvious that winter should be so frequently symbolized as a thorn or sharp instrument. Achilles dies by an arrow-wound in the heel; the thigh of Adonis is pierced by the boar's tusk, while Odysseus escapes with an ugly scar, which afterwards secures his recognition by his old servant, the dawn-nymph Eurykleia; Sigurd is slain by a thorn, and Balder by a sharp sprig of mistletoe; and in the myth of the Sleeping Beauty, the earth-goddess sinks into her long winter sleep when pricked by the point of the spindle. In her cosmic palace, all is locked in icy repose, naught thriving save the ivy which defies the cold, until the kiss of the golden-haired sun-god reawakens life and activity.

The wintry sleep of nature is symbolized in innumerable stories of spell-bound maidens and fair-featured youths, saints, martyrs, and heroes. Sometimes it is the sun, sometimes the earth, that is supposed to slumber. Among the American Indians the sun-god Michabo is said to sleep through the winter months; and at the time of the falling leaves, by way of composing himself for his nap, he fills his great pipe and divinely smokes; the blue clouds, gently floating over the landscape, fill the air with the haze of

Indian summer. In the Greek myth the shepherd Endymion preserves his freshness in a perennial slumber. The German Siegfried, pierced by the thorn of winter, is sleeping until he shall be again called forth to fight. In Switzerland, by the Vierwaldstättersee, three Tells are awaiting the hour when their country shall again need to be delivered from the oppressor. Charlemagne is reposing in the Untersberg, sword in hand, waiting for the coming of Antichrist; Olger Danske similarly dreams away his time in Avallon; and in a lofty mountain in Thuringia, the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa slumbers with his knights around him, until the time comes for him to sally forth and raise Germany to the first rank among the kingdoms of the world. The same story is told of Olaf Tryggvason, of Don Sebastian of Portugal, and of the Moorish King Boabdil. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, having taken refuge in a cave from the persecutions of the heathen Decius, slept one hundred and sixty-four years, and awoke to find a Christian emperor on the throne. The monk of Hildesheim, in the legend so beautifully rendered by Longfellow, doubting how with God a thousand years ago could be as yesterday, listened three minutes entranced by the singing of a bird in the forest, and found, on waking from his reverie, that a thousand years had flown. To the same family of legends belong the notion that St. John is sleeping at Ephesus until the last days of the world; the myth of the enchanter Merlin, spell-bound by Vivien; the story of the Cretan philosopher Epimenides, who dozed away fifty-seven years in a cave; and Rip Van Winkle's nap in the Catskills.

We might go on almost indefinitely citing household tales of wonderful sleepers; but, on the principle of the association of opposites, we are here reminded of sundry cases of marvellous life and wakefulness, illustrated in the Wandering Jew; the dancers of Kolbeck; Joseph of Arimathea with the Holy Grail; the Wild Huntsman, who

to all eternity chases the red deer ; the Captain of the Phantom Ship ; the classic Tithonos ; and the Man in the Moon.

The lunar spots have afforded a rich subject for the play of human fancy. Plutarch wrote a treatise on them, but the myth-makers had been before him. "Every one," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "knows that the moon is inhabited by a man with a bundle of sticks on his back, who has been exiled thither for many centuries, and who is so far off that he is beyond the reach of death. He has once visited this earth, if the nursery rhyme is to be credited when it asserts that

'The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon
And asked his way to Norwich';

but whether he ever reached that city the same authority does not state." Dante calls him Cain ; Chaucer has him put up there as a punishment for theft, and gives him a thorn-bush to carry ; Shakespeare also loads him with the thorns, but by way of compensation gives him a dog for a companion. Ordinarily, however, his offence is stated to have been, not stealing, but Sabbath-breaking,—an idea derived from the Old Testament. Like the man mentioned in the Book of Numbers, he is caught gathering sticks on the Sabbath ; and, as an example to mankind, he is condemned to stand forever in the moon, with his bundle on his back. Instead of a dog, one German version places with him a woman, whose crime was churning butter on Sunday. She carries her butter-tub ; and this brings us to Mother Goose again :—

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

This may read like mere nonsense ; but there is a point of view from which it may be safely said that there is very little absolute nonsense in the world. The story of Jack and Jill is a venerable one. In Icelandic mythology we read that Jack and Jill were two children whom the moon once kidnapped and car-

ried up to heaven. They had been drawing water in a bucket, which they were carrying by means of a pole placed across their shoulders ; and in this attitude they have stood to the present day in the moon. Even now this explanation of the moon-spots is to be heard from the mouths of Swedish peasants. They fall away one after the other, as the moon wanes, and their water-pail symbolizes the supposed connection of the moon with rain-storms. Other forms of the myth occur in Sanskrit.

The moon-goddess, or Aphrodite, of the ancient Germans, was called Hörsel, or Ursula, who figures in Christian mediæval mythology as a persecuted saint, attended by a troop of eleven thousand virgins, who all suffer martyrdom as they journey from England to Cologne. The meaning of the myth is obvious. In German mythology, England is the Phaiakian land of clouds and phantoms ; the *succubus*, leaving her lover before daybreak, excuses herself on the plea that "her mother is calling her in England."* The companions of Ursula are the pure stars, who leave the cloudland and suffer martyrdom as they approach the regions of day. In the Christian tradition, Ursula is the pure Artemis ; but, in accordance with her ancient character, she is likewise the sensual Aphrodite, who haunts the Venusberg ; and this brings us to the story of Tannhäuser.

The Hörselberg, or mountain of Venus, lies in Thuringia, between Eisenach and Gotha. High up on its slope yawns a cavern, the Hörselloch, or cave of Venus, within which is heard a muffled roar, as of subterranean water. From this cave, in old times, the frightened inhabitants of the neighboring valley would hear at night wild moans and cries issuing, mingled with peals of demon-like laughter. Here it was believed that Venus held her court ; "and there were not a few who

* See Procopius, *De Bello Gothico*, IV. 20 ; Villemarqué, *Barzas Breiz*, I. 136. As a child I was instructed by an old nurse that Van Diemen's Land is the home of ghosts and departed spirits.

declared that they had seen fair forms of female beauty beckoning them from the mouth of the chasm." * Tannhäuser was a French knight, and a renowned troubadour, who, travelling at twilight past the Hörselberg, "saw a white glimmering figure of matchless beauty standing before him and beckoning him to her." Leaving his horse, he went up to meet her, whom he knew to be no other than Venus. He descended to her palace in the heart of the mountain, and there passed seven years in careless revelry. Then, stricken with remorse and yearning for another glimpse of the pure light of day, he called in agony upon the Virgin Mother, who took compassion on him and released him. He sought a village church, and to priest after priest confessed his sin, without obtaining absolution, until finally he had recourse to the Pope. But the holy father, horrified at the enormity of his misdoing, declared that guilt such as his could never be remitted: sooner should the staff in his hand grow green and blossom. "Then Tannhäuser, full of despair and with his soul darkened, went away, and returned to the only asylum open to him, the Venusberg. But lo! three days after he had gone, Pope Urban discovered that his pastoral staff had put forth buds and had burst into flower. Then he sent messengers after Tannhäuser, and they reached the Hörsel vale to hear that a wayworn man, with haggard brow and bowed head, had just entered the Hörselloch. Since then Tannhäuser has not been seen." (p. 201.)

As Mr. Baring-Gould rightly observes, this sad legend, in its Christianized form, is doubtless descriptive of the struggle between the new and the old faiths. The knightly Tannhäuser, satiated with pagan sensuality, turns to Christianity for relief, but, repelled by the hypocrisy, pride, and lack of sympathy of its ministers, gives up in despair, and returns to drown his anxieties in his old debauchery.

But this is not the primitive form of

the myth, which recurs in the folklore of every people of Aryan descent. Who, indeed, can read it without being at once reminded of Thomas of Erceldoune (or Hörsel-hill), entranced by the sorceress of the Eilden; of the nightly visits of Numa to the grove of the nymph Egeria; of Odysseus held captive by the Lady Kalypso; and, last but not least, of the delightful Arabian tale of Prince Ahmed and the Peri Banou? On his westward journey, Odysseus is ensnared and kept in temporary bondage by the amorous nymph of darkness, Kalypso (καλύπτω, to veil or cover). So the zone of the moon-goddess Aphrodite inveigles all-seeing Zeus to treacherous slumber on Mount Ida; and by a similar sorcery Tasso's great hero is lulled in unseemly idleness in Armida's golden paradise, at the western verge of the world. The disappearance of Tannhäuser behind the moonlit cliff, lured by Venus Ursula, the pale goddess of night, is a precisely parallel circumstance.

But solar and lunar phenomena are by no means the only sources of popular mythology. There is a quaint German picture, illustrating Goethe's ballad of the Erlking, in which the whole wild pathos of the story is compressed into one supreme moment; we see the fearful, half-gliding rush of the Erlking, his long, spectral arms outstretched to grasp the child, the frantic gallop of the horse, the alarmed father clasping his darling to his bosom in convulsive embrace, the siren-like elves hovering overhead, to lure the little soul with their weird harps. There can be no better illustration than is furnished by this terrible scene of the magic power of mythology to invest the simplest physical phenomena with the most intense human interest; for the true significance of the whole picture is contained in the father's address to his child,

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürrn Blättern säuselt der Wind."

The story of the Piper of Hamelin, well known in the version of Robert Browning, leads to the same conclu-

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. I. p. 197.

sion. In 1284 the good people of Hamelin could obtain no rest, night or day, by reason of the direful host of rats which infested their town. One day came a strange man in a bunting-suit, and offered for five hundred guilders to rid the town of the vermin. The people agreed: whereupon the man took out a pipe and piped, and instantly all the rats in town, in an army which blackened the face of the earth, came forth from their haunts, and followed the piper until he piped them to the river Weser, where they all jumped in and were drowned. But as soon as the torment was gone, the townsfolk refused to pay the piper, on the ground that he was evidently a wizard. He went away, vowing vengeance, and on St. John's day reappeared, and putting his pipe to his mouth blew a different air. Whereat all the little, plump, rosy-cheeked, golden-haired children came merrily running after him, their parents standing aghast, not knowing what to do, while he led them up a hill in the neighborhood. A door opened in the mountain-side, through which he led them in, and they never were seen again; save one lame boy, who hobbled not fast enough to get in before the door shut, and who lamented for the rest of his life that he had not been able to share the rare luck of his comrades. In the street through which this procession passed no music was ever afterwards allowed to be played. For a long time the town dated its public documents from this fearful calamity, and many authorities have treated it as an historical event.* Similar stories are told of other towns in Germany, and, strange to say, in remote Abyssinia also. Wesleyan peasants in England believe that angels pipe to children who are about to die; and in Scandinavia, youths are said to have been enticed away by the songs of elf-maidens. In Greece, the sirens by their magic lay allured voyagers to destruction; and Orpheus caused the trees and dumb beasts to

* Hence the adage, "Always remember to pay the piper."

follow him. Here we reach the explanation. For Orpheus is the wind sighing through untold acres of pine forest. "The piper is no other than the wind, and ancients held that in the wind were the souls of the dead." To this day, the English peasantry believe that they hear the wail of the spirits of unbaptized children, as the gale sweeps past their cottage doors. The Greek Hermes resulted from the fusion of two deities. He is the sun and also the wind; and in the latter capacity he bears away the souls of the dead. So the Norse Odin, who like Hermes fulfils a double function, is supposed to rush at night over the tree-tops, "accompanied by the scudding train of brave men's spirits." And readers of recent French literature cannot fail to remember Erckmann-Chatrian's terrible story of the wild huntsman Vittikab, and how he sped through the forest, carrying away a young girl's soul.

Thus, as Tannhäuser is the Northern Ulysses, so is Goethe's Erlking none other than the Piper of Hamelin. And the piper, in turn, is the classic Hermes or Orpheus, the counterpart of the Finnish Wainamoinen and the Sanskrit Gunadhya. His wonderful pipe is the horn of Oberon, the lyre of Apollo (who, like the piper, was a rat-killer), the harp stolen by Jack when he climbed the bean-stalk to the ogre's castle.* And the father, in Goethe's ballad, is no more than right when he assures his child that the siren voice which tempts him is but the rustle of the wind among the dried leaves; for from such a simple class of phenomena arose this entire family of charming legends.

But why does the piper, who is a leader of souls (*Psychopompos*), also draw rats after him? In answering this we shall have occasion to note that the ancients by no means shared that curious prejudice against the brute

* "And it reappears as the mysterious lyre of the Gaelic musician, who

"Could harp a fish out o' the water,
Or bluid out of a stane,
Or milk out of a maiden's breast,
That bairns had never nae."

creation which is indulged in by modern anti-Darwinians. In many countries, rats and mice have been regarded as sacred animals; but in Germany they were thought to represent the human soul. One story out of a hundred must suffice to illustrate this. "In Thuringia, at Saalfeld, a servant-girl fell asleep whilst her companions were shelling nuts. They observed a little red mouse creep from her mouth and run out of the window. One of the fellows present shook the sleeper, but could not wake her, so he moved her to another place. Presently the mouse ran back to the former place and dashed about, seeking the girl; not finding her, it vanished; at the same moment the girl died."* This completes the explanation of the piper, and it also furnishes the key to the horrible story of Bishop Hatto.

This wicked prelate lived on the bank of the Rhine, in the middle of which stream he possessed a tower, now pointed out to travellers as the Mouse Tower. In the year 970 there was a dreadful famine, and people came from far and near craving sustenance out of the Bishop's ample and well-filled granaries. Well, he told them all to go into the barn, and when they had got in there, as many as could stand, he set fire to the barn and burnt them all up, and went home to eat a merry supper. But when he arose next morning, he heard that an army of rats had eaten all the corn in his granaries, and was now advancing to storm the palace. Looking from his window, he saw the roads and fields dark with them, as they came with fell purpose straight toward his mansion. In frenzied terror he took his boat and rowed out to the tower in the river. But it was of no use: down into the water marched the rats, and swam across, and scaled the walls, and gnawed through the stones, and came swarming in about the shrieking Bishop, and ate him up, flesh, bones, and all. Now, bearing in mind what was said above, there can be no doubt that these rats

were the souls of those whom the Bishop had murdered. There are many versions of the story in different Teutonic countries, and in some of them the avenging rats or mice issue directly, by a strange metamorphosis, from the corpses of the victims. St. Gertrude, moreover, the heathen Holda, was symbolized as a mouse, and was said to lead an army of mice; she was the receiver of children's souls. Odin, also, in his character of a Psychopompos, was followed by a host of rats.*

As the souls of the departed are symbolized as rats, so is the Psychopomp himself often figured as a dog. Sarameias, the Vedic counterpart of Hermes and Odin, sometimes appears invested with canine attributes; and countless other examples go to show that by the early Aryan mind the howling wind was conceived as a great dog or wolf. As the fearful beast was heard speeding by the windows or over the house-top, the inmates trembled, for none knew but his own soul might forthwith be required of him. Hence, to this day, among ignorant people, the howling of a dog under the window is supposed to portend a death in the family. It is the fleet greyhound of Hermes, come to escort the soul to the river Styx.†

But the wind-god is not always so terrible. Nothing can be more transparent than the phraseology of the Homeric Hymn, in which Hermes is described as acquiring the strength of a giant while yet a babe in the cradle, as sallying out and stealing the cattle (clouds) of Apollo, and driving them helter-skelter in various directions, then as crawling through the keyhole, and with a mocking laugh shrinking into his cradle. He is the Master Thief, who can steal the burgomaster's horse from under him and his wife's mantle from off her back, the proto-

* Perhaps we may trace back to this source the frantic terror which Irish servant-girls often manifest at sight of a mouse.

† In Persia a dog is brought to the bedside of the person who is dying, in order that the soul may be sure of a prompt escort. The same custom exists in India. Breal, *Hercule et Cacus*, p. 123.

* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, Vol. II. p. 159.

type not only of the crafty architect of Rhampsinitos, but even of the ungrateful slave who robs Sancho of his mule in the Sierra Morena. He furnishes in part the conceptions of Boots and Reynard; he is the prototype of Paul Pry and peeping Tom of Coventry; and in virtue of his ability to contract or expand himself at pleasure, he is both the Devil in the Norse Tale,* whom the lad persuades to enter a walnut, and the Arabian Efreet, whom the fisherman releases from the bottle.

The very interesting series of myths and popular superstitions suggested

* The Devil, who is proverbially "active in a gale of wind," is none other than Hermes.

by the storm-cloud and the lightning must be reserved for a future occasion. When carefully examined, they will richly illustrate the conclusion which is the result of the present inquiry, that the marvellous tales and quaint superstitions current in every Aryan household have a common origin with the classic legends of gods and heroes, which formerly were alone thought worthy of the student's serious attention. These stories — some of them familiar to us in infancy, others the delight of our maturer years — constitute the *débris*, or alluvium, brought down by the stream of tradition from the distant highlands of ancient mythology.

TO FANNY.

(ALLEGRETTO CAPRICCIOSO.)

I.

FANNY, it's my belief
You're the work of a witch and a thief!

II.

Not such a witch as revealed his doom in the war
To the king, by the ghost, in the dwelling at hilled En Dor;
Or stalked in Thrace, wrinkled, austere, acerb,
With brazen sickle cropping the moonlit herb;
Nor she, against the abyss of the night descried,
Throned on the ragged rock on the mountain-side,—
The invoker of carnage, black, with fire-eyed glare,
Grand in the depths of the livid and trembling air.

III.

Not such a witch as dragged o'er the ridges of slain,
The corpse with her hook on the moaning Pharsalian plain,
And under the lateral jags of the gloomful yew,
By the hell-deep cave, its spirit from Acheron drew;
Nor the woman of Thessaly, crouched in the crumbling tomb,
Decrepit, leathern, red in the embers' bloom,
Wreathed with the coiling smoke of smouldering moly,
Hyssop, and vervain, mumbling spells unholy;
Nor Canidia, lit by the Colchian perfumes' flare,
The bristle of wild snakes stirring her terrible hair;
Nor fell Medea, that, borne by dragons of fire,
Fled through the air from the sword of the childless sire;

Nor the triad, withered and weird, that showed Macbeth,
 The sinister doubles of toil and trouble and death ;
 Nor the hag of the wood, disproportionate, tall as a lance,
 That, rancorous, duskily gnashing, with basilisk glance,
 And white mane stiffening, spired, in her rose-silk garb,
 O'er the steel-bright knight, aghast on his plunging barb.

IV.

Not like the camleted beldame, tittering low
 In the night-black hut by the brazier's sanguine glow,
 Roasting the waxen mannikin — gruesome thing ! —
 Whose wasting wasted the marrow and flesh of the king ;
 Nor with crooked stick and conical hat, the crone,
 Red-cloaked at dusk in the haunted dell alone ;
 Nor she that to Faust and malign Mephisto came
 Down the chimney yelling, scorched by the roaring flame ;
 Nor any that went into Mohra's lonely field,
 And shrill to Satan in stormy chorus pealed,
Come, antecessor, to Blockula bear thy load,
 And on goat or spit, to the revel of devils rode ;
 Nor any that raced to the Brocken's lurid brow,
 In tempest and streaming song on a howling sow ;
 Or scurried aloft on a broomstick, weaving ills,
 In the evil night o'er the dark New England hills.

V.

Not such as these : behold, they loom,
 Terraced in sullen lights on a Rembrandt gloom, —
 Phantoms of awful age and terror and pain and bane, —
 Vague and vast, a background of the night, —
 All for a point of glittering rosy light, —
 All to project my witch of delicatessen, —
 Sweet sylph shape of star-eyed prettiness,
 And beauty-teeming brain ! —
 All to relieve one little witch-queen of May, —
 A spirit of gay and gentle hours ;
 Next of blood to planets and flowers
 The odor and the ray.
 A witch, be it understood,
 Funny and fair and good,
 Tiny and pretty and jolly ;
 A love, a sweet, a prize, a pet,
 An airy, fairy dandizette,
 A maid of honor to Cupid god,
 A fairy girl of the period,
 A wee little lady of delicate breeding,
 Foreign to horror and melancholy,
 And guiltless of any uncanny proceeding.
 Fond, be sure, of the latest fashion ;
 Silks and laces and gems her passion ;
 Fond as well of the flower-bright lawn,
 Blue-bird, spring-time, star, and dawn.

Never clothed in the monstrous rags
 Or ponderous robes of the witches and hags ;
 Never a haunter of forest glooms,
 Moon-weird fields, or caves, or tombs,
 Or sharer in any Walpurgis revels
 On midnight mounts with the Devil or devils.
 Not addicted to such diversion ;
 And never, O never, on any excursion, —
 Never known to ride on a pig ; —
 Unless it was one that had not grown big :
 For a sweet little pig with a tendril tail,
 Smooth as satin and pinky-pale,
 Is a very different thing by far
 From the lumps of iniquity big pigs are ;
 And the queen of the fays herself might ride
 On a plump little pigling, justified.
 So might witchkin, — if she did,
 Not by me shall the truth be hid.
 But as for a broomstick, there you can trust her :
 My lady indeed, as it might be presumed,
 Would n't mount upon less than a peacock-plumed,
 Ivory-handled parlor duster !

VI.

That's the witch, — and as for the thief,
 His innocence glows in a like relief,
 Though a cleverer larcenist never was known
 From the earliest period down to our own.
 Take the thieves, — and whenever you will,
 Dream is better than constable ;
 Take the thieves, — you have but to dream,
 And they come in a higgledy-piggledy stream, —
 Look at them running ! — a multiform,
 Multitudinous, motley swarm.
 All converging with roaring hum ; —
 Slap them down as fast as they come,
 And toss them up in a tumulus, —
 Autolycus ; oily Sisyphus ;
 The cannibal robber, Polyphemus ;
 Great kine-stealing Hercules ;
 The gods and demigods of Greece ;
 The bloody and hairy bugaboo,
 Cacus, whom Alcides slew ;
 The illustrious Thracian thief, the brander
 Of the glory of Alexander ;
 And the robber beyond description,
 (Apropos, although Egyptian,)
 Ptolemy, who from Greece and us,
 Stole the dramas of Æschylus ;
 Ionians, Dorians, Peloponnesians,
 And in a general way the Grecians ;
 O, the roaring ! O, the humming !

Faster and faster see them coming !
The Romans lead like ocean surging,
Juvenal them like tempest scourging ;
The Jew floods in behind the Pagan, —
Barabbas ; Jacob ; Achan ; Fagin ;
All the money-changers sordid,
Once that in the Temple hoarded ;
Titus, Dumachus (ambushed they laid,
And the Holy Family waylaid) ;
Demas, Gestas (doomed to languish,
Sharers they of Calvary's anguish) ;
Wretched Judas, sire, of all men,
To the old-clo'men and three-ball men ;
Farragut, Charlemagne's Jew physician ;
(He must have thieved in that position !)
Shylock ; Rothschild hunkey-dory ;
Massena ; Moses Montefiore ;
Abaddon, — O the streaming, pouring,
Bellowing mass ! — and over them roaring,
Norman Rollo, sea-kings, vi-kings ;
Danes and Swedes of property likings ;
And all of the Front-de-Bœuf feudality,
Knights and barons of high rascality ;
And Italy's fine romantic fellows,
Pale Rinaldinis and brown Brunellos,
Intermixed with the rough banditti,
The tavern-keepers of every city,
And cardinals, popes, and men of standing,
Made sublime by Dante's branding :
And Avallaneda, who tried to plant his
Villanous paw on the work of Cervantes,
Ranked for that with the Ginesillos,
Gil Blas robbers and Lazarillos,
And long, tumultuous, swarthy train
Of whiskerandoes belonging to Spain, —
Chief of them all, as I deplore,
Jew-plundering Cid Campeador.
Up they pile on the tumulus growing,
And after — hark to the cockerel crowing !
The thieves of France, a wolfish flock, —
Ganelon, Villon, Cartouche, Vidocq,
Lamirande, Thenardier, Lacenaire,
Louis Napoleon and Robert Macaire ;
These, and a duodecillion follow, —
And in with a grunt of thunder wallow,
The lager-beery, Rhiney-winy,
Tobaccoey German robbers swiny ;
Schinderhannes, their captain-boar ;
Horsed upon him is Charles de Moor ;
Close behind, as grand and big,
As though he were anything else but a pig,
Frederick comes, who stole Silesia,
Worse than Philip of Macedon Grecia ;

And up to any mark, much less his mark,
 Schleswig-Holstein-stealing Bismarck,
 Cheek by jowl with red King William,
 Paris who tried to make like Ilium;
 Up, and let the tumulus swallow 'em!
 Decenter thieves, thank goodness! follow 'em, —
 The Rhoderick Dhus and bold Rob Roys,
 And droves of bare-legged Highland boys;
 Robin Hood of Sherwood green;
 The abbots and lords that matched him clean;
 Friar Tuck, with his oaken maul-staff;
 Pistol, Pains, Prince Hal, and Falstaff;
 William, who raked all England down;
 Blood, who tried for the English crown;
 Claude Duval, with light heels dancing;
 Turpin proud, on Black Bess prancing;
 Macheath; the British in Hindustan;
 (Thieves and robbers every man!)
 Sheppard; Barnwell and his charmer;
 Blueskin; Wild; the Golden Farmer;
 The horde of frowsy, greasy, jaily,
 Gallowsy rogues of the grim Old Bailey;
 The Forty Thieves in a knotted coil,
 Scorched with Morgiana's oil;
 The Hindu thieves who are oiled to steal,
 And slip your gripe like a conger eel;
 The Gypsies, swart as their Egypt eldern,
 Stealing horses, stealing children;
 All the Malays, Greeks, and Cretans,
 Algerines, Arabs, Otaheitans;
 The apple-stealers, Adam and Eve,
 Father and mother of all that thief;
 And all the sharpers, cozeners, rooks,
 Footpads, plagiarists of books,
 Gonophs, picaroons, William Walkers,
 Kansas red-legs and jay-hawkers,
 Divers, millers, cheats, freebooters,
 Setters, picklocks, burglars, looters,
 National-bankers, horse-thieves, slavers,
 Ten-per-cent-a-month note-shavers,
 Indian agents, money-is-king men,
 Erie, Wall Street, whiskey-ring men,
 Swindle-through-the-lobby oar-men,
 Pacific Railroad men-of-war men,
 Anti-laborer cheap-Chinese men
 (Alias tatter-and-starve-and-freeze men),
 Embezzlers, scampsmen, demi-lunesmen,
 Fakers, prigs, Diana's moonsmen,
 Shirks, pickpockets, stock-inflaters,
 And all the shoals of speculators
 In flour, in coal, in beef, in pork,
 And the Common Council of New York;—
 Pile them up and burden them down,

With the Common Council for a crown, —
Pile them up in a tumulus tall,
With Mercury, god of thieves, on all, —
And over the wriggling mass of depravity,
Raised by merit and moral gravity,
Top of the heap entire and clean,
Will the sweet little minikin thief be seen!
He could steal with deft dexterity,
The honey-bag from the rapiered bee,
Quicker than you can say to me,
Honorificabilitudinity!
He could steal the lash from the eye of a star,
Or the sparkle out of the heart of a spar;
He could steal the fame from a conqueror's name,
And shame and blame from a noble aim,
Next to impossible feats, I claim.
Naught you might guard with Solomon's seal,
Or dog or police, but he could steal;
Steal as surely as high desire,
Eagle ambition and hope like fire,
Beauty and health and the heart for strife,
And the glory and perfume and grace of life,
Are stolen, and vainly sought when gone,
By a Government office in Washington.

VII.

This wondrous thief purveyed you, —
This lovely bright witch made you, —
And this is the way it was done.

VIII.

Into a grand conservatory,
Lit by the moon of summer's glory,
The thief stole deep in the midnight hours,
And from a mass of camellias there,
Plucked the splendid candid flowers, —
Never a one did he spare;
And lone in her aromatic saloon, —
Where in the darks and lights of the moon,
Slept shapes of parian, buhl, and pearl,
And rich-hued ottoman and fauteuil; —
Where wind-moved draperies' shadow-play
Crossed and confused the sumptuous ray,
And shadowy flames from tripods made
Delicious shimmerings kin to shade; —
A temple of bloom and dusk and gleam,
An alabaster and velvet dream; —
The bright witch, smiling and debonair,
Sat, and charmed in the magic night,
The petals into a lady white, —
Glowing white and fair.
Still they bloom, brilliant and fresh,
In your camellia flesh;

They are the splendor and grace
 Of your japonica face ;
 And the glossy camellia leaves are seen
 In the dress you wear of silken green.

IX.

And the thief went off where night uncloses
 Her sleeping wild white roses.
 He left them slumbering on the stem,
 But he stole the odor out of them,
 And brought it all to the fay.
 She was singing a melody sweet and gay
 Of tender and dreamful sound ;
 And as she sang there breathed around
 Some rich confusion, dim and strange ;
 And change that was and was not change,
 Perplexed the semblance of her hall
 To a doubtful bowery garden tall ;—
 The columns and wavering tapestries
 To indeterminate shapes of trees,
 With darkling foliage swaying slow ;
 And checkering shadows strown below
 On the pile enflowered of Persian looms,
 Becoming vague parterres of blooms ;
 And glittering ormolu, green divan,
 Fauteuil, and lounge, and ottoman,
 Half merged, transfiguring yet thereto,
 In forms of bushes gemmed with dew,
 Shrubs blossomy-bright or freaked with gleams,
 Dark banks and hillocks touched with beams ;
 With vase and statue here and there,
 As in some ordered garden rare.
 And what o'er all did stream and flee,
 Lifted and dropt perpetually,—
 Flame-shimmerings and the flooding ray,—
 Half seemed the revel of sun and May.
 A wilder life began to show ;
 A wilder air began to blow ;
 Subtly through all, like a soul,
 The breath of the wild-rose stole ;
 But suddenly the song did swoon,
 And the place was again a grand saloon,
 With the small witch, smiling and debonair,
 O'er the work she had wrought in secret there.
 What was it ? Where was the odor gone ?—
 O arch, gay face I am dreaming on,—
 Sweet face that tenderly shows
 In its delicate paly glows,
 It was moulded from the perfume of the wild white rose,—
 He who gazes sees, if he but will,
 The dream of the roses on thee still !
 The wild-rose fragrance haunts the face so fair,
 And the witch's song is there.

X.

And meanwhile, back and forth,
 East and west and south and north,
 Hither and thither went the thief,
 Bringing morality to grief
 By his manifold picarooning.
 The man in the moon was nigh to swooning
 When he saw him climb, like a sailor the shrouds,
 Up the moonrays as high as the clouds,
 And steal the amber halo there, —
 Whereof the witch did weave your hair.
 Yea, and he stole the selfsame hour
 A vivid scarlet geranium flower,
 And a pomegranate fed by the Florida sun :
 The first was used for your upper lip,
 And the last for the pouting under one.
 Yea, and he stole ere break of day
 The man in the moon's best ivory ray :
 Laugh at this, that again I may see
 The splendid teeth in the scarlet mouth
 (Flower of the North, fruit of the South),
 Stolen from the moon-man's ivory !
 Laugh, and turn your eyes this way :
 A piece of the gold-lit dawn, I say,
 Made those eyes of shining gray.
 A famous chief of the Yankton Sioux
 Saw the theft and told the news,
 And out of the prompt, unanimous jaws
 Of the hollopin-gollop in braves and squaws,
 Has since been known as Hole-in-the-Day.

XI.

O girl of the eyes of golden gray,
 This was the way, this was the way !
 I tell not all, but how could I tell
 The half of the prodigies that befell ? —
 For, O, as I see you standing there,
 With your soft spring-dawn and flower-like air ;
 Your willowy shape's perfection told
 In the silken cadence of fall and fold ;
 And all you wear and are, into one
 Delicate, elegant harmony run ;
 Your sparkling girdle of filigree
 And the red of your mouth, a euphony ;
 The late new fashion and hues of dress,
 As rhyme to your natural loveliness ; —
 With the warm and abundant glow of May
 Lighting your eyes of luminous gray,
 Your tender smiling, your festal mien,
 Your dainty laces, your robe of green,
 Your amber tresses in diadem
 With color and glitter of fillet and gem ;

And something about your form and face
 That tallies with essence and silk and lace;
 And something else that as well may suit
 With star and jewel and blossom and fruit;—
 Seeing you, O young Eve-dressed-well!
 Grace-diabolical! Peri-belle!
 A-la-mode-angel! Siren-child!
 Dandy-dryad!—enrapt, beguiled,
 I feel at the time of your origin,
 That the witch and the thief were themselves mixed in!

XII.

True?—Indeed it is utterly true:
 Look at the lovers bewitched by you!
 True?—Indeed it is truth I say:
 Have n't you stolen their hearts away?
 So help me Cupid! I see you stand,
 With the smile on your lip and the fan in your hand,
 And in files on files they round you kneel,
 Like the radiate spokes from the hub of a wheel,
 Each of them under your sorceries' thrall,
 And the hearts gone out of the breasts of all!
 Ah! the rosy heaven decrees
 Recompense for deeds like these!
 This you 'll know when the hour of doom
 Comes in music, balm, and bloom,—
 When, among that love-lorn crew,
 One in turn bewitches you,
 And another heart secures
 By completely stealing yours!

W. D. O'Connor.

THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

MR. RALPH KEELER, in one of the episodes in his entertaining volume of "Vagabond Adventures," takes the reader with him on a professional tour in Dr. Spaulding's Floating Palace. This Floating Palace, a sort of Barnum's Museum with a keel, was designed for navigation in Southern and Western rivers, and carried a cargo of complex delights that must have much amazed the simple dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Here, on board of this dramatic Noah's ark, the reader finds himself on the pleasantest terms possible with negro minstrels, danseuses, apos-

tolie wax-works, moral acrobats, stuffed animals, vocalists, and a certain Governor Dorr.

It was with a thrill of honest pleasure that I came upon this picturesque outcast unexpectedly embalmed in the clear prose of my friend. There was a time when I was proud to know this Governor Dorr, when I hung upon the rotund music of his lips, listened to his marvellous stories of moving accidents by flood and field, and was melted to the very heart at those rare moments when, in a three-cornered room in the rear of Wall's Drug Store, he would favor me with some of the most lacry-

mose and sentimental poems that ever came of a despondent poet. At this epoch of my existence, Governor Dorr, with his sarcastic winks, his comic melancholy, his quotations from Shakespeare, and his fearful knowledge of the outside world, was in my eyes the personification of all that was learned, graceful, romantic, and daring. A little later my boyish admiration was somewhat shattered by the discovery that my Admirable Crichton was — well, it is of no use now to mince words — an adventurer and a gambler. With a kind of sigh that is at present a lost art to me, I put him aside with those dethroned idols and collapsed dreams which accumulate on one's hands as one advances in life, and of which I already had a promising collection when I was about twenty. I cast off Governor Dorr, I repeat; but, oddly enough, Governor Dorr never cast *me* off, but persisted in turning up at intervals of four or five years in the tender and pathetic character of "the friend of my youth."

As Governor Dorr is the only gentleman in his line of business who ever evinced any interest in me, I intend to make the most of him; and, indeed, among my reputable acquaintances there is none who deserves to fare better at my hands. My reputable acquaintances have sometimes bored me, and taught me nothing. Now Governor Dorr, in the ethereal shape of a reminiscence, has not only been a source of great entertainment to me at various times, but has taught me by his own atrocious example that whatever gifts a man may possess, if he have no moral principle he is a failure. Wanting the gift of honesty, Governor Dorr was a gambler and a sharper, and is dead.

I was a school-boy at Rivermouth when Governor Dorr swept like a brilliant comet into the narrow arc of my observation.* One day in the summer

* "Governor Dorr," I should explain, was a *sobriquet*, but when or how it attached itself to him I never knew; his real name I suppress for the sake of some that may bear it, if there are any so unfortunate.

of 18— I was going home from school when I saw standing in front of Wall's Drug Store a showily dressed person, who seemed to me well advanced in years, that is to say, twenty-five or thirty; he was the centre of a little circle of idle fellows about town, who were drinking in with obvious relish one of those pre-Raphaelite narratives which I was afterwards destined to swallow with open-mouthed wonder. The genial twinkle of the man's blue eyes, the glow of his half-smoked cigar, and the blaze of the diamond on his little finger, all seemed the members of one radiant family. To this day I cannot disassociate a sort of glitter with the memory of my first glimpse of Governor Dorr. He had finished speaking as I joined the group, and I caught only the words, "and that was the last of gallant Jack Martinway," delivered in a particularly mellow barytone voice, when he turned abruptly and disappeared behind the orange and scarlet jars in Dr. Wall's shop-window.

Who is gallant Jack Martinway, I wondered, and who is this dazzling person that wears his best clothes on a week-day? I took him for some distinguished military hero, and with a fine feeling for anachronism immediately connected him with the portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh in Mitchell's Geography, — a work I was at that time neglecting with considerable perseverance.

The apparition of so bewildering a figure in our staid, slow-going little town was likely to cause a sensation. The next day in school I learned all about him. He was Governor Dorr; he had once been a boy in Rivermouth, like us, but had gone off years ago to seek his fortune, and now he had come back immensely wealthy from somewhere, — South America or the Chincha Islands, where he was governor, — and was going to settle down in his native town and buy the "Bilkins Mansion," — an estate which the heirs were too poor to keep and nobody else rich enough to purchase.

This was appetizing, and after school

I wandered down to Wall's Drug Store to take a look at my gilded townsman, of whom I was not a little proud.

I was so dazed at the time, that I do not recollect how it all came about; but Governor Dorr was in the shop holding a glass of soda-water in one hand and leaning elegantly on the Gothic fountain; I entered with the weak pretence of buying a slate pencil; the Governor spoke to me, and then — I can recall nothing except that, when I recovered from my embarrassment and confusion, I was drinking soda-water with the Great Mogul, strangling myself with the lively beverage, and eliciting from him the laughing advice that I should n't drink it while it was boiling.

I think it was an aggravated case of friendship at first sight. In less than a week my admiration for Governor Dorr was so pure, unselfish, and unquestioning, that it saddens me to remember it, knowing that the stock is exhausted. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon — our half-holidays — I hurried to Wall's Drug Store to meet my friend. Here were his headquarters, and a most profitable customer he must have been, for when he was not drinking soda-water he was smoking the Doctor's cigars.

In the rear of the shop was a small triangular room where Dr. Wall manufactured a patent eclectic cough sirup, and where he allowed us to sit rainy afternoons. Nothing about me as I write is so real as a vision of that musty, pennyroyal-smelling little room, with Governor Dorr sitting on a reversed mortar and accenting the spirited parts of some Homeric story with a circumflex flourish of the Doctor's iron pestle, on the end of which was always a thin crust of the prescription last put up. Rows of croupy square bottles filled with a dark-colored mixture and labelled "Cough Sirup" look down on me from their dingy shelves, and I am listening again as of old!

In pleasant weather we sauntered about town, or wandered off into those pretty lanes which make Rivermouth,

and rural places like Rivermouth, a paradise for lovers. In all these hours with Governor Dorr, I never knew him to let fall a word that a child should not hear. Perhaps my innocence and my unconcealed reverence for him touched and drew the better part of his heart to me, for it had a better part, — one uncontaminated little piece for children.

Our conversation turned chiefly on his travels, literature, literary men, and actors. His talk, I may remark, was very full on literary men; he knew them well, and was on astonishingly familiar personal terms with all the American authors quoted in my Third Reader, especially with Joel Barlow, who, I subsequently learned, had quitted this planet about half a century previous to the advent of my friend. He called him "Joel," quite familiarly, and sometimes his "dear old friend Joe Barlow, the Hasty-Pudding Man!"

Shakespeare, however, was the weakness or the strength of Governor Dorr. I am glad he did not have the effrontery to claim *his* acquaintance *in propria persona*. I am afraid that would have shaken my faith and spoiled me for enjoying my comrade's constant quotations. I am not sure, though, for I trusted so implicitly in the superior knowledge of Governor Dorr that on one occasion he convinced me that Herrick was a contemporary American author, and not an old English poet as I had read somewhere. "Why, my dear boy," he exclaimed, "I know him well, he is a fellow of infinite jest, and his father edits the New York Sunday Atlas!" And the Governor drew forth a copy of the Atlas and showed me the name of ANSON HERRICK in large capitals at the head of the paper. After that I was quite adrift on what is called "the sea of English literature."

To return to the Bard of Avon, "the immortal Bill," as my friend called him in moments of enthusiasm. The daily talk of the Governor would have come to a dead-lock, if he had been debarred the privilege of drawing at sight

on his favorite poet. Take Shakespeare from Dorr, and naught remains. It was remarkable how the plays helped him out; now it was Hamlet, and now it was Touchstone, and now it was Prospero who flew to his assistance with words and phrases so pat that they seemed created for the occasion. His voice, at that time rich, strong, and varied as the lines themselves, made it a delight to hear him repeat a long passage. I was not often able to follow the sense of the text, but the music bore me on with it. I can hear him now, saying : —

“ In such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

“ In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.”

I never read the lines but I feel his hand laid suddenly upon my shoulder, and fancy myself standing on the old Mill-Dam Bridge at Rivermouth, with the water rushing through the sluices and the rest of the pond lying like a sheet of crinkled silver in the moonlight.

My intercourse with Governor Dorr was not carried on without the cognizance of my family. They raised no objections. The Governor was then in his best style, and by his good-nature and free-and-easy ways more or less won everybody. The leading men of the town touched their hats to him on the street, and chatted with him at the post-office. It must be confessed, though, that the Governor was a sore puzzle to those worthy people. His fluency of language and money was not a local characteristic. He had left the place about ten years before, a poor boy, and now he had dropped down from nobody knew where, like an aerolite, mysteriously gay and possibly valuable.

The fact is, he must have been merely a gambler at this period, and had not entered upon that more aggressive career which afterwards made him well known to the police of Boston

New York, and New Orleans. At all events, his fame had not reached Rivermouth; and though my family wondered what I saw in him or he in me to build a friendship on, — the disparity in our ages being so great, — they by no means objected to the intimacy, and it continued.

What impressed me most in Governor Dorr, next to his literary endowments, was his generous nature, his ready and practical sympathy for all sorts of unfortunate people. I have known him to go about the town half the morning with a blind man, selling his brooms for him at extortionate prices. I have seen the tears spring to his eyes at the recital of some story of suffering among the factory hands, many of whom were children. His love for these pale little men and women, as I think of it, is very touching; and it seems one of the finest things in the world to me now, and at the time it struck me as an epical exhibition of human sympathy, that he once purchased an expensive pair of skates for a little boy who had been born a cripple.

No doubt these facile sympathies were as superficial as letter-paper, as short-lived as those midges which are born and become great-grandfathers and die in the course of a single hour; but they endeared the Governor to me, and may be, when the final reckoning comes, all those good impulses will add up to something handsome; who can tell?

Nearly six months had passed since the beginning of our acquaintance, when one morning my noble friend and my copy of Shakespeare — an illegibly printed volume bound in seedy law-calf, but the most precious of my earthly treasures — disappeared from the town simultaneously. Governor Dorr had gone, as he had come, without a word of warning, leaving his “ancient,” as he was pleased to call me, the victim of abject despair.

What complicated events caused the abrupt departure of my friend and my calf-skin Shakespeare from River-

mouth never transpired. Perhaps he had spent all his money ; perhaps he was wanted by a pal in New York, for some fresh piece of devilry ; or, what is more probable, the pastoral sweetness of life at Rivermouth had begun to cloy on his metropolitan palate.

It may have been five or it may have been ten months after his exodus that my late companion became known to the town in his true colors. He had been tripped up in some disreputable transaction or another, and had played a rather unenviable rôle in the New York police reports. I had been entertaining, not an angel, but a gambler unawares. My mortification was unassumed, and I banished the fascinating Governor Dorr from my affections forever.

A few years afterwards I left Rivermouth myself. The friend of my youth had become a faded memory. I had neither seen nor heard of him in the mean while ; and the summer when I planned to pass the whole of a long vacation at my boyhood's home, the Governor assumed but a subordinate part in the associations naturally evoked by the proposed visit.

In my first walk through the town after my arrival, it was with a sort of comical consternation that I beheld Governor Dorr standing in front of Wall's Drug Store, smoking the very same cigar it seemed, and skilfully catching the sunlight on the facets of that identical diamond ring.

The same, and not the same. He looked older, and was not so well groomed as he used to be ; his lower jaw had grown heavier and his figure not improved. There was a hard expression in his face, and that inexplicable something all over him which says as plainly as a whisper to the ear, "This is a Black Sheep."

At the crossing our eyes met. Would he recognize his quondam chum and dupe, after all these years ? The Governor gazed at me earnestly for ten seconds, then slowly drew back, and lifting his hat with a magnificent grand air quite his own, made me an obei-

sance so involved and elaborate that I should fail if I attempted to describe it.

The lady at my side gave my arm a little convulsive grasp, and whispered, "Who is that dreadful man ?"

"O, that ? — that is the friend of my youth !"

Though I made light of the meeting, I was by no means amused by it. I saw that if Governor Dorr insisted on presuming on his old acquaintance, he might render it very disagreeable for me ; I might have to snub him, perhaps quarrel with him. His presence was altogether annoying and depressing.

It appears that the man had been lying about Rivermouth for the last twelvemonth. When he was there before he had mystified the town, but now he terrified it. The people were afraid of him, and Governor Dorr knew it, and was having what he would have described as "a very soft thing." He touched his hat to all the pretty girls in the place, talked to everybody, and ministered to the spiritual part of his nature, now and then, by walking down the street familiarly with an eminent divine who did not deem it prudent to resent the impertinence. For it was noticed by careful observers, that when any person repelled Governor Dorr, that person's wood-house caught on fire mysteriously, or a successful raid was undertaken in the direction of that person's family plate.

These little mishaps could never be traced to the Governor's agency, but the remarkable precision with which a catastrophe followed any slight offered to him made the townspeople rather civil than otherwise to their lively guest.

The authorities, however, were on the alert, and one night, a week after my arrival, the Governor was caught *flagrante delicto*, and lodged by Sheriff Adams in the Stone Jail, to my great relief, be it said, for the dread of meeting the man in my walks to the post-office and the reading-room had given me the air of a person seeking to elude the vigilance of justice.

I forget which of the laws the Governor had offended, — he was quite impartial in his transgressions, by the way, — but it was one that insured him a stationary residence for several months, and I considered myself well rid of the gentleman. But I little knew the resources of Governor Dorr.

He had been in the habit of contributing poems and sketches of a lurid nature to one of the local newspapers, and now, finding the time to hang heavily on his hands in the solitude of his cell, — the window of which overlooked the main street of the town, — he began a series of letters to the editor of the journal in question.

These letters were dated from the *Hôtel d'Adams* (a graceful tribute to the sheriff of the county), and consisted of descriptions of what he saw from his cell window, with sharp, shrewd, and witty hits at the peculiarities of certain notable persons of the town, together with some attempts at fine writing not so successful. His observations on the townspeople were delicious. He had a neat humorous touch which, with training and under happier stars, might have won him reputation.

How I enjoyed those letters! How impatiently I awaited the semiweekly appearance of the dingy journal containing them; with what eager fingers I unfolded the damp sheet, until, alas! one luckless morning there came a letter devoted wholly to myself. The "Leaves from the Diary of a Gentleman of Elegant Leisure" no longer seemed witty to me. And in truth this leaf was not intended to be witty. It was in the Governor's best sentimental vein. He informed me that he had "from afar" watched over my budding career with the fondness of an elder brother, and that his heart, otherwise humble and unassuming, owned to a throb of honest pride and exultation when he remembered that it was he who had first guided my "nursling feet" over the flowery fields of English poesy, and bathed with me up to the chin in that "Pierian flood" which I had since made all my own. And so

on through a column of solid nonpareil type. Altogether he placed me in a more ridiculous light than any amount of abuse could have done. His sentiment was a thousand times more deadly than his satire.

Though my vacation was not at an end by several weeks, I quietly packed my valise that night, and fled from the friend of my youth.

I find that I am using the capital letter *I* rather freely in this sketch, — a reprehensible habit into which people who write autobiography are apt to fall; but really my intention is to give as little of myself and as much of my friend as possible.

In the two or three years that followed this ignominious flight from my native town, I frequently heard of Governor Dorr indirectly. He had become famous now in his modest way. I heard of him in New Orleans and in some of the Western cities. Once, at least, he reappeared in Rivermouth, where he got into some inscrutable difficulty with a number of noncombatant turkeys prepared for Thanksgiving, the result of which was that he spent that day of general festivity at the *Hôtel d'Adams*. But New York was, I believe, his favorite field of operations.

I cannot explain why the man, with his grotesqueness and his badnesses, so often came uppermost in my mind in those days; but I thought of him a great deal at intervals, and was thinking of him very particularly one dismal November afternoon in 1855, as I sat alone in the editorial room of the Saturday Press, where I had remained to write after the departure of my *confrères*.

It was a melancholy small room, up two flights of stairs, in the rear of a building used as a warehouse by a paper firm doing business in the basement. Though bounded on all sides by turbulent streams of traffic, this room was as secluded and remote as if it had stood in the middle of the Desert of Sahara. It would have made an admirable scenic background for a

noiseless midday murder in a melodrama. But it was an excellent place in which to write, in spite of the cobwebbed rafters overhead and the confirmed symptoms of scrofula in the plastering.

I did not settle down to work easily that afternoon ; my fancy busied itself with everything except the matter in hand : I fell to thinking of old times and Rivermouth, and what comical things boys are with their hero-worship and their monkey-shines, and how I used to regard Governor Dorr as a cross between Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh, and what a pitiable, flimsy hero he was in reality, a king of shreds and patches. "Why were such men born?" I said to myself; "Nature in her severe economy creates nothing useless, unless it be the ruminative moth or the New Jersey mosquito : the human species alone is full of failures monstrous and inexplicable."

In the midst of this the door opened, and Governor Dorr stood before me. I have had pleasanter surprises.

There was a certain deprecating air about him as he raised his hat in a feeble attempt at his old-time manner, a tacit confession that he could n't do it. He was unshaven and pathetically shabby. With his closely cropped hair he looked like a prize-fighter retired from business. His features were out of drawing, and wore that peculiar retributive pallor which gin and water in unfair proportions are said to produce. The dye had faded from his heavy mustache, leaving it of a dark greenish tint not becoming to his style of beauty. His threadbare coat was buttoned unevenly across his chest close up to the throat, and was shiny at the cuffs and along the seams. His hat had a weed on it, which struck me as being strange, as I did not remember that anybody had been hanged recently. I afterwards formed a theory touching that weed, based on the supposition that the hat was somebody else's property. Altogether the Governor looked as if he had fallen upon evil days since our last meeting.

There was a hard, cold look in his eyes which, in spite of his half-apologetic attitude, was far from reassuring.

Given a choice in the matter, I should not have elected to have a private conference with him that dull November afternoon in that lonely room in the old barracks on Spruce Street.

The space occupied by the editorial tables was shut off from the rest of the room by a slight wooden rail extending across the apartment. In the centre of this rail was a gate, which my visitor, after a moment's hesitation, proceeded to open.

As I noted down all the circumstances of the interview while it was fresh in my mind, I am able to reproduce the Governor's words and manner pretty faithfully.

He closed the gate behind him with great deliberation, advanced a few steps, rested one hand upon the back of a chair, and fixed a pair of very fishy eyes upon me. If he intended to fascinate me, he failed ; if he intended to make me feel extremely nervous, his success was complete.

"Telemachus," he said, at length, in a voice that had lost its old music and might be described as ropy,—"you know I used to call you Telemachus in those happy days when I was your 'guide, philosopher, and friend,'—you see before you a reformed man."

I suppose I was not entirely successful in concealing my inward conviction.

"So help me Bob!" exclaimed the Governor, "I am going to reform, and get some decent clothes," casting a look of unutterable scorn on his coat-sleeve.

The idea of connecting a reformatory measure with an increase of wardrobe struck me as neat, and I smiled.

"I am going to be honest," continued Governor Dorr, not heeding my unseemly levity ; "'Honest Iago.' I am going to turn over a new leaf. I don't like the way things have been going. I was n't intended to be a low fellow. I ain't adapted to being an outcast from society. 'We know what we are, but

we don't know what we may be,' as the sublime Shakespeare remarks. Now, I know what I am, and I know what I'm going to be. I'm going to be another man. But I must get out of New York first. The boys would n't let me reform. I know too many people here and too many people know me. I am going to New Orleans. My old friend Kendall of the Picayune knows my literary qualifications, and would give me an engagement on his paper at sight; but I'm not proud, and if worst came to worst I could get advertisements or solicit subscribers, and work my way up. In the bright lexicon of a man who means what he says, there's no such word as 'fail.' He does n't know how to spell it."

The Governor paused and looked at me for a reply; but as I had nothing to say, I said it.

"I've been down to Rivermouth," he resumed, a trifle less spiritedly, "to see what my old chums would do towards paying my way to New Orleans. They gave me a good deal of good advice, especially Colonel B——; but I am out just twenty dollars, traveling expenses. Advice, however excellent, does n't pay a fellow's passage to New Orleans in the present disordered state of society. I have collected some money, but not enough by a few dollars; and presuming on the memory of those days—those Arcadian days—when we wandered hand in hand through the green pastures of American poesy, I have come to you for a temporary loan,—however small," he added hastily, "to help me in becoming an honest citizen and a useful member of society."

I listened attentively to the Governor's statement, and believed not a syllable of it, not so much as a hyphen. It had a fatally familiar jingle; I had helped to reform people before. Nevertheless, the man's misery was genuine, and I determined not to throw him over altogether. But I did not wish him to think me the victim of his cleverness; so I frankly told him that I did not believe a word about his reforming,

and that if I gave him a little pecuniary assistance, it was solely because I used to think kindly of him when I was a boy.

The Governor was so affected by this that he searched in several pockets for a handkerchief, but not finding one, he wiped away what I should call a very dry tear with the cuff of his sleeve.

With assumed hardness, I begged him not to think he was "doing" a verdant young man, unknowing in the ways of the world, but to bear in mind that I was well aware the few dollars I intended to give him would be staked at the nearest gambling-table or squandered over the counter of a neighboring bar.

Now the journal of which I was part proprietor had a weekly circulation of less than forty thousand copies, and at the end of the week, when we had paid a sordid printer and an unimaginative paper-maker, we were in a condition that entitled us to rank as objects of charity rather than as benefactors of the poor. A five-dollar bill was all my available assets that November afternoon, and out of this I purposed to reserve two dollars for my dinner at Mataran's. I stated the case plainly to the Governor, suggesting that I could get the note changed at the Tribune office.

He picked up the bill which I had spread out on the table between us, remarking that he thought he could change it. Whereupon he produced a portly pocket-book from the breast of his coat, and from the pocket-book so fat a roll of bank-notes that I glowed with indignation to think he had the coolness to appropriate three fifths of my slender earnings.

"New Orleans, you know," he remarked, explanatorily.

The Governor was quite another man now, running dexterously over the bills with a moist forefinger in the gayest of spirits. He handed me my share of the five-dollar bill with the manner of a benevolent prince dispensing his bounties, accorded me the privilege of

grasping his manly hand, raised his hat with a good deal of his old quasi aristocratic flourish, and was gone.

There is this heavenly quality in a deed of even misplaced charity,—it makes the heart of the doer sit lightly in his bosom. I treated myself handsomely that afternoon at dinner. I went through the delicacies of M. Mataran's *cuisine* to the whole extent of my purse ; but when I stepped to the desk to pay the reckoning, those two one-dollar bills rather awkwardly turned out to be counterfeits !

Well, I suppose I deserved it.

The frequency with which Governor Dorr's name figured in the local police reports during the ensuing twelve months leads me to infer that he did not depart for New Orleans as soon as he expected.

Time rolled on, and the Saturday Press, being loved by the gods, died early, and one fine morning in 1861 I found myself at liberty to undertake a long-deferred pilgrimage to Rivermouth.

On arriving at my destination, cramped with a night's ride in the cars, I resolved to get the kinks out of me by walking from the station. Turning into one of the less-frequented streets in order not to meet too many of my townfolk, I came abruptly upon a hearse jogging along quite pleasantly and followed at a little distance by a single hack. When all one's friends can be put into a single hack, perhaps

it is best that one should be buried expeditiously.

A malign boy stood on the corner whistling shrilly through his fingers, which he removed from his lips with an injured air long enough to answer my question. "Who's dead? Why, Guvner Dorr's dead. That's 'im," curving a calliopean thumb in the direction of the hearse. The pity of it ! The forlornness of the thing touched me, and a feeling of gratitude went out from my bosom towards the two or three hacks which now made their appearance round the corner and joined the funeral train.

Broken down in his prime with careless living, Governor Dorr a few months previously had straggled back to the old place to die ; and thus had chance—which sometimes displays a keen appreciation of dramatic effect—once more brought me in contact with the friend of my youth. Obeying the impulse, I turned and followed the procession until it came to the head of that long unbuilt street which, stretching in a curve from the yawning gate of the cemetery into the heart of the town, always seemed to me like a great siphon draining the life from Rivermouth. Here I halted and watched the black carriages as they crawled down the road, growing smaller and smaller, until they appeared to resolve themselves into one tiny coach, which, lessening in the distance, finally vanished through a gateway that seemed about a foot high.

T. B. Aldrich. }

OUR EYES, AND HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM.

II.

HYPEROPIA, OR OVER-SIGHT.

THE condition termed hyperopia is the opposite of short-sightedness, and consists in abnormal flatness of the eyeball from before backwards, with, in some cases, a positive smallness of the globe in all its dimensions.

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This malformation may be seen at the outer extremity of the orbit by separating the lids while the eye is turned towards the nose,—the eyeball having somewhat the shape of a turnip.

The antero-posterior axis of such eyes being too short, their refractive power is not sufficient to bring even

parallel rays to a focus upon the retina, but is adapted for convergent rays only. It is therefore evident that convex glasses, which by rendering parallel rays convergent compensate for this deficient refractive power, must be the only effectual means of relief. This condition is not to be confounded with old sight, where the refractive power is perfect and distant vision good.

Where the hyperopia is of moderate degree, the exercise of the accommodative function in aid of the refraction is sufficient to give clear vision of distant objects, and even for reading during childhood and youth; but glasses will be required for reading at an earlier age than they are needed by normal eyes, and in the mean time such eyes should be carefully used, and never employed for a long time upon small objects, especially in a feeble or artificial light. When the hyperopia is of greater amount, almost any continuous use of the eyes is painful, and convex glasses are indispensable, even sometimes from the age of six or seven years.

This imperfection of the eye is often undetected for a considerable time, during which a child thus affected experiences great annoyance and gets very little sympathy. The child is able, as a general rule, to see at a distance, and perhaps, by using nearly all his accommodative power, obtains even clear images of large objects. But if on a dark day, or when confused by the presence of strangers, he is asked to read a fine or blurred print, his sight soon becomes confused and he ceases to distinguish the words. He stammers and hesitates. His parent or teacher, knowing that he has read the same lesson well enough at other times, thinks him stupid or wilful, and reproaches or punishments are perhaps administered, which, by disturbing the nervous system, lessen yet more his power of accommodation and increase his visual inability. The child is himself at a loss to understand why he cannot then see what he knows he has seen.

It is perhaps accidentally noticed that such a child sees well with his grandmamma's spectacles; but this discovery is often only received with an outcry of astonishment, the glasses are snatched off, and he is denied this assistance, the only means which can be of real use to him.

Instances are now and then met with where glasses are even more necessary at six or eight years of age than they are to the majority of healthy eyes at sixty years. But this extreme hyperopia is less frequent than moderate degrees of this imperfection, occurring in youths and young adults. These have been able to use their eyes during childhood with little difficulty by making constant use of their accommodative power; but as this begins to lessen from the age of ten years, they at length observe symptoms of what is termed asthenopia, or weak sight, and feel pain in the eyes or above the brows after long-continued use.

As is well known, convex glasses have the property of bringing parallel rays to a focus at a distance from the glass corresponding to its degree of curvature. Thus they assist hyperopic eyes by rendering rays so far convergent before they enter, that even with its deficient refractive power the eye is able to form a distinct image on the retina without any further exercise of its accommodative faculty than is required in a normal eye. It is evident that such glasses are the only rational and efficient means of relief for hyperopic persons. They may be worn both for distant and near vision, enabling the eyes to refract parallel rays sufficiently while keeping the accommodative power in reserve, as in the normal eye, for the concentration of the divergent rays which proceed from small near objects.

The glasses should be such as afford the clearest and most comfortable vision; but it is often necessary to wear at first a weaker number than is subsequently needed, or than will entirely neutralize the hyperopia; because the eyes have been so long accustomed to

exert their accommodative power for all purposes, that it is difficult at once to relax this effort when looking at distant things, although the glasses supersede the necessity for it.

SCINTILLATING AS A CONSEQUENCE OF HYPEROPIA.

It was first shown by Professor Donders of Utrecht that nearly all the cases of squinting towards the nose, "cross eyes" as they are sometimes termed, are accompanied by, and result from, hyperopia. This convergent strabismus, or squint, is caused by excessive use of the muscles which turn the eyes inwards, in the endeavor, by increase of the accommodative effort, to obtain distinct vision.

It is very important that this defect should be remedied in early childhood, as, if allowed to continue, vision frequently becomes so much impaired in the eye which is most deviated that it is not regained after an operation performed at a later period. When occurring later in life, where glasses can be intelligently used to correct the hyperopia, the strabismus may be relieved by this means. Glasses are often required, after an operation, to increase and maintain its good results. But in matters so important, competent advice should be obtained, without heeding the counsel of friends who advise delay.

ASTIGMATISM.

Astigmatism usually depends on a difference of curvature in two meridians of the cornea, so that rays passing through one meridian are brought to a focus sooner than those passing through a plane at right angles to the first.

Persons having this defect of refraction sometimes observe that they see certain lines more clearly than others; vertical lines, for instance, will appear well defined, while those which are horizontal are indistinct, or *vice versa*. In many cases, however, their attention has not been directed to these phenomena, but they are only conscious that

they see with difficulty and pain if the eyes are much used. In some instances they have tried convex or concave glasses with little benefit. Frequently so much irritation and congestion of the eyes has been induced, that these symptoms are at first supposed to constitute the disease, the primary affection being overlooked.

Astigmatism may be present in an eye otherwise normal, or may coexist with hyperopia or myopia. Its degree or its meridians of greatest variation may be different in the two eyes, which should therefore be separately tested. It can only be relieved by glasses ground upon cylindrical instead of spherical surfaces, so as to refract rays passing through one meridian while those at right angles to it are unaffected. The glasses must be accurately fitted and their frames carefully adapted to the eyes, as any deviation of the axis of the cylindrical glass from its proper direction with regard to the faulty meridian of the cornea lessens or even nullifies its corrective power.

Immense relief is often found in wearing these glasses, and unbounded gratification is sometimes expressed by those who, after many fruitless endeavors, see by their aid for the first time with real distinctness.

Convex-cylindrical and concave-cylindrical glasses are now kept for sale by many opticians, and where other glasses fail to give relief the eyes should be tested with parallel vertical and horizontal lines. The selection of cylindrical glasses is, however, often a question involving nice adaptation to complicated conditions of refraction, and in the mixed and compound forms of astigmatism it is sometimes necessary to have glasses ground of different curvatures upon their two surfaces, to suit each case.

ACCOMMODATION OF THE EYE.

Thus far we have considered the eye as an organ possessing refractive powers only. But it has other capabilities as an optical instrument in its admirable power of self-regulation, by

which it is able to adapt itself spontaneously for seeing distant or near objects. This is termed the faculty of accommodation.

In looking at distant objects the normal eye is in a state of rest, and the parallel rays which enter it from such objects are brought to a focus so as to form a distinct image upon the retina, by the refractive power alone, without calling into play the accommodative function.

Rays proceeding from near objects are no longer parallel, but diverge from each other and require an increased focal power for their concentration to form a clear retinal image. This increased power is supplied by accommodation.

Accommodation of the eye for vision of near objects is obtained by two distinct but intimately associated muscular efforts. The eyeballs are turned towards each other, by the internal recti muscles, so that the diverging rays may enter each eye in the direction of its axis and not obliquely; and at the same time the ciliary muscle, within the eye, acts upon the crystalline lens and increases its convexity, augmenting in so doing its refractive power, and thus giving to the divergent rays the same direction towards the retina as if they had entered the eye as parallel rays.

The accommodative power may be weakened or lost from various causes.

OLD SIGHT.

To many persons the discovery that they do not see as well as they once did is the first intimation of receding youth. Infirmities, wrinkles, they may have none; but they suddenly become aware that they sometimes cannot thread a needle or read fine print without fatiguing effort.

At first such a person finds that he can still read any print by placing the book farther from his eyes, thus rendering the rays less divergent, or by holding it near a light, so as to obtain a better illumination of the page, and thus increase the number of luminous

rays which enter the eye. At length, however, he finds that neither holding the book at arm's length nor going nearer the light will give him his accustomed vision, especially in the evening or on a cloudy afternoon. Fine print appears blurred; and if read at all, it is slowly and with difficulty. If he writes in the evening, he perceives the next day that he has written larger than his ordinary hand.

Meanwhile, perception of distant objects is as clear as ever, and many an individual, puzzled to account for the loss of his former minute vision, struggles in vain to continue some of his favorite pursuits and to read his evening newspaper comfortably, until perhaps he tries on a convex glass, and his rejoicing eyes at once regain all their faculties.

One of the parts principally concerned in accommodation, the crystalline lens, gradually increases in hardness; and, in most eyes of previously normal accommodation, this hardness attains such a degree at about forty-five years of age that the ciliary muscle can no longer effect the change of form in the lens which is requisite for the concentration of divergent rays; or, if this can be done for a short time, the eye soon becomes conscious of a fatiguing effort and is forced to abandon it. This state of things is presbyopia, or old-sight.

It is evident from this explanation of the changes in the lens that a suitable convex glass, which lessens the divergence of the rays before they enter the eye, and thus calls for less effort of accommodation, must be the sole means of relief.

The advice often given to those who begin to experience symptoms of presbyopia, to put off the use of glasses as long as possible, is injudicious; and the assertion that persons who decline to use glasses for a certain time will be able always thereafter to dispense with them is wholly erroneous, so far as regards normal eyes. It is generally made by those who are themselves short-sighted, and for that reason are

able to see small objects without glasses at and after the age when others require their assistance.

But the use of convex glasses may be postponed for a while, without injury to the eyes, in deference to the reasonable wish of a lady to appear young as long as possible, or from any motives of convenience or preference; provided the eyes are used but sparingly for small objects, especially when the light is dim.

Such glasses should be chosen as render objects clear without much enlarging them. At first they may be needed only in the evening or on a cloudy day. But as each year lessens the accommodative ability of the eye, it follows that glasses will be more and more constantly required. After a time their focus must be increased because of the renewal of the original symptoms, the lens having undergone yet further hardening and become less capable of accommodative change.

LOSS OF ACCOMMODATION AFTER ILLNESS.

After certain diseases, among which diphtheria, measles, and scarlatina may be especially mentioned, the accommodative power is often partially or almost wholly lost. In diphtheria this loss of power in the nerves supplying the ciliary muscle is often associated with partial and temporary paralysis of some other nerves, particularly those of the throat. For the time being the person is more or less unable to see small objects, to continue reading, etc. But, although the recovery of these delicate nervous functions is often gradual, they may be restored by appropriate treatment as the system gains strength. Every care should be taken to avoid prostration of the nervous system, and the eyes must be sparingly used until they regain the ability to work without fatiguing effort.

INSUFFICIENCY OF THE INTERNAL RECTI MUSCLES.

Besides the change of form in the lens, we have also, in accommodation

for near objects, a convergence or turning of the eyes towards each other. This is effected by the action of the internal recti muscles, which turn the eyeballs inwards towards the nose. Rays from an object thus enter the two eyes in such a direction as to fall upon corresponding portions of their retinae and form there images which harmonize with each other. If these converging muscles act too feebly, although the accommodation may be good as regards either eye when used alone, the other eye being covered, there will be a want of harmony in the images formed in the two eyes when used together, so that a confused impression will be conveyed to the brain. The efforts made by the enfeebled muscles to maintain their accustomed action cause a feeling as of strain at the inner side of the eyeball near the insertion of the muscles, the discomfort often extending to the forehead above the eyes.

Continuous use of the eyes, when insufficiency is present, brings on a sensation similar to that experienced when any other muscle is kept too long upon the stretch, as, for instance, when the arm holds up a heavy weight. Frequent intervals of rest should therefore be allowed such eyes.

A disposition to turn outwards is often observed in very near-sighted eyes, but is then generally associated with serious internal changes which claim the first attention.

EYE-GLASSES.

The use of glasses becomes a necessity or convenience, at some time in their lives, to a large proportion of the people of civilized communities. If short-sighted, they require glasses in youth, as well as in age, for distant vision. If possessing normal eyes, they need assistance, with advancing years, for seeing near objects. The comfort and safety of the eyes often depends on a proper selection of these auxiliaries.

The glasses in most common use have their two surfaces ground of the

same curve, convex or concave upon each side. Periscopic glasses, in which the two surfaces are of different curvature, are sometimes worn, as giving rather more range of vision without turning the head; but their optical qualities are in some other respects less perfect than those of the usual form.

To avoid the trouble of changing from one pair of spectacles to another, two different foci are sometimes combined in the same glass,—the lower portion being ground to the focus adapted for reading, and the upper part to that suited for distant vision. The same result is also obtained by setting two halves of lenses of the two different foci in the same frame.

Cylindrical and prismatic glasses are intended only for certain special conditions of refraction, more common than was formerly supposed, and which when existing are but slightly relieved by the ordinary forms of convex and concave glasses.

Near-sighted persons should select the lowest number of glasses which make vision clear at a distance without rendering objects smaller and unnaturally brilliant. If any difficulty is met with in finding such glasses, the eye should be examined by some competent authority, to determine if any unusual combination of lenses is required, or ascertain the presence of disease if the difficulty in suiting the eyes arises from this source.

When convex glasses are required by hyperopic persons for distant vision, they should be of such power as to render everything distinct. Those used for reading should make print clear at the usual distance, without magnifying much. Persons who need glasses of different foci for near and distant sight should not wear their reading-glasses when looking at a distance, for if they do so they will find them less serviceable in reading or sewing, and soon require a higher power.

The frames of glasses may be round, oval, or of any form and of various

material, according to fashion or preference. As a rule, light materials and large glasses are best. If the nose is so shaped that eye-glasses can be kept in place without having too strong a spring, they may be worn if preferred rather than spectacles. But if the spring is too strong it often causes pain by its pressure on the nerves around the eyes. Cataract glasses should generally be mounted as spectacles, for they are worn almost continuously, and their weight makes it difficult to keep them upon the nose if framed as eye-glasses.

Whatever style of mounting is preferred, the frames should be adapted to the form of the bridge of the nose and to the distance between the eyes: so that, as a rule, the centres of the glasses shall be in front of the pupils. Men generally require frames with longer bridges than women, because of the greater space between their eyes. Silver frames are perhaps the most economical for the poor, since if bent or broken they can be repaired.

Pebbles, as they are called, are often praised as having qualities excelling those of ordinary glasses. But this is not the case to any considerable extent, even when they are made with care and at a much higher cost than other glasses.

Tinted glasses, or those having wire-gauze around their border, are often worn as protectors against light and dust. When used to defend sensitive eyes from light, a mild blue is generally more grateful than a neutral tint; but a neutral or French gray may be worn if more acceptable to the eye. Green glasses are to be avoided in most cases, as they do not absorb or neutralize the irritating rays in the spectrum of light as it passes through them. Inflamed eyes often find most relief from glasses surrounded by wire gauze, which exclude wind and dust as well as light; but these should not be worn so closely as to keep the eyes heated.

Very thick plate glasses, set in spectacle frames, are sometimes used as a safeguard by stone cutters, machinists,

etc., whose eyes when unprotected are often fatally injured by the penetration of particles of metal driven with great force into the interior of the eyeball.

THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE.

In looking into an eye, our unaided vision usually penetrates but a little way beyond the pupil; but by means of the ophthalmoscope, invented a few years since by Professor Helmholtz of Heidelberg, we are able to explore the depths of this organ and detect the smallest variations from a healthy condition.

The room being darkened, the rays from a light placed near the head of the person to be observed are reflected into his eye as if they came from the eye of the observer, and the latter, by looking through the central aperture in the instrument, can examine the illuminated interior of the eyeball, perceiving every detail of healthy structure or morbid change as accurately and clearly as we can see any part of the exterior of the body. All this is done without injury or discomfort to the eye looked at; and the diseases of its internal parts, heretofore hidden mysteries, can be studied and understood perhaps more perfectly than those of any other organ of the body.

The benefits derived from the ophthalmoscope are not limited to the better knowledge and earlier discovery of morbid affections of the eye itself. This means of observation also enables the physician to detect diseases of distant organs by the manifestations of their presence exhibited in secondary changes in the deep-seated tissues of the eye, and to avert impending mischief to the brain by timely discovery of its indications in the optic nerve and

retina, in season to counteract the subtle influences threatening life or reason.

DEFECTS OF SIGHT FROM MALFORMATION OR FROM CERTAIN STRUCTURAL CHANGES.

In a considerable number of cases where the eyes of children appear healthy upon an ordinary inspection, there is more or less want of acuteness in the sight, which is little if at all relieved by any glasses. Examination with the ophthalmoscope shows in some cases an imperfect development of the retina and choroid; in others there is commencing cataract; in others the cornea is slightly hazy from previous ulceration, or it is conical in its form.

A frequent symptom in these cases is a disposition to bring objects quite near the eyes; but even then they are but dimly seen, and not as they would be were the child merely near-sighted, with great clearness.

Such children should not be required or allowed to apply their eyes closely to small objects, and they should be carefully examined by a skilful professional man to determine the precise condition of the eye and its proper management.

Complete or partial blindness may occur during pregnancy or while nursing; but this should not cause too much alarm, as, if unaccompanied by permanent morbid changes, it may be expected to disappear, slowly, after termination of the causes which gave rise to it. But careful inquiry should be made as to the presence of any complicating circumstances, for if such exist the spontaneous recovery of sight cannot be so confidently hoped for.

Henry W. Williams, M. D.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER V.

THE news that the ship was on fire drove the McAlister affair as clean out of Mrs. Chester's head as a cannon-ball could have done.

That was Mrs. Chester; capable of emotions as fiery as ignited gunpowder, but capable of holding only one charge at a time. Moreover, there was a certain restricted sense in which this worldly and spunky woman was naturally religious. I do not say that she was satisfactorily devout; nor do I undertake to remember whether she was or was not a church communicant; my whole statement amounts to this, that she believed heartily in the other world, and was afraid of it. Not that she thought of it profitably or often; she only trembled at it when it seemed near. If she was possessed of a devil, as some of her enemies and some even of her relatives asserted, it must have been that devil who, when he was sick, a monk would be.

For the present the secret of the incognito was not divulged, and Tom Beaumont was not st'boyed at the foe of his family. In fact, not ten minutes had elapsed before Mrs. Chester, having flown to the captain for consolatory assurances, and got nothing which satisfied her, was looking up into the grave, calm, benignant face of Frank McAlister, and asking of it news of life or death.

"I believe," said the deep, mellow voice of the young man, "that the fire has been discovered in the hold; or, rather, it has been suspected there. Investigations are going on now which will let us know whether there is any real cause for alarm. If there is fire, it is in the cargo; probably a case of spontaneous combustion; badly stored chemicals, it may be."

"What a shame!" burst forth Mrs. Chester, trembling with anger as well

as fear. "Whoever put such things on board ought to be hung."

"They are not mine," he observed, in answer to her sudden glare of accusation. "Indeed, I don't know as yet that there is anything of the kind below. Only, it seems likely. Otherwise, how account for the fire?" added this investigator.

"I shall go and see what *is* there," she cried, making a rush in her dressing-gown towards the stairway.

"It is of no use, madam," ventured Mr. Wilkins, who had just come below. "Can't get near the place. They're taking out cargo, and the deck is all littered up; the Devil's own mess — beg pardon. Nothing to be seen but smoke coming out of the hatchway. I don't see, by Jehu, how those sailors can stand it down there. O, I s'pose it 'll all come out right," he concluded, seeing the terror of Mrs. Chester.

At this moment Duffy arrived with an air of bringing a glass or two of grog along with him, inside his jacket.

"The Spouter!" he said, apparently continuing a conversation with Wilkins. "I say, Bill Wilkins, the Spouter 'd cool her off in no time."

"What is the Spouter?" eagerly asked Mrs. Chester.

"Our fire-engine, Mrs. Chester. Hartland fire-engine. I'm cap'n of the comp'ny. 'Member, Mrs. Chester, how Hutch Holland's store got fire, 'n' we put the m'chine at it? Had the m'chine out 'n' on the spot in five minutes. Took up posish at the corner —"

Mrs. Chester, totally uninterested in the prowess of the Spouter, since it could not help her, turned her back impatiently on the somewhat tipsy Duffy, while Wilkins took him by the arm and led him to the other end of the cabin, saying, "Here, tell *me* about it."

Serious hours passed. Now and

then a man went on deck, crawled as near as he could to the lumbered hatchway, tried to peer through the boiling whirls of smoke, came back to the anxious ladies, and reported — nothing. Tom Beaumont, by this time as drunk as Duffy, and much more noisy in his liquor, was back and forth continually, talking unreportable nonsense.

“O, why can’t you find out something, some of you?” was the cry of the angered and terrified Mrs. Chester. “Where is that Captain Brien? I want him to come here and tell me what is the matter. I want to give him a piece of my mind. How dare he load his ship with combustibles! He has n’t heard the last of this. Not if he gets us ashore, he has n’t heard the last of it. I’ll follow him up. I’ll ruin him.”

“Cap’n Brien ’sh all right,” declared Tom. “Cap’n Brien ’sh a gentleman. He’s up there, workin’ like a beaver. Don’t y’ hear him holler?” Here a ludicrous idea struck the young gentleman, and he repeated with an exasperating smile, “Nigger in a wood-pile, don’t y’ hear him holler?”

“Tom!” implored Kate Beaumont, who seemed even more moved by her brother’s condition than by the common danger.

“O yes, — all right,” laughed the youngster. “Got little too much aboard. Go on deck again ’n’ cool off. All right pretty soon.”

“O, what a miserable set!” gasped Mrs. Chester, stamping with impatience. “Is there no clergyman on board? I never will go to sea again without a clergyman on board. Is there nobody here who can pray? I would give all I’m worth for a prayer-meeting. I wish I had brought old Miriam. *She* could pray for us.”

She glared around upon the men, angry that none of them could pray for her. Kate Beaumont turned away gravely, walked with bended head to her state-room and closed the door upon herself. Was it to lift a supplication to Heaven for deliverance, or for resignation? McAlister hoped so, be-

lieved so with inexpressible tenderness of spirit, and sent his soul after her.

“I think we had better make some preparations,” he presently said to Mrs. Chester, as she paced the cabin with clasped hands and partially closed eyes. “The coast cannot be far off. We may reach it in boats, if it comes to that. May I advise you to make up a little package of such things as you must save, and to tell Miss Beaumont to do the same? I hope it will not be so bad as that. But we had best prepare.”

Mrs. Chester gave him a stare, and then hurried to her room. The young man had decided that, as for himself, he was ready; he wanted nothing but his overcoat and the life-preserver which hung over his berth; it was folly to think of cumbering a boat with books and baggage. He now fell to pacing the cabin quietly; and in so doing he approached the group of Wilkins and Duffy.

“I *say*, sit down,” called Duffy, looking up with a fixed, absurd smile, and striking his fist hospitably on the table in front of him. “Take seat, Mr. Mc — McAlister. Know you. Knew you ten days ago. Sit down over there. Talk about Hartland.”

“O you drunken blatherskite!” growled the disgusted Wilkins, pushing away as if to rise from the table.

“Hold on, Bill Wilkins,” called Duffy, grasping his friend tightly. “Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Mc — McAlister. Both Hartland men. Talking about Hartland.”

“Beg your pardon, sir,” muttered Wilkins, addressing McAlister. “He’s always that way when he takes a spoonful. He has n’t had but two glasses under him, and here he is higher than any other man would be on a quart.”

“Only two glasses,” declared Duffy, trying to look sober. “Not tight. Just trying to cheer the — the occasion. You see, Mr. McAlister —”

Wilkins squinted a look of apology towards the young gentleman.

"Never mind," muttered the latter. "Disguise is probably of no importance now. I had my reasons."

"Certainly," nodded Wilkins; while the eager and smiling Duffy, who had not noticed this aside, went on with his babble.

"You see — talking of Hartland — 'member the fire there four years ago? O, you was n't there, excuse me. Hutch Holland's store. 'Member *me* — Duffy — keep store there — right opposite Wilkins? Cap'n of the fire-engine. Spouter! Had her out in five minutes. Hose busted. Took out a length. Busted again. Took out 'nother length. Rammed her close up to the ole shanty. Let drive into the cellar — ten tons of cold water — cleaned cistern all out. Well, could n't stop the blasted thing. Why? Well, here 't is — petroleum afire — don't ye see? Filled the cellar full of water, 'n' histed the pe-tro-le-um," slowly this time, resolved to pronounce it. "Went on blazing 'n' ripping 'n' roaring just the same. Floated — rose to the top, 'n' burnt like hell — did n't care how much water there was. More water the better. How should I know? Nobody said petroleum — pe-tro-le-um, hang it! If I'd known 'bout petroleum, I'd 'a' pitched in sand, 'n' smothered it. But water! kept me slinging water on to petroleum. Would n't stay on it. Petroleum rose to the surface 'n' burnt right straight along. Caught the floor at last, 'n' sailed up like sky-rocket. That's the way the ole shanty went. None of my fault. Nobody said petroleum — pe-tro-le-um."

He paused a moment; his friend Wilkins smirking slightly, notwithstanding a gloomy under-thought about the fire in the hold; and McAlister surveying him gravely, reflecting on what he had said, rather than noticing how he said it.

"Well, what was I driving at?" resumed Duffy. "What was it, Bill Wilkins? Did n't stop with Hutch Holland's burn-out. Told ye that before."

"I should think so," growled Wil-

kins. "Forty times. Full load every haul."

"O, I know — petrolem down there," continued Duffy, jerking his head toward the forward part of the ship. "That's the reason water won't catch hold. Want sand. Won't bring about anything till we get some sand. An' where's sand? Bottom of the ocean. Bound to bust — that's what's the matter — settled to bust — bet yer pile on 't. Let's have some more whiskey. I'll go 'n' hunt the steward."

As he rose, Wilkins caught him by the arm and jerked him down again, more effectually than tenderly.

"No, no, Duffy! *We* don't want any. And you're drunk enough for the whole ship's company."

"But Mr. McAlister wants whiskey," insisted Duffy. "Let go of me, Bill Wilkins."

"Nothing for me," objected McAlister, raising his voice a little, and awing the fuddled man into his seat.

"Well, all right, then," assented Duffy. "If you say so, that settles it. I only drink myself on these occasions. Wilkins here ought to take some. He's scared, Wilkins is. I say, Wilkins, ain't you scared?"

"Yes, by Jehu, I am," confessed Wilkins. "I wish to Heaven I was ashore."

"Want to live, don't you, Wilkins?" continued Duffy, still keeping up his fixed, silly smile. "Find it pleasant world, don't you, Wilkins? Like to catch 'nother hold on 't?"

"Yes, I'd take a contract to live five hundred years," said the frank Wilkins, not apparently a frightened man, either. "I like it. I've had a good time here. I don't feel sure that I shall ever be let into another world that'll be so pleasant to me. I'd take a contract for five hundred years, and after that I believe I'd be willing to take another."

"An' be shipwrecked?" asked Duffy, still simpering.

"Yes, and be shipwrecked."

"An' fail, Wilkins? Bust up 'n' fail, now 'n' then?"

"Yes, throw in as many failures as you like, and all sorts of other bothers."

"Well, Wilkins," said Duffy, speaking with extreme gravity, as if he were really called on to decide something, — "well, Wilkins, don't know but I 'gree with you."

"Wilkins would n't like it in Heaven," he added, turning to McAlister. "Not a 'ligious man. Now, I'm 'ligious; had advantages. But Wilkins, let him have his own way, 'n' Wilkins would n't go to Heaven, — not till all the other places was shut up."

At this moment Tom Beaumont slid like an avalanche into the cabin, got up with much rubbing of his back, cursed the brass edges of the stairs, and began to beat aft.

"Another of 'em!" muttered Wilkins. "By Jehu, here's what's a going. I can't stand so much blathering when I'm sober myself."

Leaning forward, he whispered in Duffy's ear, "Shut up about that name, will you, now?"

"Name? O yes, McAlister. Keep shady. Secret of a gentleman, — word of a gentleman, I mean."

And as Tom approached the table, Wilkins and McAlister left it together, proceeding towards the deck.

"Those two fools!" muttered Wilkins. "They'll get water enough in their rum, by Jehu, if they're not looked after. They'll be so drunk they could n't get into a boat if it was as big as a continent. Hope you'll excuse Duffy, sir. He's not that way often. It only takes a thimbleful to capsize him. Good, peaceable, well-meaning fellow. Don't know a better intentioned man. I like him, though he is a doughhead, especially when he's tight."

Meeting the steward, he whispered hurriedly: "Look here. Close up your gin palace, and lose the key. Some people on board have crowded themselves too full already. Lose the key right square off."

"You don't seem to be alarmed out of your wits," said McAlister.

"O, I can stand this sort of thing so so. I've had adventures before now. Still, I was honest in what I said to Duffy; I don't mean to die as long as I can help it; don't want to die a particle. Hang me if I see anything gay in it."

On deck they perceived, by the light of the stars and a deck-lamp or two, that no more smoke was curdling up from the hatchway. The captain, too, instead of being forward superintending the struggle with the fire, was standing near the helmsman, looking now at a chart and now at the compass.

"All out, Captain?" asked McAlister, drawing a deep breath of relief. "Shall I tell the ladies?"

Raising his heavy-lidded eyes, red and watery from the effects of the smoke into which they had been peering, the skipper gave his two passengers a sullen, noncommittal stare.

"What! not out?" exclaimed Wilkins.

"D—n it, no!" in a growl of wrath and impatience.

"Captain," said McAlister, in his calmly authoritative way, "it seems to me that in such a state of things you had better tell the passengers plainly what to look for. It may save a panic when the crisis comes."

"Well, the case is just here," returned the captain, slowly and sadly. "We can't get at the fire. It's low down in the hold, and yet water won't flood it. Can't unload enough to reach the spot. No man can stay below a half-minute. I don't know what the devil is burning down there. It sends up a smoke that no human being can face. It's chemicals, or some kind of oil, and yet there's nothing of the sort on the freight bill. Well, if it's oil, water will only do harm; raise the stuff, you see, and set the deck afire; then we're gone. What I've done is to batten down the hatches, to keep out the air and smother the flame. If only the stuff will burn out without catching the ship! We're heading now for the nearest land."

"Shove her right along and run her

high and dry," assented Wilkins, cheerfully.

"That's all that can be done," groaned the captain.

"How far to land?" queried McAlister.

"About three hundred miles. The boat is going her very prettiest. If we can only keep in her twenty-four hours!"

"Had you not better say all this below?" insisted McAlister. "Passengers will take a captain's word for everything."

"I'll come down. But my God! is n't it horrible! First ship I ever lost, gentlemen; and I fifty-five! By heavens, I'd rather have died than seen this day. I hate to face those women. There's that girl. I had a daughter once. I hate to meet that girl."

And Captain Brien, all bluster and humbug swept out of him, wiped away honest tears of misery.

"By Jehu, yes, we must save that girl," struck in Wilkins, energetically.

"Yes!" said McAlister with solemnity.

A few minutes later, the dozen or so of passengers were gathered in silence about the captain in the cabin. He told his story, much as he had told it on deck, and then added, in a business-like way, as if he were issuing directions for an ordinary disembarkation: "Now for *your* duty. Make up your little packets for the boats. Get some ship-bread about you. And then keep cool and stand by. When I want you, I'll call for you. I'm very sorry, ladies and gentlemen. It's not my fault. I did n't stow the ship. That's all."

And, glad to get out of it, glad to escape from those blank faces which all seemed to reproach him, the captain slowly wheeled his short, solid body towards the stairway, to go on deck and resume his sleepless watch.

"O you wretch!" Mrs. Chester burst out in a tremulous scream. "O you worthless, villanous—"

"Hush, Aunt, hush!" begged Kate

Beaumont, seizing her elder relative around the waist, and trying to drag her towards her state-room.

"What's that? What's the row?" called Tom Beaumont, now half crazed with liquor. "Who's a fightin'? Who wants to fight? Let me in."

"Never mind," whispered Wilkins, hurrying the captain towards the stairs. "The woman's hysterical, and the boy's drunk. You get on deck, captain. It's all right."

Tom meanwhile has rushed up to Kate, his face full of maudlin affection, and his right hand under his coat skirt. "Anybody insulted you? say, sis?"

"No, Tom," cried the girl, full of shame and terror. "O, *do* try to be quiet!" And here she burst into tears.

Wilkins ran back, caught the young lunatic by the elbow, and walked him aft with a confidential air, whispering, "Tell you all about it. It's nothing but your aunt's got the hysterics."

"O, thah t's it?" drawled Tom, falling back from him to the length of his arm, and staring with head on one side. "Dammer!"

"Yes, that's it. But we must get to work. Make up our little bundles for the boats. There," pushing him coaxingly on to a settee; "you lie down out of the way, won't you? Let me strap up your duds. Want your overcoat?"

And so on, — the adroit and self-possessed Wilkins! — thoroughly accustomed to bummers! In three minutes the wretched youngster was asleep, leaving Wilkins at liberty to make his preparations for him, and then to go about his own.

All the crew were up all night getting ready to quit the ship at a moment's notice. There were men enough to manage four large boats, and these boats were sufficient to carry thrice as many passengers as there were, with stores sufficient for a fortnight's voyage; so that, barring accident or tempest, there was every probability of getting all hands safely to

land. Kegs of water, boxes of hard-bread, cases of preserved meats, etc., were ranged along the deck, ready for embarkation. Captain Brien's variegated face gleamed and reddened every few minutes in the light of the binnacle-lamp, or in the glow which poured out of the doors of the furnace-room. The firemen and the engines kept each other hard at work. So far as McAlister could judge (and he was not, of course, easy to please in the matter), everything was being done that could be done.

"How goes it?" he asked, meeting the skipper in one of his trottings back and forth between the engine-room and the wheel.

"Beautiful!" The captain was almost gay, his doomed boat was running so gamely. "That engine is charming. It's like a young lady dancing. Fourteen knots! Never saw the beat of it in a boat of this size. Is n't it too d—d hard!" he exclaimed, striking his clubs of fists together and stamping his fat feet, as short and broad as a bear's paws. "Here's this little angel of a boat gone to smash! And all for some blasted cargo—the Davy Jones knows what—that ought n't to have been shipped, would n't have been if I'd done the stowing. O—by—jimmy!"

And, lowering his head like an angry bull, the captain butted on toward the helmsman.

Going below and traversing the cabin, McAlister overheard Tom Beaumont snoring whole nightmares in his state-room, and Mrs. Chester either whimpering or scolding in hers. As he passed the door of the latter, Kate Beaumont came out and began walking backward and forwards, apparently without noticing him. He looked over his shoulder pitifully at the pallor of the girlish face.

"Miss Beaumont," he thought he might say, "may I walk with you?"

She took his arm mechanically, and presently she looked up at him, as if suddenly remembering who he was and what had passed between them. Well,

it was no time for family feuds; it was no occasion for nice delicacy in choosing one's companions; she continued to walk by his side and lean upon him.

"I trust and believe this will end well," he said, longing to cheer her.

"You are very kind," she replied. "I am afraid I have not treated you well, Mr.—Mr. McMaster. I don't know. If I have done wrong, I beg your pardon."

"You have done everything right. I shall always respect you."

There seemed to be some comfort in this; of course not comfort enough for the hour.

"You are bearing this bravely," he went on, admiring her even then.

"I could bear it, if I only had help." And the girl, only eighteen, remember, sobbed. "Mr. McAlister, I want to ask one thing of you. We two women will be cared for. But who will care for my brother? Will—will you?"

"I pledge myself to it."

"O, how good you are!" It was no time to reflect that she was placing herself under deep obligations to a man who had asked her hand in marriage. It is probable that, under the terrible circumstances of the crisis, she did not think of it. Standing on the verge of the other world, this world's entanglements were very vague.

"Could not you and I," he asked, "when we get home, put an end to this feud?"

"I don't know. It might be. I will try," she replied, with a feeling as if she were talking in a dream.

"Let us pledge ourselves here to try," he begged. "Will you do it?"

"Yes," she promised.

"And I," he added.

Then he insisted upon her lying down on one of the long settees of the cabin. "We may have a hard day to-morrow," he said, "and you must endeavor now to sleep. I will keep watch."

In such style passed the remainder of the night on board the slowly consuming Mersey.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL next day the tame demon of fire and the wild demon of fire struggled for the Mersey. The engines never relaxed the vehement joy of their highest speed; and the conflagration below never ceased its muttering, lapping, and gnawing.

"We're running for land like a man that's snake-bit running for a whiskey-mill," observed Wilkins, squinting with half-closed, calculating eyes at the racing bubbles alongside.

"By George, I wish I could run for a whiskey-mill," softly grumbles Duffy, who, having got sober overnight, is now in sustained low spirits. "Pretty time to close bar. Now's just the chance to hand round something cheering."

"Lord bless you, man! you don't want to go off by spontaneous combustion, do you? You'll catch fire soon enough and stay alight long enough, without troubling yourself to kindle up."

Wilkins seems to be joking, but he is not; he has a way of saying his most serious things in this jester fashion; he is at this moment sincerely anxious to keep his friend from getting drunk and being drowned; nor is he at all unmindful of the gravity of his own danger.

"I don't want to get corned, no such thing," insists Duffy. "I was n't upset last night, though you thought I was. I can tell you everything I said."

"Lord! don't!" implores Wilkins. "Hutch Holland's store. Petroleum and sand. Know it all by heart."

"I'm going for that steward," resumes Duffy, after a minute more of dolorous meditation. "I can't stand this sort of thing without a drink."

"No use," says Wilkins. "They always lose the key of the spirit-room at such times. It's a thing that happens constant. He won't find it for you. O, come back! Look here, I've got a little drop myself; there, turn up that flask."

"There's water in it," declares Duffy, indignantly, after a long taste. "What the old boy did you go and put water in it for, Bill Wilkins?"

"Well, it was wrong, I know," grinned Wilkins, who had "thinned out" his whiskey of a set purpose and for Duffy's good. "Wrong as a general thing. Wrong in principle. But never mind. It won't be the water part of it that'll hurt you. There, that'll do; hand over."

Seeing Tom Beaumont come on deck, Wilkins snatched the flask from the sucking Duffy and hid it in his breast-pocket.

The youngster had slept all night, taken a late but hearty breakfast, and was now perfectly sober.

"How are you, gentlemen?" he nodded, in his free-and-easy, though graceful and not uncourteous way. "Not up all night, I hope. By Jove, I used my time; slept from one end to t'other."

"I think an eternity of sleep, yes, or an eternity of cat naps, would be right pleasant," said Wilkins.

"I'd go in for it," muttered Duffy, "under the circumstances."

"How are things?" asked Tom.

"Pretty hot amidstships," was Duffy's bland reply. Feeling his whiskey a little, Duffy; not so scared as he had been a minute before.

"The Devil!" growled Tom. "I understood down below that we would make land, sure. Hot, is it? By Jove, if the thing breaks through, we've got, by Jove, to wade into the boats and make a long pull of it."

"That's so," assents Duffy, gathering courage every minute, as the liquor climbs higher in his tottlish head. "Two hundred miles to skip yet; take us about sixteen hours. That fetches us ashore somewhere near midnight. But, if we have to paddle, Davy Jones knows when we'll get there."

"H—ll!" is the compendious comment of Tom Beaumont, not frightened in the strict sense of the word, but realizing the situation.

In talk more or less like this, in occa-

sional investigations as to the growing heat of the deck, in inquiries concerning the working of the furnace and the speed of the ship, and in much impatient walking or gloomy smoking, these gentlemen pass the day. We must however add, to the credit of Tom Beaumont, that he runs below every hour or two, to say a word of cheer to his aunt or sister. The dissipated youngster is brave beyond question, and not altogether lacking in the finer emotions.

"I do hope, Tom," says Kate, taking him by the arms and looking him sadly in the eyes, — "I do hope you won't drink one drop to-day. You took altogether too much last night. You made me ashamed and frightened. I thought, what if you should die in that state! And what help could you have been to *us*?"

"By Jove, sis, don't!" begs Tom, trying to laugh, but wilting a little. "It was n't the correct thing; no, by Jove, it was n't; and I beg your pardon, do, indeed. You see I was surprised into it, this thing coming on so sudden. All right to-day; not the first drop. In fact, can't find it. Steward got his wits about him and lost the key. By Jove, I came near giving him a welt; but he's right, and I know it; gave him a dollar. Told him to hold on to his old key till I was ashore. If I'm to drown, it's more like a gentleman to drown sober. Going down drunk all very well for common sailors. But our sort can look the thing square in the face. O, don't *you* be anxious. You are not in danger. Every man on board is going to devote himself to saving you. I'll save you myself, by Jove, without any help. As for Aunt, there, that's different. I'm glad, by Jove, the old lady is getting a scare."

"O Tom!"

"Yes, I am. Hope it'll do her good about the region of the temper. What keeps her so still? Reading her Bible, hey? Time she did. 'Tain't often she makes eyes at the patriarchs. Reckon she must have forgotten where to look for them."

"Tom, stop! Our aunt is our aunt. You must not say such things about her, and I must not hear them."

"By Jove, sis, you'd go straight to heaven, would n't you?" exclaims the harum-scarum boy, staring at Kate in a kind of worshipping wonder.

A few minutes later the girl met Frank McAlister, and said to him hastily and with a touching shame: "I need not ask you to-day what I did last night. My brother is capable of taking care of himself. You must take care of yourself. I thank you."

"I shall still have an eye to you all," he replied. "I shall do what I can," he added soberly, remembering how little it might be.

"I don't know how I could have asked such a thing of you," she went on, her mind reverting to the feud between the families.

"In such times as this all human beings are brethren. Besides, I had placed myself at your disposal."

She did not answer this last phrase, nor did she even color over it. In her troubles she perhaps did not hear it, or had for the moment forgotten his offer of marriage. The consequence of her silence was that he believed he had done wrong in alluding to the offer; and the consequence of this was, that he wished to make reparation for his fault by thinking only of her comfort and safety.

"Have you made all your preparations?" he asked.

"I have a little packet. I believe there is nothing more to do."

"How admirably brave you are!" he said, as he had said once before.

"O no! I am very anxious. I would give — O, what would n't I give — to be ashore."

"And yet you govern yourself!" he observed, wanting to kneel down and kiss her hand. "But you need more rest. Let me beg you to try to sleep as much as possible this morning. The day is better than the night for that. We can see the extent of our danger best by day, and you can be got to the

boats the easier, if it should be necessary."

"I will lie down in the saloon," she replied, after having made one step toward her state-room. The twin room was occupied by Mrs. Chester; and that lady's voice could be heard steadily reading the Scriptures, for she was so frightened that she did not care if all the world knew it; resolved, at all events, that Heaven should know it.

Such was the life above and below on board the unlucky *Mersey*, as she made her desperate rush shoreward. All day a dreary watching and waiting; at times hope predominant, as if by infection, and every one expecting a safe deliverance; then again a sorrowful, paralyzing chill settling upon every spirit. The captain, who knew the situation best, and, like a wise officer, knew more than he told, chiefly dreaded two dangers. The fire might burn through the wooden sheathing, melt the copper, and let in a flood of water which would sink the steamer in a few minutes. Or the vessel, driving headlong toward a shore little frequented except by wrecks, and of which he knew nothing except by his charts, might strike some hidden rock or sandbar, and go to pieces far from land. No time for soundings; death, snarling and tearing below, was creeping nearer every moment; the hot breath of the imprisoned tiger was stealing thicker and thicker through the seams of the planking; the risk that there was in delay seemed greater than the risk that there was in speed.

Still, the bright morning passed safely; then a humid afternoon, full of sailing mists and shadows, came and went; and at last the *Mersey* was plunging over the sombre waters of a starless evening. All this while the wind was fair, balmy, and moderate, and the sea not too high for boats to be launched and to live.

Eight bells in the evening; there were already high hopes on board the vessel; the lookout aloft was straining his eyes to catch an outline or a light; the captain, wearied to death, but con-

stantly on deck, was rubbing his hands with a little air of cheeriness. At this moment there came a change; there was a different feeling under the feet; people thought, without saying so, "What is the matter?" At first insensibly, but in a very short time quite obviously, there was a diminution of elasticity and a slowing of speed. Some of the passengers below had a sensation as if the ship were in port and coming quietly to dock. Others, who were on deck and could see no cause for this singular change, thought with sudden terror of the calmness of death stealing upon the convulsions of a man in delirium.

"What's all this?" called Wilkins, as the captain ran by him towards the waist. The captain stumbled on without answering, and the passenger hurriedly followed him, suspecting, with an awful sinking of the heart, that the end had come. Amidships they were met by men — stokers and engineers — rushing up out of the engine-room, some uttering curses and others inarticulate cries of terror, while one, recognizing his officer, said sharply, "Water around the furnace!"

"Sure?" screamed the captain. Yes, there was no doubt of it; a strange hissing, a new noise on board the steamer, sent up its horrible confirmation; it was certain that the fire had let in the ocean, and that the two were fighting below for the mastery. It was a frightful struggle of the two giant elements as to which should destroy the creation of man's industry and exterminate the creator. The menagerie of natural forces had risen upon their tamer. The demons were in full and triumphant insurrection.

Meantime there were confused sounds of terror all over the dark decks; the panic reached below, too, and passengers ran up, shouting to know their fate.

"Sound the pumps," called the captain; and presently a voice answered, "Three feet in the hold, sir."

"Pump away, men," was the next order; and the thud and rattle of the

pumps commenced. Then pealed another voice, "Look out for an explosion," followed by a trampling of feet rushing toward the boats. The ultimate peril, long as it had been expected, had come at last, as death always comes, with paralyzing suddenness. Who could tell whether the now untended boiler would not explode? Who could tell how soon the water which was pouring in below would sink the vessel? Every one felt that there was no time to spare; nearly every one was wildly bent on saving himself.

Below decks the scene was different. The change in the vessel's movement had at first been imperceptible, and, even when noticed, did not for a minute or two create terror. Kate Beaumont went up to Frank McAlister with a face which expressed only a slight wonder, mingled perhaps with a little hope, and said, "What is it?"

"I beg pardon," he replied, starting up from a doze on one of the settees, "I did not observe anything."

"I — don't — know," she murmured, listening attentively between her words. "Something — singular."

Just then Mrs. Chester appeared, dropping her Bible at the door of the state-room, and running toward them joyfully.

"We are there!" she laughed. "O, I knew it. I knew we should be saved. This horrible voyage! this horrible, horrible voyage! over at last! O Kate, I am so happy!"

The gladness of supposed escape had made a child of her; she was laughing aloud, and ready to dance, with her groundless happiness.

"O, to think it is over!" she prattled. "What a horrible thing it would have been to drown at sea! Or to burn!" she added, with a shudder. "O, that was the worst. But it is all over. We are coming into port. How can we praise Captain Brien enough! The dear, good man! I could kiss him, black and blue and brown as he is. He has managed things so admirably! Really, if women might do such things, I am in a fit state to pro-

pose to him. — Not talk so, Kate? Why not? What a prim, cold little piece you are! Such escapes don't come once in a lifetime; no, thank Heaven! not once in a lifetime. I own it. I am half crazy with joy. What is *that*?"

The panic above had by this time broken out in a clamor which could not well be misunderstood. The startled woman turned short and stared anxiously at McAlister, who had delicately withdrawn from the two women to a little distance.

"Go on deck and see!" she ordered, forgetting who he was. "Go on deck and find out where we are. O my God, if I am mistaken!" she added, as he vanished. "It can't be. I won't have it. O, why don't they stop that horrible trampling and shouting? Let me alone, Kate. I *will* go up there. I *must* see."

McAlister returned, running down the cabin stairs, very grave and perhaps a little pale. Mrs. Chester extended her hands toward him with an agonized gesture of entreaty.

"Don't tell me!" she shivered. In the next breath, "O, *what* is the matter?"

"Get ready as quickly as possible," said the young man. "We must go ashore in the boats."

"The ship is sinking," screamed Mrs. Chester. "O my God, I feel it! That worthless, villanous captain!"

"Don't!" begged Kate. "Do be calm. O, what shall we do?"

McAlister took the girl under his arm and hurried her toward the stairway, following Mrs. Chester, who was already rushing thither. In the confusion and hurry of the crisis all the little packets, as well as the life-preservers, were forgotten in the state-rooms.

Meanwhile matters had been made nearly desperate on deck by the misbehavior of the crew. A portion, at least, of the sailors and firemen had, it seems, got at the spirit-room during the day and supplied themselves with whiskey. Several were more or less intoxicated; moreover, they could be-

seen taking bottles out of their pockets and drinking ; it was to be feared that the alcoholic mischief had only begun to do its work. Already there was a gang of these fellows around each of the larger boats, throwing in provisions and kegs of water after a reckless fashion, running against each other, cursing, pushing, and even striking.

"Hold hard there!" shouted the captain, as he saw some of them grasping the tackle falls. "No one gets into the boats without orders. Passengers first. Ladies first."

But the men kept at their wild, hurrying, bungling work, without answering him, and perhaps without hearing.

"By Heavens!" groaned Brien. "It's a worse lot than I thought.—Steward! Mr. McMaster! Some one hurry up those ladies. Avast, men. Don't let that boat go. Come out of her, every one of you!"

Finding them ungovernable, he ran below after his pistols ; for he too had been caught unprepared by the sudden spring of the catastrophe. Coming back, he was caught on the stairway by Mrs. Chester, who clung to him in a sort of delirium of terror, at once reproaching and imploring, until he loosened himself by main force.

During this brief interval the crisis, aided by the drunkenness and panic of the men, had hurried along with the terrible swiftness which it had shown from the outset. One of the large midship boats had been let go by the run, and was dragging bottom-up and stove alongside, with two or three men drawing under it. Several planks in the waist had suddenly started and curled up, and the smouldering hell within the hull, finding vent at last, was sending up tongues of flame, licking at its prey like a boa. The motion forward had ceased, and the ship, settling in a manner sensible to every one, was wallowing with a sickly feeling among the waves. Its doom from the fire was imminent ; but its doom from the ocean was still more threatening. The panic-

mad sailors and stokers had gathered around the starboard boat and were preparing to send her down the side, some already crowding into her, and others loosening the falls. It was a lamentable and shameful exhibition of cowardice, selfishness, and cruelty. It would not be easy to cite a worse case.

"We can't go with those drunkards," cried the captain. "They would capsize us."

He was addressing McAlister and Tom Beaumont, who had brought up Mrs. Chester and Kate from below, and were taking them forward to the waist. Every one on deck, it must be understood, was now perfectly recognizable in the light of the hissing explosions of flame which shot up from the volcano below, only from time to time clouded by volumes of smoke.

"Come aft," ordered the captain. Next, raising his voice to a yell : "Every sober man aft! Stand by to let go the quarter boats. But keep out of them. I'll shoot the first one who steps in without orders."

Then, levelling his pistol at a fellow who had laid hands on the fall tackle of one of the small boats, he shouted, "Stand back there! My God, this is a mutiny."

CHAPTER VII.

THE Mersey burning and sinking at once ; a rabble of drunken, panic-stricken sailors and firemen tumbling into the large boats ; the few passengers, the ship's officers, and perhaps a dozen of the crew, huddled around the quarter-deck boats ; the captain stamping, threatening, pistol in hand, directing the embarkation ; — such was the disorderly and unpromising state of affairs.

The captain's pistol was not the only one flourished, for Tom Beaumont and Wilkins drew and cocked revolvers, and even the mild Duffy produced a derringer. Under the moral effect of

this artillery, the getting of things and people into the boats began to go on as it should aboard an Anglo-Saxon wreck. "Heave in those water breakers"; in they went with a "Yo-hee-oh." "Now the bread boxes"; and the bread boxes followed. "Here, you, sir, man the starboard boat; Mr. Wilson, take charge of the other one." Two trustworthy men were now in each little craft, ready to cast off tackles on touching the water, and to make fast towlines. "Let go, slowly; ease away, men, steady; there she floats."

"Now then, ladies," and the captain turned to his passengers, "Mrs. Chester first."

Mrs. Chester, far more eager to go first than the captain was to have her, went down a rope in the grasp of a stout sailor, clutching him as if she meant to tear and devour him.

"Now, Miss Beaumont," was the captain's next call. "Look alive, there below. Haul up under the counter. Some strong man here for Miss Beaumont."

"I!" shouted Tom, pushing a sailor aside. "I'll take care of my sister. Hold on to me, Kate."

"O Tom! be careful," was the girl's prayer as she threw her arms around the young fellow's neck.

"Hold hard!" screamed the captain. But it was too late; the boy had missed his hold or lost it; and both brother and sister went into the dark ocean. There was a general groan, a rush to the bulwarks, and a hesitation. Who could swim? It is a notorious fact that sailors are seldom good swimmers. Now came another splash; it was our tall McAlister, who had gone under with a header; and then there followed another suspense.

"Here's one," shouted a sailor in the boat, leaning over and dragging in some wet object. It was Tom Beaumont, no more able to swim than to fly, and saved by the merest accident, happening to rise in the right place. His first words were, "Where is she?"

He had scarcely strangled this out,

when there was a general cry of joy from all those staring men, standing as they were on a burning and sinking wreck. The light of the flames showed a head on the surface, twenty feet astern of the small boat, and under it, almost submerged by it, another head, this last being that of a man, while the first was that of a woman. It was McAlister, laden and almost borne under by the weight of the girl whom he was striving to save.

"Drop the boat astern," roared Captain Brien. "Give him a hand."

In another minute the two were drawn in board, the girl pale, cold, and nearly strangled still, the man breathless with his struggle under water. There was no time for changing of clothing; the steady sinking of the ship gave warning that the embarkation must hasten; and all that could be done for the wet ones was to bring them some blankets from the nearest state-room.

This was the only accident to the party on the quarter-deck. In twenty minutes or thereabouts from the springing of the leak every living soul had abandoned the vessel, and the crowded boats were pulling rapidly away to escape the flurry of her foundering. It was a gloomy and ill-promising voyage, that upon which they were now entering. The wreck, already low in the water, but blazing throughout its mids-hips and sending up superb piles of flame from its paddle-boxes, only made the darkness of ocean visible. A considerable sea was running, tossing the little craft uncomfortably, if not dangerously, and sending in splashes of spray which soon made all equally wet. In a few minutes every one was chilled through, notwithstanding that the temperature was mild and almost summer-like. McAlister and Tom Beaumont combined in wrapping all the blankets around Kate.

"It is useless," she smiled; "I shall only be the wetter for them."

Mrs. Chester, sunk in discomfort and despair too deep for words, gave no sign of existence, except groaning.

"This is ugly, ain't it, Wilkins?" muttered the shivering Duffy.

"This is a big lot better than going clean under," returned Wilkins, his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "By Jove, the more miserable I am, the more I want to live. It's always so."

"Sick, Wilkins?" presently inquired Duffy.

"No, I just don't like to look at it. Show me land, and I'll sit up straight enough."

"We are all right now," struck up the captain from the sternsheets, falling into his characteristic strain of bragging and humbug, no doubt because he thought it would cheer the women. "It's only a little wetting. See land to-morrow, and tell our stories at home next day. In a month from now it will all be a good joke. We would n't have missed it for anything."

"Except me," he added to himself, remembering ruefully his damaged fame as a sailor, and his injured prospects as chief commander in the new line.

Baling almost constantly, the unfortunates rowed due west, making what headway could be made. They had sailed for half an hour when of a sudden the broad flicker of light behind them vanished, and, looking backward, they could no longer see the Mersey.

"It seems like the death of a friend," murmured Kate. "I am sorry for the poor ship."

"That's so," answered Captain Brien, his heart warming more than ever towards the girl. "She was a beautiful boat, was n't she?"

"I'm glad the miserable thing is sunk," mumbled Mrs. Chester, who never quite forgave anybody or anything which had caused her trouble.

Presently Kate Beaumont said in a low voice to Frank McAlister: "It was you who saved me. Was it not?"

"I was so fortunate," he replied in a tone which was like an utterance of thanksgiving.

"I knew it. But I have been so

stupefied! I shall be indebted to you all my life."

"No," he said, and would perhaps have been tempted to try to press her hand, had it not been defended from him by wet blankets.

And so that conversation, meaning we will not undertake to say how much, came to an end.

But we must not prolong this voyage. It was an adventure which had nothing more to signalize it than what has been described. In the morning there was a cry of "Sail ho"; then came deliverance from danger and discomfort; then a short trip to Charleston, South Carolina. It was their destination. Yes, the Mersey was the first and only boat of the famous line which Charleston attempted to call into being for the sake of having direct trade with England and setting herself right before the world as the maritime rival of New York.

In Charleston the Southern hotel *par excellence*, the house where the great planter of those days stopped when he returned from Europe, or when he came to the city with his family to do shopping and attend the races, was the Charleston Hotel. It was in the huge front piazza of this house that Frank McAlister, refreshed, newly attired, brushed, and anointed, encountered that ancient friend of his family, Major John Lawson, the descendant (so said the Major) of the De Lauzuns.

"Why, my dear fellow! Why, my de-ar fel-low!" cried the Major, smiling up to his eyebrows and shaking hands for a minute together, though gently, tenderly, O how affectionately! "Why, is it possible! why, is it possible!" he went on, in a high, ecstatic soprano of wonder, somewhat as if he were talking to a child. "And so it is you, is it?" patting his shoulder. "Why, bless my body, so it is. I would n't have known you. What an amazing development!" and the Major fell back a yard to stare at the young giant with an air of playful, petting amazement. "Taller by three

inches than your grenadier of a father ! Why, if the old Frederick of Prussia had been alive, you would have been kidnapped for his regiment of giants. The Potsdam regiment," explained the Major, not a little proud of this bit of military history. "But no ; you don't want to be told how you have grown ; you have been at other and wiser business as well. Why, tell me all about it. Why, I could listen to you forever."

No words can describe the blandness and the unctuous flattery of the Major's manner. It was like warm olive-oil, poured over your head and flying all down your beard and vestments in an instant. No time allowed for resistance ; before you could think, there was the Major still letting it on from his inexhaustible cruet. His utterance was soft and cajoling, running through a wide gamut of *affettuoso* tones, a favorite close being high soprano or falsetto. His face was prematurely wrinkled with smirking and grimacing. It was haunted with smiles which appeared and vanished like fire-flies. Now one shone out on his cheekbone ; now another glimmered on his forehead ; now a third capered along his wide mouth. Then again his whole countenance broke up into them, putting you in mind of the flashings of a shattered looking-glass, or the radiances of a breezy sheet of water in the sunshine. As for his thin, genteel figure, it was so lubricated with constant bowing and gesturing, that it was as supple as an eel.

Meanwhile there was a slyness in his gray eyes and humorous twinkling in the crow's-feet at their corners, which caused you to doubt whether he were not secretly laughing at you under his mask of flattery. The truth is, that the Major did amuse himself with the simplicity of human vanity. He complimented upon principle ; he had made a formula for his guidance in this matter, and he stuck to it in practice ; as Talleyrand (was it ?) said, "Lie always, something will stick," so he said, "Flatter always, something will stick." But we must not consider

him as some straightforward, bitter persons did, a mere hypocrite. He was a good fellow ; liked to make people feel comfortable ; offered them compliments, because he had little else to spare.

McAlister gave the Major a brief and plain statement of his life abroad. Four years at Oxford, three years at Göttingen, one year in travel.

"You are a prodigy," grinned and fluted the Major, his voice quavering high into falsetto. "Why, you are a praw-di-gy. You must be a miracle of learning. There is n't another man in the State who has passed his life to such advantage. You have come home to lift us poor South-Carolinians out of the slough of our ignorance and conceit. And the son, too, of my excellent old friend Judge McAlister ! I am delighted beyond measure."

"There is much for me to learn, no doubt, as well as something to teach," replied Frank, in his manly, plain way, so different from the frisky, supple graces of the Major. "I do believe, however, that I shall have something to tell you, that is, in a year or two."

"O, but you have something to tell us now." And the soft Lawson fingers patted the huge McAlister arm. "You must begin at once."

"I suspect," continued Frank, "that there is wealth in the State which we know little about. There are mines to be sunk yet in our up-country. And this shore region, if I am not much mistaken is crammed with phosphates."

Phosphates ! The word was beyond the Major's tether. He did not know what phosphates might be, and did not believe he should care. He proceeded to smother the youngster's learning with appropriate compliment.

"Ah, there comes out the old canny Scotch blood," he smiled. "Or is it Scotch-Irish ? Ah, Scotch ! A most intelligent and industrious people. The best practical race that we have in the State. Brave, too ; brave as lions ; what a race ! The *perfervidum Scotorum* is world-wide famous. By the way, have you letters from your

father? I haven't met him, bless my body! for months."

"Yes, I found letters here. My father, I thank you, is well. The whole family also."

"And you visit them soon, of course? Return to the paternal hearth? Do give my kindest regards, my most profound respects, to your father. Noble man! A pillar, sir! A pillar of society! And, by the way, — bless me, how could I forget it, — but what an escape! Saved from the sea and from fire! You must be a marked man, set apart for some wonderful fate. But the Mersey lost! Our steamer lost! *Our* steamer! What a calamity! *What*," and here the Major's voice fairly whimpered, "a ca-lam-i-ty! And, by the way," descending to a confidential whisper, "you had Beaumonts aboard. Your old — enemies. I hope nothing disagreeable."

"Embarrassments," answered the young man, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

"Dear me! I am excessively grieved. But nothing that will lead to a — a —?" inquired the old gossip, imitating the motion of raising a pistol.

"O no. At least, I trust not. I sincerely hope not."

"Let us hope so," said the Major, in a tone which reminded one of the formula, "Let us pray." "Why, it would be infamous," he went on. "In view of your noble behavior, it would be in the highest degree unreasonable. Saved the young lady's life, I understand. Ah! I surprise you; you had no idea that your fame would find you out so soon. Modest," — another patting here, — "modest, mod-est! But, you see, I met one of your Hartland business-men, — a nice sort of a commonplace fellow named Duffy, I believe, — and accidentally, quite accidentally, heard the story from him. And so you saved Miss Kate Beaumont's life? What a wonderful — providence, shall we call it? I told you truly, that you were a marked man, a man set apart for some extraordinary destiny. And Miss Beaumont? I haven't seen her

since she was a mere child. How did you like the young lady?"

"An admirable girl," said the brave McAlister, not without a slight blush. "What I saw of her led me to respect her profoundly."

The Major's small, cunning gray eyes twinkled with the joy of a veteran intriguer, not to say matchmaker.

"Why, my dear fellow! why, my d-e-a-r fel-low!" he whispered, snuggling up to the youngster, and fondling his mighty arm. "If this should end in a reconciliation between the families, what an event! South Carolina could afford to rejoice in the loss of the Mersey. What a romance! Why not? Romeo and Juliet in the South? Bless me, my dear young friend, why not? Stranger things have happened."

"You forget the fate of Romeo and Juliet," replied McAlister, with a gravity which revealed how seriously he was taking this matter.

But the Major would not hear of carrying out the parallel; he guessed like lightning at his young friend's state of mind, and he prophesied smooth things; indeed, when did he ever prophesy any other?

"O no!" he laughed, waving away the suggestion of a tragedy. "Nothing of the sort, my dear Mr. McAlister. We shall see, if you only wish it, a better ending than that. Why, bless you, man, the Beaumonts are not barbarians of the Middle Ages. They — I remember the old feud — I respect your natural prejudices — but they, you will excuse me for saying so, are South Carolina gentlemen. They have the polish and humanity — you will surely pardon me — of the nineteenth century."

"I am sure that I wish to think well of them. I will tell you, moreover, that I only wait an opportunity to show them that I feel kindly towards them."

"An opportunity!" smiled and fided the Major, — "an opportunity! It has come, and you have improved it. Improved it nobly, superbly, beautifully. Now it is their turn. You have saved the life of their daughter and

sister. They must thank you. They must call upon you. They will. We shall see. Then, Romeo and Juliet with a happy ending. Yes," closed the Major, fairly singing his hint for a pastoral, "Ro-me-o and Jul-iet in South Car-o-li-na!"

"They — the men, I mean — must call on me, of course, or the matter is ended," observed McAlister. He spoke slowly and gravely; he was sincerely anxious to receive that peacemaking visit; he did not care how plainly the Major should perceive his anxiety; indeed, he scarcely thought of him at the moment.

"Certainly. They must. If they don't they are — Well, let us be charitable. But I can't conceive that they should not call. It is Tom, I believe, who is with the ladies. Well, Tom is young; but Tom knows what chivalry demands; born of one of our own good families; a race of gentlemen, — excuse me. Of course Tom Beaumont will make his bow to you before he leaves Charleston."

And the Major, in his excellent, gossiping soul, meant to call on Tom and flatter him into doing what was handsome. It must be understood that this man was by instinct a matchmaker; he liked women, liked to pay court to them, liked to see others do the same; and now, guessing that Frank was smitten with Miss Beaumont, he wanted him to woo her and win her. Besides, what a charming history, what an inexhaustible theme of conversation with ladies, what a subject to decorate all over with flowers from Shakespeare, would be this healing of an old family feud by means of a love-match! For the Major was a *littérateur*, in the amateur sense; could quote eternally from standard authors, especially in verse; wrote also a kind of poetical prose, much admired by some of the women to whom he read it.

But Major Lawson had other strong points. He did love — as what South-Carolinian of those days did not love? — to talk about fighting. Wars, duels, adventures with robbers, putting down

of insurrections and even family feuds, were all pure honey to him. Groaned over them, to be sure; but his lamentation was simple humbug; it was the merest rose-water philanthropy; in his soul he feasted on them. Next to love-making, and far beyond politics, he revelled in talking of combats. "Not that he had ever had a fight; there was no man in the State more pacific. His title of Major did not signify war, nor even so much as service in the militia. He had been an aide-de-camp to a Governor; just an honorary aide-de-camp, with nothing to do; that was the whole sum of his martial life. His title, too, was really Captain, for he was only a Major by courtesy, familiar friends having breveted him at their dinner-tables.

Well, this peaceful, courteous creature must now turn to the old bloody feud between the Beaumonts and the McAlisters, and prattle of it with something like a licking of the chops.

"Terrible history!" he said, with the sorrow of a dog over a toothsome bone. "If we could only put an end to it! No less than four valuable lives have been sacrificed to this Moloch since I came to the age of manhood, — two McAlisters and two Beaumonts; not to mention the side difficulties which it has brought about between friends of the two houses, — the Montagues and Capulets," he poetically added. "I well remember the excitement, the *furor*, which was raised by the — the meeting between your excellent father and Randolph Beaumont, the elder brother of Peyton. The State fairly shuddered with anxiety. Fairly shud-dered!" And the Major shook himself in his black dress-coat. "Both men practised for months, — for months, sir! Each knew it must come. Prepared himself, sadly and sternly, like a gentleman. Randolph declared that he would spoil McAlister's handsome face for him. Your father was a remarkably fine-looking fellow; not like you, who resemble your mother, — but still handsome. Indeed, he is now; a king of men; a Saul!

Well, sir, Randolph practised at the head ; had a figure set up for that purpose in his yard ; used to hit the top of it with beautiful precision ; really beautiful ! Of your father's preparations I will say nothing. Perhaps the subject is unpleasant to you. But it was a stern necessity. He must take his precautions or he must forfeit his valuable life. Well, the day came ; no preventing it. An admirable exhibition of courage. Two shots in quick succession. Randolph Beaumont sent a shot through McAlister's hair, and fell with a ball in his own heart. My God, what an excitement ! The whole State shook, sir ! ”

McAlister had listened to this reminiscence with an amount of disrelish which surprised himself. It was not the first time that he had heard the story, and heretofore he had always heard it with interest. But childhood's ideas had more or less died out of him ; during the last few years a passion for studies had dulled the combative instinct within him ; and within the past week Miss Kate Beaumont had made him hate the family feud.

“ I never heard my father allude to the tragedy but once,” he said to the Major, rather coldly. “ It was only a word, and I thought it was a word of regret.”

The old gossip started. Had he made a mistake in chanting to the son the prowess of the father ?

“ O, of course ! ” he hurriedly assented. “ Your father is a wise, practical, humane gentleman. Could n't look upon the matter otherwise than as a woful necessity, mere self-preservation. Certainly.”

And so the Major suspended his raw-head and bloody-bones reminiscences. It was a disappointment to him, for there were still four or five nice joints to pick, and, dear me, how sweet they were ! There, for instance, was the late duel between Robert McAlister, our Frank's senior brother, and the present eldest son of the house of Beaumont. No deaths, to be sure ; only a shot through a leg and an-

other through an arm ; but even so much was savory.

“ Sad, sad business ! ” groaned the Major, bringing down the corners of his mouth decorously, as people will do at funerals and the like, even when they don't care a straw. “ All politics, purely result of politics ; not bitterness, I am glad to say. Simply a struggle between high-minded gentlemen, each of whom honestly and sadly believes the other mistaken. Opposition, as you are no doubt aware, between the supporters of the electoral system and the so-called parish representation. Your family, as original up-country gentlemen, naturally support the former. The Beaumonts, as original low-country people, are the extreme advance guard of the parishes.”

“ That is it, is it ? ” said Frank. “ I never knew before what was the origin of the dispute. I was such a mere boy when I left home.”

“ That, and other things similar. Bless my soul ! ” and here the Major fluted his sweetest, “ have I got to teach you the antiquities, the *fasti*, of your family ? Why, the first McAlister of Hartland — your noble old grandfather — was one of the supporters of our grand old Horry — Marion's Horry — in his efforts to establish the common-school system in South Carolina. Naturally on the side of the people. A born Gracchus. And yet nature's gentleman, the truest of aristocrats.”

“ A supporter of education,” said Frank. “ Well, I thank him for that. I am of his party. Depend upon it, Major, that our State needs education, and that I shall do my poor best towards educating it.”

“ Amen ! ” pronounced the Major, solemnly, as if it were the thing that he had most at heart. “ Well, my best wishes. Delighted to have seen you, — de-light-ed ! Carry my respects to your family. And as for the Beaumonts,” he added with a knowing, matchmaking, tender whisper ; “ they will call on you ” ; in a lower whisper ; “ they will,” almost inaudible.

And so, nodding and smiling, and, one might almost say, kissing his fingers, Major Lawson ambled away.

Would the Beaumonts call? Would Tom Beaumont come to say a civil word to the man who had saved his sister's life? Or would he, remember-

ing only the ancient hostility of the two names, leave Charleston without a sign of friendship?

Such were the questions which chased each other through the brain of the young gentleman who paced alone the piazza of the Charleston Hotel.

J. W. DeForest.

A CHAPTER OF MODERN ASTROLOGY.

THE hero of the startling occurrences about to be narrated was the late Dr. Noah Stone of Guildford, Conn., father of David M. Stone, the editor and proprietor of the New York Journal of Commerce. The facts themselves, — which, by the way, need no embellishment, — are distinctly remembered by a few persons yet living, and may well make one pause before answering the question whether the astrologers of the Middle Ages were wholly empirical.

When Dr. Stone was in his twelfth year he obtained by chance some old volumes on astrology written by Alubater, Jason Pratensis, and Paracelsus; and, being a studious and somewhat reticent and pensive lad, he spent much of his time in poring over those works after the family had retired, frequently seeking his pillow only when the dawn had ushered in the morning. Nor was it long before he had become quite an adept in the "black art," having, among other things, discovered that his pensiveness had arisen from the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Litra at the time of his birth; while his melancholy was occasioned by the meeting of Saturn and the moon in Scorpio. At this time, also, his little chamber was filled with various figures, imperfect and somewhat rudely drawn it is true, with phrases and scraps of writing such as, "Lord of the geniture," "The quartile aspects of Saturn and Mars," the one culminating, and the other in the fourth house, — "eclipses and earth-

quakes," — the present conjunction or opposition in Sagittary or Pisces, of the sun and moon, "if the moon be in conjunction or opposition, at the birth-time, with the Sun, Saturn, or Mars, many diseases follow," etc. In short, however few the pupil's years or limited the number of his books and his times and chances of study, it was quite apparent that the curious boy had been in good earnest looking upon the heavens "as a great book, whose letters are the stars, wherein are written many strange things for such as can read."

It happened about this time that a neighbor of his father, a very worthy man in humble circumstances, by the name of Crowfoot, had the misfortune to lose his cow, a remarkably fine animal, which, by a bountiful supply of milk, contributed largely toward the support of a numerous family of children. Having been turned out to graze upon the extensive common lands between the Tunxis and Simsbury mines, crummie had strayed away and disappeared, to the no small concern of the owner, and the still greater inconvenience of the dependent children. Isaac Crowfoot was himself as meek as Moses; but his wife was a sort of Job's comforter, and this circumstance had no tendency to mitigate the domestic calamity. Several days of fruitless search had been spent, and no tidings obtained of the cow, which had never before failed of coming home at sunset. And at each successive luckless return of the

husband he was fated to encounter the sharp reproof of the spouse for the faithlessness of his search after the absconding quadruped. One evening as Uncle Isaac—for thus he was familiarly called—was returning in a gloomy and desponding mood from a fruitless search, in passing the house of young Stone, the latter accosted him as follows:—

“Why, Uncle Isaac, have n’t you found old brindle yet?”

“No, I guess not,” replied Uncle Isaac. “I’ve bin a hunting all day, and haive walked afoot clean from here down to Pogonnuck, and then up to the Turkey Hills and back ag’in, and hain’t hearn nothing on the plaguy varmint.”

“Have you been up the river to Farmington, and over the mountain to West Hartford, Uncle Isaac?”

“Why, I calculate I haive. I went eenymost round the mountain on Thursday, and I reckon she’s bin stole. It’s a desput loss to a poor man like me, though if I was as rich as your daddy, I should n’t think nothing on’t, for’t I know. The old woman will take on so when she sees me to-night without the cow, for the children has bin crying their eyes out for milk ever sin’ Sabba’ day.”

Young Stone was a compassionate lad; and the reference of Uncle Isaac to the wants of his children instantly enlisted his sympathies in their behalf. Accordingly, as Uncle Isaac was departing from the gate, the boy caught his sleeve quickly, as though a thought had suddenly struck him, and said: “I say, Uncle Isaac, I’ll cast a figure to-night, and tell you where old brindle has been hiding herself, if you will come along this way in the morning.”

Uncle Isaac knew little of what was meant by “casting a figure,” yet he said he “should be terrible glad if he could find out where the darned critter was, for he’d be blamed if he had n’t tramped about until his shoes looked an awful sight worse, than those of them ’ere sinful Gibeonites, when they played such a cute trick upon Jin’ral

Joshua.” This was an unwonted attempt at pleasantry on the part of Uncle Isaac, and he thereupon got himself to his own house.

It was remarked the next morning by the family, when young Stone came down to prayers, that his countenance was exceedingly pale; and he appeared like one who had been deprived of his sleep. His manner was disturbed and restless, and his mother, with much solicitude, made divers inquiries respecting his health, which he satisfied as best he could.

Shortly after breakfast Uncle Isaac appeared trudging up the road, and was met by the young seer with, “I’m afraid I have done something wrong, but I can tell you where old brindle is; that is, if I have worked it—I mean if I have guessed right.”

“You hain’t seen her, I conclude, have you?” replied Crowfoot, his features lighting up with joy.

“No,” replied the youth; “but if I can guess right, old brindle is seven miles off, about in the middle of the oak plains yonder. She has caught her horns in the bushes, close to the ledge of rocks on the west side of the round hill, and can’t get away; and what’s more, she is nearly starved.”

“Like enough,” said Uncle Isaac; “but I guess you’re a’most a witch to find all that out, if somebody hain’t tell’d ye on’t. I shall be awful glad an’ no mistake to find her ag’in. I’ll go straight off. Let’s see, the road up toward Newgate ’ll be the nighest, I reckon. I was plaguy ’feared that some of them ’ere fellows, jest out of the mines there, had stole her. The Guvner pardons tew many of them conarned rascals.”

“Now don’t be too certain,” responded the youth, as Uncle Isaac moved forward with renewed energy and confidence; “it’s guess-work, after all, and I shall be glad if it don’t come to pass,” he added, in an undertone; “I’d rather give him pa’s best cow than—but never mind; I don’t believe a word of it myself.”

Old Isaac, however, nothing doubt-

ing, pursued his way, and penetrated the thick underbrush of shrub-oaks, until he reached the place that had been indicated by the lad.

Sure enough crummie was there, entangled by the horns, and in the sorry, half-starved condition which the boy had foretold!

The youthful diviner awaited the return of Isaac with more anxiety than he had ever before felt; and a shuddering sensation crept over him when, toward evening, he saw the old brindled favorite, in an emaciated and pitiful plight, wending her way slowly homeward, followed by Crowfoot in person. Joining the poor man as quickly as possible, Stone learned all the circumstances of the finding, and at the end of their conference implored Uncle Isaac to say nothing about the matter, protesting that it was all guess-work, a mere accident, as he felt confident in his own mind it must be. But if the good man could have kept the secret, his spouse could do no such thing; and the incident was consequently noised abroad, greatly to the annoyance of the lad, and without being diminished by repetition, until shortly reports of no slight magnitude and equivocal complexion found their way to his parents.

The investigation that grew out of this incident brought to light his midnight vigils, in which the parents readily discovered the cause of their son's ill health; for by this time his constitution, never vigorous, had begun apparently to yield. His cheeks had become unusually pale, and his flesh seemed to be wasting by degrees away. Indeed, the lad admitted that, whether it was the want of sleep or that "virtue had gone out of him," he never passed a night in "casting a figure," without experiencing a prostration and loss of nervous force,—the same loss of vital force, undoubtedly, that modern trance-mediums feel after one of their *séances*. Accordingly, he was requested by his parents to discontinue his astrological studies; while, at the same time, in the hope that a change of air would be beneficial, he was sent to the

parish of Applebury, a beautiful country town on the Long Island coast, where he was to continue his classical studies under the direction of the late reverend and venerable Dr. Elliott, a clergyman distinguished alike for his scholarly attainments and his piety.

But the story of Isaac Crowfoot, and the singular finding of his truant cow, followed the lad to Applebury; and before he had reached his sixteenth year he had occasion to make additional trials of his skill, his extreme reluctance to do which was overcome only by the most persevering entreaties.

It happened that in the regular course of his business as a West India trader, Captain David Hoyt, an old friend and relative of the father of the writer, purchased a cargo of mules,—an animal formerly of extensive exportation from Connecticut to those islands,—and sailed, in a vessel of his own, bound to St. Domingo. A stepson of Captain Hoyt, of about the age of young Stone, accompanied him. He was the only son of his mother, and greatly beloved; and was, until his death a few years since, a respectable farmer in Applebury. The vessel was a long time absent, and no intelligence from her was received. A brig which sailed from Applebury in company with Captain Hoyt had made a prosperous voyage and returned; but no tidings of the other were brought back, nor had she arrived out at the time the brig sailed on her return. His friends, consequently, became exceedingly anxious respecting his fate; and the wife of the absent captain, greatly alarmed for the safety both of her husband and son, having heard the gossip touching the wonderful finding of the long-lost brindle cow, came to our young hero, beseeching him to inform her of the fate of the absent schooner and those on board. There was no affectation in the youth, and he was really and truly reluctant to renew the experiment. But after much persuasion he consented to gratify the feelings of an anxious wife and mother as far as

lay in his power, although he admonished the good woman against reposing any confidence in his reputed skill. In sober honesty he had no confidence in it himself; for, in respect to the previous affair, he regarded it only in the light of one of those coincidences frequently occurring in the course of human events, but which are not exactly susceptible of explanation upon any known principles of mental philosophy.

Contrary, however, to his expectations and even to his own wishes, during a night of laborious application, the results of his figures enabled him to return a full answer on the following morning, the correctness of which would be tested in a few days. This answer was, that the absent schooner, after having parted company with the before-mentioned brig, had been for a long time becalmed. The captain and all hands were all well; but their provisions had become short, their provender and water exhausted, and the greater part of the mules had died of starvation. The vessel, according to the "figure," would to a certainty put back in distress, and arrive within Sandy Hook on the following Tuesday, after having, on the preceding day, thrown the last of the mules overboard, and would reach Applebury the next Thursday. It proved to be even so. On the Thursday following the prediction Captain Hoyt and his step-son arrived in Applebury from New York; and in relating the events of the disastrous voyage confirmed all that young Stone had divined, to the minutest particular, even to the hour at which they ran past the Sandy Hook lighthouse and entered the harbor of New York.

The fulfilment of the prediction, if such it might be called, was yet a matter of greater surprise to the young astrologer than in the former instance. He was conscious of having intentionally done or attempted nothing wrong on either occasion; but the success which had attended his calculations was a subject utterly inexplicable even to himself, and he was half induced to

believe that there must have been an evil superintending agency in the premises. He shuddered at the idea; for although not at that time a communing member of the Church, his mind was deeply imbued with religious feelings. From his earliest infancy, his young thoughts had been directed heavenward; the habits, and all the regulations of his father's household, were religious; the observance of all the outward forms of devotion were strict and unremitted on the part of the father; while all its sweetest and most attractive influences were beautifully illustrated in the quiet and unobtrusive, yet active examples of the mother. A moment's reflection, however, convinced him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions. In the exercise of his supposed power of divination, he had only followed rules laid down in printed books of, as he insisted on believing, *pretended* magic. Those books directed the construction of questions germane to the matter in hand, and then, by going through certain arithmetical problems in connection with the position of the heavenly bodies, the answer was to be read in the result, by affirmatives and negatives. His "art," as it seemed to him, had this extent and no more. In his juvenile days, he had looked into the books with curiosity; now, in the greater maturity of his youth, he had tried his skill as an interesting experiment only; and, as he supposed, any other person who would assume the labor, could play the magician in the same way. The fulfilment of his predictions he yet attributed to coincidences only; and, in any event, he was quite certain, for in this he could not be mistaken, that he had invoked the aid of no evil genius: and he had no reason to suppose that messengers of that character ever went abroad upon such errands uninvited or unbidden. He therefore allowed his mind to go to rest upon the subject, mentally resolving to avoid in future even the appearance of evil, and to essay no more experiments of the kind.

But the tears and importunities of women who can withstand? Hearts of sterner stuff than was that of our youthful hero, and of more experience, have often been subdued by such appeals; and that he should have been induced to swerve from his determination can therefore be no matter of surprise. In temporarily changing his residence from the valley of the Tunxis for the shades of Applebury, he had vainly imagined that the little unwelcome notoriety of his first achievement would have been left behind. But, mistaken in that supposition, he had, in consequence of his first experiment, been forced into a second, the fame of which was widely bruited about, to his still greater annoyance; and he was soon involved in a third trial, the result of which was still more astounding.

General Carlos Wilcox, a respectable merchant residing in a neighboring town, and a man of no inconsiderable importance in that community, had fitted out and freighted for the West India market a ship with a cargo of unusual value. The supercargo had instructions, in certain contingencies, to attempt sundry speculations, by trading from island to island over the wide American archipelago. In the lading of this vessel the owner had incurred heavy responsibilities, which her return from a prosperous voyage would alone enable him to discharge. But, although he had received early information of his ship's safe arrival, and of her departure from the first port of destination, yet for a long period there was no further intelligence from her. As time passed on, demands for heavy payments came upon him which he was unable to meet; and he was consequently obliged to entreat for delay. Still, there were no tidings from the ship, and his situation was daily becoming more critical, while his mind was full of embarrassment and perplexity.

While matters were in this situation, the merchant, almost driven to distraction by the difficulties accumulating in his path, was persuaded, against his

better judgment, to seek the assistance of the young student of Dr. Elliott at Applebury, now universally considered the smartest young man of those parts. It was believed he could solve almost any mystery, short of the origin of evil, and discover every hidden thing, excepting Kidd's money. Indeed, the latter was hardly an exception, since some of the knowing ones had begun to think of obtaining his assistance in searching for those numerous pots of treasure which the great freebooter was supposed to have imbedded in the island coves and along the indented coasts of the Sound. To the application of General Wilcox himself, however, the young student respectfully but firmly refused his assent, laboring *earnestly* to convince him that he had no particular skill of the description which a good-natured, though gossiping world had attributed to him, assuring him that the facts cited to disprove this avowal were merely circumstances of time and chance which happen to all.

The wife of the merchant, however, was not to be put off in this manner. The affairs of her husband were approaching a crisis, and the return of the ship could only save him from ruin. Should the vessel be already lost, they might as well yield at once to the importunities of their creditors, who were becoming more clamorous with every hour's delay; each being eager, in the event of bankruptcy, to be foremost in seizing upon the property of the insolvent. The lady, therefore, rode over to Applebury, and renewed the application with so much energy and such persuasive eloquence, as to wring a reluctant consent from the young astrologer that he would make another attempt to read what, if not exactly the future, was at least the unknown.

Accordingly, during the ensuing night, it being starlight, he resorted to his slate and his rules as before; and after laboring through a great number of "figures," the results enabled him to frame a history of the voyage, which promised golden returns to the harassed

owner. Punctual to her engagement, and eager for an answer, which she had the fullest belief would end her suspense, however painful might be their destiny, the lady returned to Applebury on the following morning. Our hero thereupon very reluctantly informed her of the result of his midnight vigil, but cautioned her at the same time not to place the least reliance upon the prediction. "Your ship," said he, "according to my poor figures, is perfectly safe, and now on her homeward voyage. She touched at several places among the West India Islands," (specifying their names), "prospered in all her speculations and in the exchange of her commodities. She there ran down upon the coast of the Spanish Main, and has been successfully engaged in trade, and is now returning with twenty-two thousand dollars in doubloons, besides other merchandise of great value. On Tuesday next, at two o'clock past meridian, the Killingworth will enter the harbor, whose name she bears, in safety. But the supercargo is dead of the yellow-fever, and two men will return fatally sick of the same disease." With this reply, which she believed would be fulfilled to the letter, the lady returned with feelings mingled with melancholy and gladness. The supercargo was a young man of enterprise and high promise, and her kinsman. But the fortunes of her husband would be restored.

The period intervening between the prediction and the time assigned for its fulfilment was one of intense anxiety, not only to the distressed and doubting merchant and his wife, but to young Stone. If the fortunes of the former hung upon the fate of the ship, the feelings of the latter were deeply interested in the result of this third and most important experiment; for he now felt a strong presentiment that his calculations would be realized; he began to doubt whether he had not been engaged in matters of unlawful and fearful import; and he reproached himself that feelings of shame and diffidence

had prevented him from taking counsel of his friend and guide, Dr. Elliott.

The day — for time under such circumstances of uncertainty and anxiety seems to fly with leaden wings — appeared long in coming; but it arrived at length, and was truly one of bright and sunny promise. The merchant was early at an upper window with his glass intently examining every sail that whitened the placid bosom of the Sound, and eagerly watching every additional vessel that could be descried heaving in sight. Soon after twelve o'clock at noon his heart bounded high as he perceived the well-known signal of his own proud ship, which was borne easily onward by a gentle breeze, until at length, exactly at the hour foretold, she entered the harbor, discharged a gun, and ran alongside of the wharf. The remaining part of the calculation, even to the minutest detail, was true to the letter. The whole voyage had been prosecuted as already described; the exact sum of specie was received; two of the seamen were ill of the yellow-fever, beyond hope of recovery; and the supercargo was no more, — the waters his winding-sheet, the ocean his grave!

The untoward aspect of the merchant's fortunes was, of course immediately changed, and the "decencies of grief" having been observed, joy once more beamed from the countenances which for weeks had been shaded by the gloom of despondency and anticipated ruin. Not so, however, with the young astrologer. On hearing the intelligence in the gray of the evening, he was astounded by the accurate verification of his calculations and greatly agitated at what he had done. On the two former occasions, as we have seen, he had attributed his success to fortuitous coincidences. But with this third, more complicated, and momentous trial, the results amazed him. From this moment it became his settled conviction that some evil agency had been exerted in those efforts which he had been persuading himself were very innocent calculations, though with-

al not a little interesting. The result was that he at once burned up his works on necromancy, and registered a solemn vow (ever afterward sacredly kept) never more to engage in such questionable experiments.

We attempt no explanation of the foregoing. The facts have been presented nakedly, and with no attempt at color. But, in view of them, it would seem as though the marvellous stories, which come down to us from the olden time, of the fulfilment of predictions made by the astrologers of the Middle Ages, — and, further back, the Chaldean soothsayers of the Babylonian Empire, — contained at least a few grains of truth. Of this nature was the prophecy

(which is well authenticated) made by the astrologer to Nell Gwynn in her days of mendicancy, that she should at a future day be possessed of wealth and be influential with a powerful monarch; not to mention the also well-authenticated predictions and fulfilments of the celebrated Dr. Dee, whose portraiture has been so vividly drawn by the great wizard novelist of Scotland. The Chaldean soothsayers could never have maintained their ascendancy for so long a period, had it not been that many of their predictions were fulfilled; some of which were so remarkable as to make it hard to explain them, on the ground of a superior knowledge of the sciences.

William L. Stone.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS BOOK.

IT is now eighty years since the death of Dr. Franklin, and during this time his Autobiography has been more extensively read in this country than any other historical work. It was, perhaps, the earliest American book that acquired and sustained a great popularity. Other books may have had a greater local or temporary success, but to this one alone belonged a general and permanent reputation. There have been written many Lives of Washington, but none of them is to be compared in style and interest with the charming production of the great philosopher. Its history as a book has been so eventful, that it may be of sufficient interest to give some of its bibliographical details. The narrative was written at different times and places, and Franklin himself has given the circumstances under which he prepared it.

The first part, coming down to his marriage, in 1730, was written at Twyford, England, in 1771, while he was visiting the family of Dr. Jonathan Shepley, the Bishop of St. Asaph, with

whom he was on terms of close intimacy and friendship. Franklin, as it might be expected from his inquiring mind, took a deep interest in the genealogy of his family, and while in England made a journey with his son for the purpose of finding out the history of his ancestors. The result of this trip is given in this portion of the memoirs of his life. The room in which it was written was afterwards known as "Dr. Franklin's room." The sketch was begun for the gratification of his own family, and intended for them alone, but afterwards it took a wider scope, and was evidently meant for publication. It was not until 1784 that he resumed work upon it, and in the mean time it had been shown to some of his friends. Three of them in particular — Benjamin Vaughn, Abel James, and M. Le Veillard — made strong appeals to him to go on with it. Mr. Vaughn's letter urging him to do so is dated January 31, 1783, and had considerable influence on his taking up again the story of his life, which he did the next year.

The second part of his memoirs, written while he was living at Passy, near Paris, is short, and made up mainly of his ideas on the philosophy of life, rather than the recital of events.*

The third part was begun in August, 1788, while Franklin was at home in Philadelphia, and is brought down to 1757. This portion ends the Autobiography, as it is always printed, except in the edition of the Hon. John Bigelow, which we shall have occasion to notice before the close of this article. Franklin writes to Mr. Vaughn: "To shorten the work, as well as for other reasons, I omit all facts and transactions that may not have a tendency to benefit the young reader, by showing him, from my example, and my success in emerging from poverty and acquiring some degree of wealth, power, and reputation, the advantages of certain modes of conduct which I observed, and of avoiding the errors which were prejudicial to me."

At the end of Mr. Bigelow's edition is a fourth part, consisting of a few pages, written in 1789, and not to be found elsewhere in English. These are rather of a political character, and bring the memoirs down a year later, when they close. It was Franklin's intention, as may be inferred from his letters, to continue them further, and perhaps to the end of his life; but during his last few years he suffered acutely, and much of the time was hardly in a condition to write for recreation or pleasure, to say nothing of his preoccupation with the public duties which pressed heavily upon him.

Immediately after Dr. Franklin's death, in 1790, the first portion of the memoirs was published in French, at Paris. It is a singular fact that this work, which was destined to have so

great a popularity, should first see the light in a foreign land and in a foreign tongue. It has never been satisfactorily explained how or why this was so. It is not even certainly known who made the translation from the English into the French. It has been suggested that the translation might have been made from the copy which Franklin promised Mr. Vaughn, in a letter dated June 3, 1789. He there states that his grandson is copying the memoir for his old friend. If this copy was sent, as is probable, although its existence is now unknown, it should have contained the whole memoirs, and the French version would have been full and complete. It has been said that M. Le Veillard was the translator, but he distinctly denies the statement, and furthermore declares that he is utterly ignorant of the manner in which the translator procured the copy. It is known that M. Le Veillard's copy contained the whole Autobiography, which makes it almost certain by circumstantial evidence that this was not the one from which the translation was made. According to the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale* (Paris, 1858), it was translated by Dr. Jaques Gibelin, who is spoken of in this dictionary as "a physician, naturalist, and French translator." He was an experienced translator of English, and moreover it is said that he had had the original manuscript in his possession. If this be true, it is very probable that he was the person who made it, and he may have used a copy which was obtained surreptitiously, although we have no knowledge of such a one. At any rate, a copy might easily have been made at any time between 1771, when the first part was written, and 1784, when the second part was begun, for we know that the manuscript had been shown to different persons, and some of Franklin's friends had read it. The translator, whoever he was, states in the Preface that he had a copy of the original manuscript in his possession, though he should not give the details — of no importance to

* When Franklin began the second part at Passy, he says that he did not have with him what had already been written. It might have been left at his home in Philadelphia after his return from England in 1775. This supposition seems plausible, for he would not have mentioned the fact if the manuscript had been lent temporarily to some friend or neighbor at Passy.

his readers — how it came into his hands. This statement would rather imply either a slight irregularity in the manner of his obtaining it, which he did not wish to make known, or a complication of circumstances which it might not be easy to explain to his readers. He furthermore states that the portion in his possession only comprises the first part of Franklin's life, and this is all that was printed. The supposition seems fair that he made a copy, probably unknown to Franklin or perhaps forgotten by him. A note is added to the Preface of this French edition, requesting those who would like to read the Life of Franklin in English to send their names to the publisher, and that it would be put to press as soon as four hundred subscribers should be obtained. It is probable that this number was never secured, as the edition was never printed.

In 1793, two years after its publication in Paris, two separate and distinct translations of it were published in London, — the one by the Messrs. Robinson, and the other by Mr. J. Parsons. It seems a little strange that this should have been so, particularly as they appeared from the press about the same time. Perhaps a rivalry between two publishing firms, as sometimes happens in our days, was at the bottom of it. Probably the Robinsons' edition appeared first. Both were noticed in the *Monthly Review* for 1794 (Vol. XIII. p. 304). We are unable to give the names of the translators. The Robinsons' edition was edited with more care and is a better translation than the other. There is some slight reason for supposing that the editor had access to the original manuscript, possibly the one lent to Mr. Vaughn; though if this were so, it would be difficult to explain why he did not print the original draft, and the whole of it. Possibly the owner would not allow it. For instance, in the French version Franklin states that he sailed from Gravesend on the — day of July, 1726, and arrived in Philadelphia on the —

day of October following. These blanks are correctly filled up in the edition of the Robinsons, with dates that agree with those in the original manuscript, while in Parsons's edition they are left unfilled. From this it would seem not improbable that the translator of the former had seen an original copy.

A few slight inaccuracies are also corrected, such as Sooper's Creek for Cooper's Creek, near Philadelphia, where Franklin passed a night with his companions on his first visit to the city. The translator of Parsons's edition speaks of a "school of natation," which is an expression that an Anglo-Saxon would hardly use. He also makes a singular blunder in calling one of the ballads that Franklin wrote in his boyhood the "Tragedy of Pharaoh." None would recognize under this title the little song which was known as "The Lighthouse Tragedy." The explanation of this droll mistake is found in the fact that the word for "lighthouse" used in the French copy was *Phare*.

The Robinsons' edition has been republished many times in this country and in England, and was the only one in either country, till Franklin's grandson, William Temple Franklin, published his grandfather's Works in London, in 1817. Even since then it has passed through many editions, though it was in a great measure superseded by that work, which had the apparent stamp of authority, and was considered the genuine Autobiography. It is, in fact, an English translation from a French translation of the original English. It has never to our knowledge fallen to the lot of any book to pass through such a series of changes as happened to this, and yet with the drawback of these changes, it has been as charming as a novel to readers of all ages. Besides its fascination, it is full of that sound sense and practical wisdom which were so characteristic of its author.

Mr. Bigelow has fallen into a singular mistake, when he says that the Parsons edition is the one that has been republished, "not only in Europe,

but in America, under the impression that it is both genuine and complete"; on the contrary, it is the only one that has never been reprinted in either country.

After the death of Franklin, his papers and manuscripts, including the original text of the memoirs, came into the possession of William Temple Franklin, then in Philadelphia, who began to arrange them and to prepare for their publication. To this end he wrote to M. Le Veillard, a few weeks afterwards, announcing the fact and requesting him to allow nobody to see the copy then in his hands, unless it should be the person who was to give the eulogy before the French Academy. A few months later he went to London, and there kept up a correspondence with M. Le Veillard in regard to the preparation and publication of the memoirs. He was evidently apprehensive that an English edition would be published, as a French one and two English translations had already been, which would materially hurt the sale of the one on which he was engaged. From these letters to M. Le Veillard, it appears that there resulted a slight misunderstanding between them, which brought the correspondence to an end.

The preparation of the work which Franklin's grandson put forth in 1817 attracted the attention of the literary world, and when it finally appeared it was received with great favor. It is destined, however, to yield to Mr. Bigelow's edition, which gives the *ipsissima verba* of Franklin.

The history of the manuscript is full of interest, and can be traced very closely. It seems that a copy of the memoirs was made in 1789, for M. Le Veillard, by Benjamin Franklin Bache, a grandson of Franklin, at that time a young man of twenty years of age. The copy was made partly at the instigation of M. Le Veillard, and was of course highly prized by him. It remained in his family—for he lost his life on the scaffold during the Revolution, in 1794—during some years,

when it was exchanged with William Temple Franklin, at his request, for the original manuscript, as he thought it would make a cleaner copy for the printer. In this way the autograph passed from the grandson's possession into the hands of a daughter of M. Le Veillard, and after her death, in 1834, it came into the possession of her cousin, M. de Senarmont, "whose grandson delivered it, on the 26th January, 1867, to Mr. John Bigelow, late Minister of the United States at Paris." It will now be understood how the copy made by Benjamin Franklin Bache passed back into the Franklin family, and furnished the draft for the printers of the first authorized edition. On a careful collation with this *editio princeps*, Mr. Bigelow finds that there are more than twelve hundred variations from the autograph text. Some of these, it is true, are slight and unimportant, but others are very material ones. It is possible that Franklin may have suggested some of them himself, while supervising the copy made by his young grandson, but the probability is that they were prompted wholly or for the main part by the taste of William Temple Franklin. The language of the original consists of stronger expressions than the corrected copy, and in the greater use of colloquial terms. The statement of facts is also fuller,—entire phrases being sometimes left out of the copy, which might happen from the want of care in making it. But it is fair to put the burden of these changes on the shoulders of the editor of the work.

It is a fortunate circumstance for American literature that this valuable manuscript should have fallen into the hands of one who fully appreciated its value and importance, as Mr. Bigelow did. In 1868, the year after it was obtained, Mr. Bigelow published it, and this is the first and the only edition that has the stamp of authority. If one wishes to read the Autobiography of the philosopher in his own words, he must read this one. Mr. Bigelow has done his part of the work

with care and discrimination, and has added some notes which throw light on the text, besides giving an interesting account of its eventful history. He has sometimes slipped into inaccurate statements, and in one place makes a suggestion which the context does not justify. On Franklin's first visit to London, whither he had gone on the representations of Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, he had expected to take some letters of recommendation and a letter of credit for buying a press and types, but had been disappointed in receiving them either from the Governor in person or from his secretary. He was told that they should be put into the bag of letters that was to go on board of the ship. After reaching the English Channel, he got leave from the captain to search the bag for the desired documents, but without the expected result. He says: "I found *none* upon which my name was put as under my care. I picked out six or seven, that, by the handwriting, I thought might be the promised letters, especially as one of them was directed to Basket, the king's printer, and another to some stationer." In the first line of this quotation, Mr. Bigelow suggests that *some* was evidently intended instead of *none*, though there appears, as it seems to us, no reason for making the suggestion. Franklin undoubtedly meant what he wrote, and the sense is as complete as it would be with *some*. Moreover, the French edition of 1791 has given it as *none*: "Je n'en trouvai aucune sur laquelle mon nom fût écrit."

It is a curious fact in bibliographical history, that these memoirs should have been printed in English four different times, in four different texts, each one differing from the other in almost every line, thus making great and decided changes throughout the book. We give below the first two sentences of the Autobiography, as they appear in each of the four, though these are hardly fair specimens of the variations to be seen throughout the volumes, the differences often being greater: —

"My dear son, I have amused myself with some little anecdotes of my family. You may remember the inquiries I made, when you were with me in England, among such of my relatives as were then living; and the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Robinsons' edition*, 1793.

"My dear son, I have lately amused myself with collecting some little anecdotes concerning our family. You must remember the inquiries that I made among such of my relations as remained alive, when you were with me in England, as well as the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Parsons's edition*, 1793.

"Dear son, I have ever had a pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations, when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Wm. T. Franklin's edition*, 1817.

"Dear son, I have ever had pleasure in obtaining any little anecdotes of my ancestors. You may remember the inquiries I made among the remains of my relations when you were with me in England, and the journey I undertook for that purpose." — *Mr. Bigelow's edition*, 1868.

It is also a curious fact in the history of this book, that there are no less than five editions in French, all distinct and different translations. The first one which has been spoken of appeared in 1791. This brought Franklin's life down to 1730, being that portion of the Autobiography which was written in 1771. The next edition was the one translated by Castéra, and published in 1798, with other papers of Franklin in two volumes. At the end of the second volume is given most of the second portion of the Autobiography. It seems singular that this was never printed in English until 1817. It was copied at Philadelphia from the manuscript which had been lent to Citizen Delessert. Perhaps the first portion of the Autobiography, about which there is so much

obscurity, was copied in the same way after it had been lent to some friend. The Robinsons' edition was evidently used in the translation. The third edition in French, published anonymously, was taken from the London edition of 1817 (Wm. T. Franklin) and appeared in 1818. This is attributed to Mr. Charles Malo. The fourth edition was that of M. Renouard, and was published in 1828. The translator had access to the original manuscript, then in the possession of the Le Veillard family, as he gives what we have called the fourth portion of the Autobiography, which appears in English only in Mr. Bigelow's edition. The fifth and last is the version of M. Laboulaye, which appeared in 1866, and followed

Mr. Sparks's edition. These five editions were all published in Paris.

M. Laboulaye speaks of still another that was printed in Paris in 1841, which was "a new translation from the last edition published in New York." We have never seen this edition.

Those who have not read the Autobiography since their childhood we should advise to read it anew. It will be found to have charms that few books possess, besides giving an insight into those causes that had so much influence in shaping Franklin's character and showing the motives that guided him through life. The book has passed through many editions among all civilized nations, and the demand for it still continues.

Samuel A. Greene.

CASTILIAN DAYS.

II.

SPANISH LIVING AND DYING.

NOWHERE is the sentiment of home stronger than in Spain. Strangers, whose ideas of the Spanish character have been gained from romance and comedy, are apt to note with some surprise the strength and prevalence of the domestic affections. But a moment's reflection shows us that nothing is more natural. It is the result of all their history. The old Celtic population had scarcely any religion but that of the family. The Goths brought in the pure Teutonic regard for woman and marriage. The Moors were distinguished by the patriarchal structure of their society. The Spaniards have thus learned the lesson of home in the school of history and tradition. The intense feeling of individuality, which so strongly marks the Spanish character, and which in the political world is so fatal an element of strife and obstruction, favors this peculiar domesticity. The Castilian is sub-

missive to his king and his priest, haughty and inflexible with his equals. But his own house is a refuge from the contests of out of doors. The reflex of absolute authority is here observed, it is true. The Spanish father is absolute king and lord by his own hearthstone, but his sway is so mild and so readily acquiesced in that it is hardly felt. The evils of tyranny are rarely seen but by him who resists it, and the Spanish family seldom calls for the harsh exercise of parental authority.

This is the rule. I do not mean to say there are no exceptions. The pride and jealousy inherent in the race make family quarrels, when they do arise, the bitterest and the fiercest in the world. In every grade of life these vindictive feuds among kindred are seen from time to time. Twice at least the steps of the throne have been splashed with royal blood shed by a princely hand. Duels between noble

cousins and stabbing affrays between peasant brothers alike attest the unbending sense of personal dignity that still infects this people.

A light word between husbands and wives sometimes goes unexplained, and the rift between them widens through life. I know some houses, where the wife enters at one door and the husband at another; where if they meet on the stairs, they do not salute each other. Under the same roof they have lived for years and have not spoken. One word would heal all discord, and that word will never be spoken by either. They cannot be divorced,—the Church is inexorable. They will not incur the scandal of a public separation. So they pass lives of lonely isolation in adjoining apartments, both thinking rather better of each other and of themselves for this devilish persistence.

An infraction of parental discipline is never forgiven. I knew a general whose daughter fell in love with his adjutant, a clever and amiable young officer. He had positively no objection to the suitor, but was surprised that there should be any love-making in his house, without his previous suggestion. He refused his consent, and the young people were married without it. The father and son-in-law went off on a campaign, fought and were wounded in the same battle. The general was asked to recommend his son-in-law for promotion. "I have no son-in-law!" "I mean your daughter's husband." "I have no daughter." "I refer to Lieutenant Don Fulano de Tal. He is a good officer. He distinguished himself greatly in the recent affair." "Ah! otra cosa!" said the grim father-in-law. His hate could not overcome his sense of justice. The youth got his promotion, but his general will not recognize him at the Club.

It is in the middle and lower classes that the most perfect pictures of the true Spanish family are to be found. The aristocracy is more or less infected with the contagion of Continental manners and morals. You will find there

the usual proportion of wives who despise their husbands, and men who neglect their wives, and children who do not honor their parents. The smartness of American "pickles" has even made its appearance among the little countesses of Madrid. A lady was eating an ice one day, hungrily watched by the wide eyes of the infant heiress of the house. As the latter saw the last hope vanishing before the destroying spoon, she cried out, "Thou eatest all and givest me none,—maldita sea' tu alma!" (accursed be thy soul.) This dreadful imprecation was greeted with roars of laughter from admiring friends, and the profane little innocent was smothered in kisses and cream.

Passing at noon by any of the squares or shady places of Madrid, you will see dozens of laboring people at their meals. They sit on the ground, around the steaming and savory *cocido* that forms the peasant Spaniard's unvaried dinner. The foundation is of *garbanzos*, the large chick pea of the country, brought originally to Europe by the Carthaginians,—the Roman *cicer*, which gave its name to the greatest of the Latin orators. All other available vegetables are thrown in; on days of high gala a piece of meat is added, and some forehanded housewives attain the climax of luxury by flavoring the compound with a link of sausage. The mother brings the dinner and her tawny brood of nestlings. A shady spot is selected for the feast. The father dips his wooden spoon first into the vapory bowl, and mother and babes follow with grave decorum. Idle loungers passing these patriarchal groups, on their way to a vapid French breakfast at a restaurant, catch the fragrance of the *olla* and the chatter of the family, and envy the dinner of herbs with love.

There is no people so frugal. We often wonder how a Washington clerk can live on twelve hundred dollars, but this would be luxury in expensive Madrid. It is one of the dearest capitals in Europe. Foreigners are never weary decrying its high prices for

poor fare ; but Castilians live in good houses, dress well, receive their intimate friends, and hold their own with the best in the promenade, upon incomes that would seem penury to any country parson in America. There are few of the nobility who retain the great fortunes of former days. You can almost tell on your fingers the tale of the grandees in Madrid who can live without counting the cost. The army and navy are crowded with general officers whose political services have obliged their promotion. The state is too much impoverished to pay liberal salaries, and yet the rank of these officers requires the maintenance of a certain social position. Few of them are men of fortune. The result is that necessity has taught them to live well upon little. I knew widows who went everywhere in society, whose daughters were always charmingly dressed, who lived in a decent quarter of the town, and who had no resources whatever but their husband's pension.

The best proof the capacity of Spaniards to spread a little gold over as much space as a gold-beater could, is the enormous competition for public employment. Half the young men in Spain are candidates for places under government ranging from \$250 to \$1,000. Places of \$1,500 to \$2,000 are considered objects of legitimate ambition even to deputies and leading politicians. Expressed in reals these sums have a large and satisfying sound. Fifty dollars seems little enough for a month's work, but a thousand reals has the look of a most respectable salary. In Portugal, however, you can have all the delightful sensations of prodigality at a contemptible cost. You can pay, without serious damage to your purse, five thousand reals for your breakfast.

It is the smallness of incomes and the necessity of looking sharply to the means of life that makes the young people of Madrid so prudent in their love-affairs. I know of no place where ugly heiresses are such belles, and where young men with handsome incomes are so universally esteemed by all who

know them. The stars on the sleeves of young officers are more regarded than their dancing, and the red belt of a field officer is as winning in the eyes of beauty as a cestus of Venus. A subaltern offered his hand and heart to a black-eyed girl of Castile. She said kindly but firmly that the night was too cloudy. "What," said the stupefied lover, "the sky is full of stars." "I see but one," said the prudent beauty, her fine eyes resting pensively upon his cuff, where one lone luminary indicated his rank.

This spirit is really one of forethought, and not avarice. People who have enough for two almost always marry from inclination, and frequently take partners for life without a penny.

If men were never henpecked except by learned wives, Spain would be the place of all others for timid men to marry in. The girls are bright, vivacious, and naturally very clever, but they have scarcely any education whatever. They never know the difference between *b* and *v*. They throw themselves in orthography entirely upon your benevolence. They know a little music and a little French, but they have never crossed, even in a school-day excursion, the border line of the ologies. They do not even read novels. They are regarded as injurious, and cannot be trusted to the daughters until mamma has read them. Mamma never has time to read them, and so they are condemned by default. Fernan Caballero, in one of her sleepy little romances, refers to this illiterate character of the Spanish ladies, and says it is their chief charm,—that a Christian woman, in good society, ought not to know anything beyond her cookery-book and her missal. There is an old proverb which coarsely conveys this idea: A mule that whinnies and a woman that talks Latin never come to any good. There is a contented acquiescence in this moral servitude among the fair Spaniards which would madden our agitattresses. (See what will become of the language when male words are crowded out of the dictionary !)

It must be the innocence which springs from ignorance that induces an occasional coarseness of expression which surprises you in the conversation of those lovely young girls. They will speak with perfect freedom of the *état-civil* of a young unmarried mother. A maiden of fifteen said to me: "I must go to a party this evening *decolletée*, and I hate it. Benigno is getting old enough to marry, and he wants to see all the girls in low neck before he makes up his mind." They all swear like troopers, without a thought of profanity. Their mildest expression of surprise is *Jesus Maria!* They change their oaths with the season. At the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the favorite oath is *Maria Purissima*. This is a time of especial interest to young girls. It is a period of compulsory confession, — conscience-cleaning, as they call it. They are all very pious in their way. They attend to their religious duties with the same interest which they displayed a few years before in dressing and undressing their dolls, and will display a few years later in putting the lessons they learned with their dolls to a more practical use.

The visible concrete symbols and observances of religion have great influence with them. They are fond of making vows in tight places and faithfully observing them afterwards. In an hour's walk in the streets of Madrid you will see a dozen ladies with a leather strap buckled about their slender waists and hanging nearly to the ground. Others wear a knotted cord and tassels. These are worn as the fulfilment of vows, or penances. I am afraid they give rise to much worldly conjecture on the part of idle youth as to what amiable sins these pretty penitents can have been guilty of. It is not prudent to ask an explanation of the peculiar mercy, or remorse, which this purgatorial strap commemorates. You will probably not enlarge your stock of knowledge further than to learn that the lady in question considers you a great nuisance.

The graceful lady who, in ascending

the throne of France, has not ceased to be a thorough Spaniard, still preserves these pretty weaknesses of her youth. She vowed a chapel to her patron-saint if her first-born was a man-child, and paid it. She has hung a vestal lamp in the Church of *Nôtre Dame des Victoires*, in pursuance of a vow she keeps rigidly secret. She is a firm believer in relics also, and keeps a choice assortment on hand in the *Tuileries* for sudden emergencies. When old *Baciocchi* lay near his death, worn out by a horrible nervous disorder which would not let him sleep, the Empress told the doctors, with great mystery, that she would cure him. After a few preliminary masses, she came into his room and hung on his bedpost a little gold-embroidered sachet containing (if the evidence of holy men is to be believed) a few threads of the swaddling-clothes of John the Baptist. Her simple childlike faith wrung the last grim smile from the tortured lips of the dying courtier.

The very names of the Spanish women are a constant reminder of their worship. They are all named out of the calendar of saints and virgin martyrs. A large majority are christened Mary; but as this sacred name by much use has lost all distinctive meaning, some attribute, some especial invocation of the Virgin, is always coupled with it. The names of *Dolores*, *Mercedes*, *Milagros*, recall Our Lady of the Sorrows, of the Gifts, of the Miracles. I knew a hoydenish little gypsy who bore the tearful name of *Lagrimas*. The most appropriate name I heard for these large-eyed, soft-voiced beauties was *Peligros*, Our Lady of Dangers. Who could resist the comforting assurance of "Consuelo?" "Blessed," says my Lord Lytton, "is woman who consoles." What an image of maiden purity goes with the name of *Nieves*, the Virgin of the Snows! From a single cotillon of Castilian girls you can construct the whole history of Our Lady. Conception, Annunciation, Sorrows, Solitude, Assumption. As young ladies are never called by their family names, but

always by their baptismal appellations, you cannot pass an evening in a Spanish *tertulia* without being reminded of every stage in the life of the Immaculate Mother, from Bethlehem to Calvary and beyond.

The common use of sacred words is universal in Catholic countries, but nowhere so striking as in Spain. There is a little solemnity in the French *adieu*. But the Spaniard says *adios* instead of "good morning." No letter closes without the prayer, "God guard your Grace many years!" They say a judge announces to a murderer his sentence of death with the sacramental wish of length of days. There is something a little shocking to a Yankee mind in the label of *Lachryma Christi*; but in La Mancha they call fritters the Grace of God.

The piety of the Spanish women does not prevent them from seeing some things clearly enough with their bright eyes. One of the most bigoted women in Spain recently said: "I hesitate to let my child go to confession. The priests ask young girls such infamous questions, that my cheeks burn when I think of them, after all these years." I stood one Christmas eve in the cold midnight wind, waiting for the church doors to open for the night mass, the famous *misa del gallo*. On the steps beside me sat a decent old woman with her two daughters. At last she rose and said, "Girls, it is no use waiting any longer. The priests won't leave their housekeepers this cold night to save anybody's soul." In these two cases, taken from the two extremes of the Catholic society, there was no disrespect for the Church or for religion. Both these women believed with a blind faith. But they could not help seeing how unclean were the hands that dispensed the bread of life.

The respect shown to the priesthood as a body is marvellous, in view of the profligate lives of many. The general progress of the age has forced most of the dissolute priests into hypocrisy. But their cynical immorality is still the bane of many families. And it needs

but a glance at the vile manual of confession, called the Golden Key, the author of which is the too well known Padre Claret, Confessor to the Queen, to see the systematic moral poisoning the minds of Spanish women must undergo, who pay due attention to what is called their religious duties. If a confessor obeys the injunctions of this high ecclesiastical authority, his fair penitents will have nothing to learn from a diligent perusal of *Faublas* or *Casanova*. It would, however, be unjust to the priesthood to consider them all as corrupt as royal chaplains. It requires a combination of convent and palace life to produce these finished specimens of mitred infamy.

It is to be regretted that the Spanish women are kept in such systematic ignorance. They have a quicker and more active intelligence than the men. With a fair degree of education, much might be hoped from them in the intellectual development of the country. In society, you will at once be struck with the superiority of the women to their husbands and brothers in cleverness and appreciation. Among small tradesmen, the wife always comes to the rescue of her slow spouse, when she sees him befogged in a bargain. In the fields, you ask a peasant some question about your journey. He will hesitate, and stammer, and end with, "*Quien sabe?*" but his wife will answer with glib completeness all you want to know. I can imagine no cause for this, unless it be that the men cloud their brains all day with the fumes of tobacco, and the women do not.

The personality of the woman is not so entirely merged in that of the husband as among us. She retains her own baptismal and family name through life. If Miss Matilda Smith marries Mr. Jonathan Jones, all vestige of the former gentle being vanishes at once from the earth, and Mrs. Jonathan Jones alone remains. But in Spain she would become Mrs. Matilda Smith de Jones, and her eldest-born would be called Don Juan Jones y Smith. You ask the name of a married lady in soci-

ety, and you hear as often her own name as that of her husband.

Even among titled people, the family name seems more highly valued than the titular designation. Everybody knows Narvaez, but how few have heard of the Duke of Valencia! The R^ègent Serrano has a name known and honored over the world, but most people must think twice before they remember the Duke de la Torre. Juan Prim is better known than the Marquis de los Castillejos ever will be. It is perhaps due to the prodigality with which titles have been scattered in late years, that the older titles are more regarded than the new, although of inferior grade. Thus Prim calls himself almost invariably the Conde de Reus, though his grandeeship came with his investiture as Marquis.

There is something quite noticeable about this easy way of treating one's name. We are accustomed to think a man can have but one name, and can sign it but in one way. Lord Derby can no more call himself Mr. Stanley than President Grant can sign a bill as U. Simpson. Yet both these signatures would be perfectly valid according to Spanish analogy. The Marquis of Santa Marta signs himself Guzman; the Marquis of Albaida uses no signature but Orense; both of these gentlemen being Republican deputies. I have seen General Prim's name signed officially, Conde de Reus, Marques de los Castillejos, Prim, J. Prim, Juan Prim, and Jean Prim, changing the style as often as the humor strikes him.

Their forms of courtesy are, however, invariable. You can never visit a Spaniard without his informing you that you are in your own house. If, walking with him, you pass his residence, he asks you to enter your house and unfatigue yourself a moment. If you happen upon any Spaniard, of whatever class, at the hour of repast, he always offers you his dinner; if you decline, it must be with polite wishes for his digestion. With the Spaniards, no news is good news; it is therefore civil to ask a Spaniard if his lady-wife

goes on without novelty, and to express your profound gratification on being assured that she does. Their forms of hospitality are evidently Moorish, derived from the genuine open hand and open tent of the children of the desert; now nothing is left of them but grave and decorous words. In the old times, one who would have refused such offers would have been held a churl; now one who would accept them would be regarded as a boor.

There is still something primitive about the Spanish servants. A flavor of the old romances and the old comedy still hangs about them. They are chatty and confidential to a degree that appalls a stiff and formal Englishman of the upper middle class. The British servant is a chilly and statuesque image of propriety. The French is an intelligent and sympathizing friend. You can make of him what you like. But the Italian, and still more the Spaniard, is as gay as a child, and as incapable of intentional disrespect. The Castilian grandee does not regard his dignity as in danger from a moment's chat with a waiter. He has no conception of that ferocious decorum we Anglo-Saxons require from our man-servants and our maid-servants. The Spanish servant seems to regard it as part of his duty to keep your spirits gently excited while you dine by the gossip of the day. He joins also in your discussions, whether they touch lightly on the politics of the hour or plunge profoundly into the depths of philosophic research. He laughs at your wit, and swings his napkin with convulsions of mirth at your good stories. He tells you the history of his life while you are breaking your egg, and lays the story of his loves before you with your coffee. Yet he is not intrusive. He will chatter on without waiting for a reply, and when you are tired of him you can shut him off with a word. There are few Spanish servants so uninteresting but that you can find in them from time to time some sparks of that ineffable light which shines forever in Sancho and Figaro.

The traditions of subordination, which are the result of long centuries of tyranny, have prevented the development of that feeling of independence among the lower orders, which in a freer race finds its expression in ill manners and discourtesy to superiors. I know a gentleman in the West whose circumstances had forced him to become a waiter in a backwoods restaurant. He bore a deadly grudge at the profession that kept him from starving, and asserted his unconquered nobility of soul by scowling at his customers and swearing at the viands he dispensed. I remember the deep sense of wrong with which he would growl, "Two buck-wheats, begawd!" You see nothing of this defiant spirit in Spanish servants. They are heartily glad to find employment, and ask no higher good-fortune than to serve acceptably. As to drawing comparisons between themselves and their masters, they never seem to think they belong to the same race. I saw a pretty grisette once stop to look at a show-window where there was a lay-figure completely covered with all manner of trusses. She gazed at it long and earnestly, evidently thinking it was some new fashion just introduced into the gay world. At last she tripped away with all the grace of her unfettered limbs, saying, "If the fine ladies have to wear all those machines, I am glad I am not made like them."

Whether it be from their more regular and active lives, or from their being unable to pay for medical attendance, the poorer classes suffer less from sickness than their betters. An ordinary Spaniard is sick but once in his life, and that once is enough, -- 't will serve. The traditions of the old satires which represented the doctor and death as always hunting in couples still survive in Spain. It is taken as so entirely a matter of course that a patient must die, that the law of the land imposed a heavy fine upon physicians who did not bring a priest on their second visit. His labor of exhortation and confession was rarely wasted. There were few sufferers who

recovered from the shock of that ghastly mummerly in their chambers. Medical science still labors in Spain under the ban of ostracism, imposed in the days when all research was impiety. The Inquisition clamored for the blood of Vesalius, who had committed the crime of a demonstration in anatomy. He was forced into a pilgrimage of expiation, and died on the way to Palestine. The Church has always looked with a jealous eye upon the inquirers, the innovators. Why these probes, these lancets, these multifarious drugs, when the object in view could be so much more easily obtained by the judicious application of masses and prayers?

So it has come about that the doctor is a Pariah, and miracles flourish in the Peninsula. At every considerable shrine you will see the walls covered with waxen models of feet, legs, hands, and arms cured by the miraculous interposition of the *genius loci*, and scores of little crutches attesting the marvellous hour when they became useless. Each shrine, like a mineral spring, has its own especial virtue. A Santiago medal was better than quinine for ague. St. Veronica's handkerchief is sovereign for sore eyes. A bone of St. Magin supersedes the use of mercury. A finger-nail of San Frutos cured at Segovia a case of congenital idiocy. The Virgin of Oña acted as a vermifuge on royal infantas, and her girdle at Tortosa smooths their passage into this world. In this age of unfaith relics have lost much of their power. They turn out their score or so of miracles every feast day, it is true, but are no longer capable of the *tours de force* of earlier days. Cardinal de Retz saw with his eyes a man whose wooden legs were turned to capering flesh and blood by the image of the Pillar of Saragossa. But this was in the good old times before newspapers and telegraphs had come to dispel the twilight of belief.

Now, it is excessively probable that neither doctor nor priest can do much if the patient is hit in earnest. He soon succumbs, and is laid out in his

best clothes in an improvised chapel and duly sped on his way. The custom of burying the dead in the gown and cowl of monks has greatly passed into disuse. The mortal relics are treated with growing contempt, as the superstitions of the people gradually lose their concrete character. The soul is the important matter which the Church now looks to. So the cold clay is carted off to the cemetery with small ceremony. Even the coffins of the rich are jammed away into receptacles too small for them, and hastily plastered out of sight. The poor are carried off on trestles and huddled into their nameless graves, without following or blessing. Children are buried with some regard to the old Oriental customs. The coffin is of some gay and cheerful color, pink or blue, and is carried open to the grave by four of the dead child's young companions, a fifth walking behind with the ribboned coffin-lid. I have often seen these touching little parties moving through the bustling streets, the peaceful little face asleep under the open sky, decked with the fading roses and withering lilies.

In all well-to-do families the house of death is deserted immediately after the funeral. The stricken ones retire to some other habitation, and there pass eight days in strict and inviolable seclusion. On the ninth day the great masses for the repose of the soul of the departed are said in the parish church, and all the friends of the family are expected to be present. These masses are the most important and expensive incident of the funeral. They cost from two hundred to one thousand dollars, according to the strength and fervor of the orisons employed. They are repeated several years on the anniversary of the decease, and afford a most sure and flourishing revenue to the Church. They are founded upon those feelings inseparable from every human heart, vanity and affection. Our dead friends must be as well prayed for as those of others, and who knows but that they may be in

deadly need of prayers! To shorten their fiery penance by one hour, who would not fast for a week? On these anniversaries a black-bordered advertisement appears in the newspapers, headed by the sign of the cross and the *Requiescat in Pace*, announcing that on this day twelve months Don Fulano de Tal passed from earth garnished with the holy sacraments, that all the masses this day celebrated in such and such churches will be applied to the benefit of his spirit's repose, and that all Christian friends are hereby requested to commend his soul this day unto God. These united efforts at stated times are regarded as very efficacious.

A luxury of grief, in those who can afford it, consists in shutting up the house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. I inquired about it and found it was formerly the residence of the Duke of —. His wife had died there many years before, and since that day not a door nor a window had been opened. The garden gates were red and rough with rust. Grass grew tall and rank in the gravelled walks. A thick lush undergrowth had overrun the flower-beds and the lawns. The blinds were rotting over the darkened windows. Luxuriant vines clambered over all the mossy doors. The stucco was peeling from the walls in great unwholesome blotches. Wild birds sang all day in the safe solitude. There was something impressive in this spot of mould and silence, lying there so green and implacable in the very heart of a great and noisy city. The Duke lived in Paris, leading the rattling life of a man of the world. He never would sell or let that Madrid house. Perhaps in his heart also, that battered thoroughfare worn by the pattering boots of Mabille and the Bois, and the Quartier Bréda, there was a green spot sacred to memory and silence, where no footfall should ever

light, where no living voice should ever
be heard, shut out from the world
and its cares and its pleasures, where
through the gloom of dead days he
could catch a glimpse of a white hand,
a flash of a dark eye, the rustle of a

trailing robe, and feel sweeping over
him the old magic of love's young
dream, softening his fancy to tender
regret and his eyes to a happy mist,

"Like that which kept the heart of Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain."

John Hay.

KITTERY ANNIE'S DREAM.

"WHAT ponder you, Kittery Annie,
That idle you sit in the sun,
Rocking the chair before you,
While your work lies all undone?"

Little Annie turned to her mistress.
"I think of my dream," she said;
"It lies on my mind the livelong day,
A weight as heavy as lead."

"What dreamed you, Kittery Annie?
Come tell your dream to me."
"O, I thought I could not hear your voice,
For the thundering of the sea.

"From east and west and north and south
It gathered fierce and fast,
And raged about the quiet house
And reached the door at last.

"And just as if it raised a hand
And struck an angry blow,
A great wave beat against the door,—
Then silence seemed to grow."

"Did no one answer, Annie,
That awful knock at the door?"
"No; waves were still, and winds were still,
And I heard nothing more."

The mother thought of her bonny sons,
And there crept to her heart a chill,
And ever she thought of the ravening sea,
And the dream that boded ill.

"O, is it my bonny boys it seeks,
Lashing the house around?
Or is it their comrade, tried and true,
Must in his prime be drowned?"

With his clear gray eyes and golden beard,
 Like a strong young king of the sea,
 The younger came, and, "Mother!" he said,
 "O mother! listen to me."

She answered him with a sudden cry:
 "Our friend is gone!" he said,
 "O mother, our comrade, tried and true,
 At the foot of the rock lies dead.

"The breaker cuffed his shining head
 And struck him from the light;
 And with a hundred arms the waves
 Swift drew him out of sight.

"O, darkened are his kind blue eyes,
 That were so fair to see,
 And still and cold the ready hands
 That worked so faithfully."

Sore mourned the younger brother,
 But the elder did not speak;
 He bowed his head upon his breast,
 With the salt tears on his cheek.

And no voice had the mother
 For her heart that beat so wild,
 But wistfully her eager eyes
 Embraced each sorrowing child;

And as she saw from the windows
 The breakers flash and gleam,
 She shuddered afresh at the warning
 In Kittery Annie's dream.

Celia Thaxter.

THE RED HAND.

THERE lives to-day in a wider world than this a certain man who was to me while here the most perfect specimen of our species I have ever seen. He was with me that day I emerged into a more actual existence from the shell of the Institution — no better institutions than that same in all the land — in which I had been preparing for my life's work. Laying his hand upon my head he said to me:

"The first thing for you to do is to go West. Here is an invitation for you from the very wildest part of all that region. Go; apart from any good you may do, where good is most needed to be done, it is the best of all schools in which to be taught for your work!"

It seems to me like yesterday, that morning I obeyed, and left for that then westernmost West. I recall that my horse was a good deal too hand-

some, and my saddle and like equipment vastly more striking in finish than was at all necessary, judicious even, for such a mission. That, however, was the fault of the giver, an instance of his one weakness. But it is not of this I wish to speak now, nor of any other of my manifold experiences while being trained — I wish it had turned out a worthier graduate — at the exceedingly severe Oxford or Cambridge in question. Through all the web of my life in the West, like a scarlet thread, there ran — murder, cold-blooded murder! Allow me to record some of the instances of this, merely asking the reader to be so kind as to do his own moralizing as we go along.

In strict justice to the West, let me say that my earliest experience dates from a time before I started thither. I have but to close my eyes, and this moment there floats before their inner vision a certain face which I cannot forget forever. I have no memory of the place in which I first saw it, or the name of the person to whom it belonged, not even of the rest of the body. Only a face! It is a large, honest, unbearded, very white, and exceedingly sorrowful face. It is struck into my memory like a medallion; if I had the least skill with pencil or brush, I could place it before you, never to be forgotten again by you either. It is the countenance of a young man, say of sixteen, struck, while in full health and youthful enjoyment, with sudden anguish and old age; a rose as it opened smitten forever with a frost which petrified while it killed! As was the case with every one upon first seeing it, that Medusa-like face arrested my attention and terrified me. No absence of either mind or heart from it; both intensified rather and brought to an unusual degree to the surface and congealed there. The impossibility of the owner thereof ever smiling again, that was the impression made upon every eye, which was the fact also; and I knew the reason even before I asked and found my supposi-

tion right. The details I have wholly forgotten, but the youth had killed some dearest friend, killed him or her instantly, terribly, — intentionally or accidentally, I do not recall. Even if the former, no one could look upon the murderer without utter pity; a child could see that within the jail of that face the miserable man lay doomed to solitary imprisonment for life!

As I put this face away from my very eyes with an effort almost physical, Dr. Harrington rises in its place. We are across the Mississippi River now; for the Doctor, handsome, thoroughly educated, exceedingly refined, almost effeminate in tone and manner, was the exceedingly popular physician of a community there, which was to him as the quartz to the gold held in its gritty grasp. Dr. Harrington had, I recall, that reputation as a consummate surgeon which is possessed in singular degree by practitioners of a slight, lithe, womanly frame and temperament; peculiar frailty, as of a permanent hurt or ill health, though not the case with Dr. Harrington, seeming to impart that combination of exceeding delicacy and iron determination essential to a surgeon, as to any artist, — specially essential, perhaps, to one whose tools are applied to human flesh, with its tangle of muscles, veins, and nerves. I remember the Doctor also as a sincere Christian, an officer in the church, the beloved superintendent of the Sabbath school, the sweetest singer of all the congregation. I ask myself, was it a touch of dandyism which caused the Doctor, always dressed with the utmost care, to carry that gold-headed cane?

Why make a long story of it? Any satisfactory information as to the name or cause of anger of the bully who attacked the Doctor that day in the public square I do not possess. How well I recall the ferocious face of the black-guard, — bearded, bloated, his mustaches bristling like those of a cat, as, after long and loud abuse, he suddenly whipped out an eighteen-inch bowie-knife and rushed upon his foe as a

butcher would upon a sheep,—if you could but imagine a butcher enraged against the sheep. Up to that moment the Doctor had done his utmost in low and almost beseeching tones to deprecate the wrath of his assailant, wholly free from all fault himself, as every one knew then and afterward, and without the need of explanation. Every gesture was one of deprecation, his left hand holding his cane behind him. When the bully sprang upon him with drawn knife and the yell of a savage, almost before the rapidly assembling crowd realized that nothing could prevent the instant death of the quiet victim, there flashed before the eyes of the would-be assassin the long, slight sword which the Doctor had drawn with the instinct of self-preservation from his cane. It seemed like a silver wire, glittering here and there, no defence at all to the downward slashing of the great knife in the hand of the desperado determined to slay!

We all remember that exquisite bas-relief on the pediment of the Parthenon, the chariot race, the victor therein,

“With calm, uneager face,
The foremost in the race!”

Even then the Doctor's face, in profile to me where I stood, brought that Phidian face to my mind, so unhurried, so statue-like in repose at the moment existence hung upon eye and hand.

Allow me to say just here that it is very easy for you, respected reader, to ask,—indignantly, too,—why I stood, why everybody on such occasions always does stand, so inactive while precious life was in peril? Will “It was all so sudden” do for an answer? This then, “It was so evidently somebody *else's* business to stop the murder.” Justly and deeply outraged, that somebody else did not act. As for myself, it is, somehow, not *my* matter at all. *I* only happened along here from the post-office. I might get killed! That is the last analysis of the whole matter. And you would have reasoned in exactly the same way. I see before me at this moment the whole scene! The

ring of spectators extemporizing a Roman amphitheatre for these gladiators, the horror of the Christianity assembled there, not without a flavor, too, of the heathenish delight in mortal combat of two thousand years ago; the bloodthirsty bully on the one side with blazing face, quick breathings, incessant curses; the calmness of the Doctor on the other side, his face pale, his breathings as those of a sleeping babe, now and then a word of quiet entreaty as he warded off with the ease of a master of fence the desperate slashings of his foe; it was the struggle of two civilizations, a lower and a higher. Although spoken in low tones, in that silence broken only by the ring of the bowie-knife upon the slight sword, the entreaty of Dr. Harrington in the intervals of his assailant's oaths could be distinctly heard.

“I don't want to kill you.—For God's sake, stop.—You are not fit to die.—Must I kill you?—Will no one stop this madman?—You are utterly mistaken.—Will I *have* to kill you?—You are not *prepared* for death!”

With every cut and thrust of the great butcher-knife the crowd winced and shuddered; *that* must kill the Doctor! Yet every time the knife was turned aside by the steady eye, quick hand, miraculous wire of steel. It was even beautiful. But it could not last forever, the little sword must sooner or later be smitten in two by those heavy downward cuts. It was plain the Doctor knew it.

“For the last time, stop!” he said, in imploring accents. “I will *certainly* kill you! Lord, what else? I *must* do it,” he said, as if in the tones of prayer. Merely a slight turn of the wrist, a little thrust forward of the glittering wire, a quick withdrawal in the same instant, a stepping of the Doctor to the left as the desperado fell dead to the earth,—for the Doctor was the most skillful of surgeons, too, and his sword had gone through the very heart. No man in all that community but knew that Dr. Harrington could not, with due regard to his own family,

to say nothing of his own life, have done otherwise than he did, yet no man viewing, as soon as the deed was done, the slayer and the slain, but felt that the former was the ghastlier object of the two.

"O God, how could I do it!" was his one exclamation in lowest tones, as I laid my hand upon his shoulder. I do not think he was conscious of his holding the point of his sword against the earth and pressing his foot upon it until it snapped as he spoke, dropping the gold-headed haft upon the earth at the same moment; and so he went, with crowds of friends, to the office of the justice of the peace to give himself up, while I hastened to break the tidings as I best could to his household.

It was an easy matter the speedy release of Dr. Harrington, so far as the law was concerned. No citizen, acquainted personally with him or not, but manifested the universal sentiment by special respect of manner in every chance encounter. I doubt, however, whether he was even conscious of it. At least, I know that no assurances or reasonings of his most intimate friends had the least power to diminish the deep melancholy into which he fell. Never again did he act as officer of the church or superintendent of the Sabbath school. He was never known to be present, even, at church upon communion occasions, much less to unite in singing, although fully restored to church membership after a period of suspension. I know he continued his family worship, for his wife told me his supplications were almost too pitiful to hear. But, weak as I agree with you it was in him, from that hour Dr. Harrington was a ruined man; that any one could see in his neglected dress and profound sadness. He still, as if mechanically, practised his profession, but soon fell into a decline and died. "Better the other way, better the other way!" he was often heard to repeat in answer to all reasonings with him.

I was about passing to Isagger

Clumb, as the next of the crowd of cases of the Red Hand which are pressing upon the gates of my memory for outlet as I write, when I paused to listen again to that sharp stab-like "What!" of Mrs. Harrington that day I broke the news to her, hastening down to her parlor in morning-wrapper to meet me. What lovely children they had! I recall how my left hand holding the rose-leaf palm of little Lily, my right lay upon the fair hair of Zozoo, — a diminutive for Susan, I think, — all the more beautiful for its uncombed tangles at that unseasonable hour. But they were not truly mated, — the parents I mean; had the Doctor been less feminine or the wife more masculine, the circle made up of the two would have been truer and stronger. I fear that "What!" of Mrs. Harrington never lost its razor-like edge in all her after conversation and influence with her husband in regard to this killing. I do not know but we all had an unspoken idea that she could have saved her husband from that conscience of his, as wirelike, alert, and deadly of thrust as his own sword, and if she had pursued a course less coincident with his own in the matter. As it was, I remember, that day of the funeral of the Doctor, I said in thought to the bully of the fight, whose name I wish I could recall but cannot, as if he stood in ugly spirit on the other side of our dead, "Be satisfied, you have killed him at last!"

But, Isagger Clumb? Yes, you are next, though we must step as off a precipice to get to *your* level. I suppose the man was named Hezekiah when a babe, but he was one of those persons who degrade everything they come in contact with, fouling, for all decent uses forever after, the very name they bear. What good does it do to say that this animal was very low and thick-set, a big head sunk deep between his shoulders, a face neither bearded nor shaven, manner a compound of strut and shamle? You would have to know the man, — five minutes with him sufficient for that,

—before you can loathe him aright. *Filthy* is the label nature itself applies to a man like Isagger; nor could all the barbers and tailors in the world have cleansed him, had he come into a fortune, from this, his pre-eminent characteristic; it was in blood and marrow.

To this hour I have a twinge of conscience when I recall how I married this satyr to as pleasing a girl for her class as you could easily see. She was an orphan without a cent, who had lived, a violet growing upon a dung-hill, for years in the log-cabin home of which Isagger was the only other member beside the parents. If she knew how to read and write, it was the utmost of her accomplishments. Never had her foot trodden a carpet, nor her ear heard a piano, I suppose, in her life. Washing the coarse clothing, sweeping the puncheon floor, cooking the corn-bread, greens, and fat pork of the household, stitching together in rudest fashion the raiment of the family, made up her life; a rare wedding somewhere in "the bottom" her only amusement, her only instruction derived from the "meeting" once a month held by the "circuit preacher," the blessed, because sole agent of civilization and Christianity over vast regions of our Republic.

I was very slow in performing that marriage ceremony. There was that in her bearing as she stood by his side, so gracefully erect in contrast with his *stocky* form, so beautiful in face as of a forest flower, and he so full of all poisonous ugliness like a swamp weed, such transparent purity to be given legally and utterly over to his loathsome foulness. Then, such certainty of her becoming the loveliest of her sex if she but had the opportunity, such equal certainty of her being dragged down into the foulest of hags, in the end, chained to Isagger. And I knew — every soul there was perfectly aware of the fact — that, with heartiest aversion to the man, she married him simply because, poor wretch, there was nothing else left in all the world for her

to do. The old people had died, she could not live in the cabin with the man not married to him, there was no possible place for her elsewhere. I have known young girls actually hedged up to marrying — not for money, mind, but solely that they might continue to exist — very old men whom they utterly detested. Poor things, refusing the withered hand over and over again, writing desperate letters in every conceivable direction, making all attempts to escape they knew how, weeping all night, — all in vain; the poor palpitating partridge netted at last till unable to move, only the miserable heart throbbing in its imperishable aversion! No minister who reads these lines but has officiated as the executioner over many just such a Lady Jane Grey, and understood, as perfectly as if it were all spoken out, that last dying speech and confession of the victim, "Yes; but because I have no escape whatever from it!" Nothing more inscrutable than such providence as that.

But, Isagger Clumb! Somewhat like a thief taken in the act, I have to say. It is useless to deny the thing. Yes, I married them, and there was a boastful air about the man, an open expression even in words of his doing a very generous thing indeed in marrying the shrinking beauty, which added bewilderment to pain. A month after, a ponderous backwoods friend of mine, red-bearded, stoop-shouldered, said — and he had to take off his slouched hat, although we were in the front porch of his house and the weather was quite cold as he said it: —

"I tell you, sir, I could n't stand it, there in that store by the river this morning! O, I've known Isagger years now. Everybody knows *Isagger*. An' I've heard him before. He always talks that way, you know. But to-day I could n't stand it. About his own wife he was talkin', too. It was awful. I vally my life's much as any man, but it was *so* bad I broke out on him an' made him dry up. *Such* talk!"

You may better understand why my friend hesitated to rebuke Isagger,

when I tell you what happened three days after. I was standing upon the river-bank, watching the rolling off of the barrels of whiskey and flour, ten of the first to one of the latter, when I observed one of the deck hands of the steamer which was discharging its freight. Nothing in him called for a second look as he walked down the bank toward me, beyond a large frame surmounted by a rough face in an aureole of black hair and whiskers. He had been only a moment from his work "to get a drink" at a doggerly on the bank, and was wiping his mouth as he hurried back. In the same instant of seeing him I saw Isagger Clumb ten steps behind him aim with his revolver at the man and fire. With the shot the man fell dead at my very feet, his hair touching my boots as I stood. I recall the very attitude of Isagger, holding his revolver ready in his hand for another shot, the only expression in his face being a waiting to see if his first shot had been sufficient. There was a momentary move as if to replace his weapon, satisfied; then a careless step or two forward and another shot, this time through the back of the dead man's head as he lay. Then a turning away, as from game certainly killed but not worth the picking up, and a leisurely walking up the bank and into town again.

I remember the unanimous reasoning of all the deck hands as they carried the body aboard, that it was the sole and exclusive duty of the victim's "mate" to avenge his death; which they all rested certain said "mate" would promptly do. Whether this "mate" was absent or unarmed or a coward was never known; but when he was wholly ready to do so, Isagger in a leisurely manner mounted his piebald mare and rode in a walk out of town and homeward. Why there were no officers of the law in reach to arrest him I do not know, but I do believe, had there been one man there fully vested in his own mind with the personal business of taking the murderer, he would have done so, or been killed in

the effort. When the proper officers did go to Isagger's house the next morning, of course the man had fled the country. I wish I could add that his wife was thus forever rid of him. Alas! I too well remember being told that he had afterward written to her to come to him in some remoter West, and that she had gone.

It is unpleasant to have to allude to myself, especially in such company, but this I must add. A few moments after Isagger left, I mounted my horse and rode homeward by the same road. Moving at more rapid pace, in a mile or two I came in sight of the man, in the dusky twilight. As soon as he heard me coming he halted, turned in his saddle to see what I wanted. When I had got so near as to be recognized he gave an exclamation expressive of a contempt most hearty for me and my entire class, and rode off at a gallop. The last I heard of him, as he disappeared in the darkness, was a yell followed up by a peal of peculiar laughter; of which I was singularly reminded lately in a bar or two of the scoff of the demons in Schubert's *Manfred*.

I am given to understand — I think John Keats is my informant — that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Certainly such an object as Isagger has been to me a sorrow from the moment I was introduced to him, just before I married him that day, when his inherent ugliness was made preposterous by an enormous collar of white "domestic," the half on one side of his face turned down, the other half standing up.

"You see, I made a compromise," his "best man" said to me after the ceremony, as we rode "a piece" together homeward. "Isagger, you see, he said the fashion was for first-class gentlemen to wear their collars turned down. Now, you see, I'd only just got back from sellin' my cotton at New Orleans, an' I *knew* the fashion was to have the collar stand up. No arguin' with him, you see, an' of course I could n't give in; so in givin' him, you see, the last touch before he stood up,

I just com-pro-mised, as they say in Congress, — left one side turned down, turned t'other up!" And my friend almost rolled off his horse as he told the joke. I would have laughed with him more heartily, if I had not begun to fear that the same sense of humor would cause him to keep a certain fee for marrying the couple, which I happened to see Isagger give him on the front porch, at mounting, for that purpose. I was correct in the end, but am sincerely glad now that no money was paid me in connection with that transaction.

But I recall the words of John Keats, to say what a solid joy and satisfaction to me, that evening Isagger rode away from me after the murder into the gathering night, was a certain painting which I had seen somewhere, and which then rose vividly to mind. In the background thereof lay a murdered man, dead, face upward to the stars. In the foreground the murderer fleeing for his life, his right hand still holding the dripping knife, his left held over his eyes, peering eagerly, as he ran, into the distance. Immediately over his head, bent forward as he fled, hovered in the air, erect, calm, forever just above his unconscious head, the Angel of Vengeance, the right hand holding the sword, the left free to seize upon the miserable man at the appointed time. Then, but not before; the serene repose and divine certainty expressed in face and attitude, — that was the charm and inexpressible consolation of the whole. In no gods did even the heathen believe more thoroughly than in Nemesis and the Eumenides; and I saw this cold-blooded slayer escape that evening into the darkness, depriving my only, yet sufficient, satisfaction from knowing, so much more certainly than did any poet of them all, who it was accompanied Isagger in his flight.

Even had I not known this then, I would have been dull indeed not to have learned the same from my experiences of General Bernard. No Isagger Clumb in this instance. If Darwin

dared plead Isagger in proof of an ancestral gorilla, you could have silenced him on the spot with the exclamation, "But General Bernard!"

I ask myself in vain, What did the General lack? Family? None in all the South of better family. Person? My own knowledge supplies me with no one of more perfect beauty, even of the Greek conception of symmetrical and agile form, regular features, clustering locks, alert and soulful eyes. Certainly, no man had higher reputation for talent, the General having graduated at his college with an *éclat* remembered there still.

"Genius!" the Professor of Mathematics of this institution remarked to certain of us students in conversation in the library one Saturday, — "genius! I have had plenty of talent in my classes, but, so far, I have known but two instances of genius. One is, as you all know, that poor fellow Delavan, who rolls and shrieks half his time upon the floor of his room, with spinal disease, like Robert Hall of England; the other was —" He paused on purpose for us to say for him, and in chorus, "General Bernard!" And every student there, in saying it, had the same absurd pain deep down, "And so, I am not a genius!"

No man was more popular in all his region than the General, when the disaster of his life took place. He had easily stepped from the Legislature into Congress. As to the Presidency, that, in the opinion of many, was purely a question of time. Because, — and it was very remarkable, — the General, although so talented and popular, neither drank nor gambled.

Both memory, time, and space are lacking to record in detail his duel with young St. Clair. I recall, however, that it was the general remark, "St. Clair was so very young; the only child, too, of his widowed mother!" There was something, also, of the General having taken unintended offence, pressing the matter to a duel, when friends could easily have made it up demanding still more shots after sev-

eral had already been had. The result was, that the General persisted until he had shot St. Clair through the heart; and he must have known that day, as almost the entire city rolled under his window in the funeral procession, that he was as thoroughly ruined for life as a man could possibly be.

Who can say how much his ruin, social, political, pecuniary, had to do with his after-wretchedness? Nothing was left but for him to remove with his family — his wife blighted to the soul, yet clinging to him with woman's love — to that farthest West, in which I was then at work. It must have been a terrible fall for them, from the culture and excess, even, of refinement of their former lives to their new home, beyond the Mississippi, where, as a lawyer and editor of a political paper of intense partisan spirit, he spent the rest of his life.

For many months, unknown to the General, he was to me a study of singular interest. Though still young, his head was whitened and bowed like that of an old man, his face wrinkled, and his form shrunken past all recognition. Everybody knew that, when away from home upon his circuits, he never slept in a room alone; even then the light must burn all night, which, on account of drawing the mosquitoes, made the nights with him a martyrdom to his friends, not to be endured without a good deal of after-comment. I never knew whether there was any ground for the many reports of his talking in his sleep and leaping out of the soundest slumber with a yell. One summer night, in crossing the Gulf of Mexico, a man sleeping upon the crowded deck of the steamer beside me sprang at midnight, and from profound sleep, to his feet with a scream which brought to their feet every other sleeper on board; but of *his* history I know nothing.

But what struck every one most in reference to the General was his unceasing, almost frantic activity. From morning till night he so ordered it as

to be in company always. Even while reading the exchanges in his very dirty office, or writing his editorials or law papers, he continued a conversation with those around which seemed never to know a pause. On the streets, beside the hotel bar, riding in stage or on horseback, before breakfast, during the sleepy heats of the day, so long as he could induce any one to remain with him, he was talking, talking, unceasingly talking. No one ever knew him to drink or gamble. All were specially careful of their conduct in his presence, or of remark in regard to him behind his back, it being so well known how gladly he would welcome an opportunity of losing his life. But that was his peculiarity, his unwillingness to be alone, or to cease from that incessant conversation which kept him from himself. The topic of conversation was perfectly indifferent to him, he allowing it to be turned in any direction any one pleased, so only he continued to absorb it himself, — politics, poetry, planting, love, theology, finance, adventure, anecdote, anything, everything. And his sense of humor rose even into the domain of wit, with this singular fact, that he never laughed nor even smiled himself. I have stood aside and watched him closely as, the centre of a delighted crowd, the conversation having taken that direction, he was relating anecdote after anecdote, real or imaginary, of the most amusing nature; no smile upon his face; through all the bursts of laughter his sole purpose seemed to be to keep steadily on; going, still talking, to dinner at the sound of the hotel bell, talking during all the meal, coming back from the table still talking.

There are many who read these lines who will recall to mind the man I mean. Some of them will know better than myself the circumstances of his death, during an absence from home attending court. I only remember that his brilliant conversation, which even a Dr. Johnson or a Coleridge might have envied, continued to the last to delight, amaze, and exhaust his hearers. From

sources of observation, reading, experience, imagination, ever fresh and inexhaustible, came the same fast, almost fierce flow, people being drawn to, yet wondering at, him as at a mountain torrent, — with all respect, too, for everybody echoed the sentiment that the General was a perfect gentleman. All I know of his death is, that after keeping up that day till long after midnight an hotel crowd, he went to his bed to be seen no more alive on earth. Who was his room companion that night, if any, whether traces of poison were indeed found, as was stated in the papers, I do not know. This I do know, from closest observation of his case for months, that he passed out of this life, his wonderful powers in a full career of unceasing and apparently exhaustless activity, his most intense activity being directed to keeping as completely and continuously away from himself as possible, this one set effort of the man becoming but the more frenzied as the perishable part crumbled from about him. What are his opportunities for the same across the line is a pressing question worth, surely, the soberest study. This I assert from knowledge as certain as a man can have in reference to any object lying immediately before him: up to the moment of his death there was nothing, in either world which General Bernard dreaded as much as he did — General Bernard.

It may be said that there is singular similarity of result herein between Dr. Harrington and General Bernard: the first named being a sincere and consistent believer, the last an avowed and sarcastic unbeliever as was never denied. Certainly, there was this unlikeness between the two men, that the lawyer was a man of faculties larger and more vigorous by far than those of the physician. Whatever power lay therein for the grappling with his sorrow, which was himself, differentiated the former from the latter. But just here lay the radical unlikeness of case between these men. The entire thought of General Bernard before, during, af-

ter his killing of St. Clair had been, and exclusively, in reference to himself; himself as affected thereby in politics, property, friends, and in conscience worst of all. The exact reverse was the case with Dr. Harrington. His entire religion, at home and abroad, lay largely in subordinating himself to others. To others whom he respected and loved alone? By no means. The entire history and meaning of his affray during and after the killing of his antagonist consisted in his having main reference, not to himself, but to that worthless foe. General Bernard's consuming distress was in the one unceasing thought, "How my foe has damaged me!" No other thought preyed upon the vitals of Dr. Harrington but this, "How I have ruined him, my assailant, body and soul, and forever." Even that assailant could see that Dr. Harrington has the centre of his orbit without himself; while no one would deny but that General Bernard has within himself the centre of all his movement. The General is herein like all other men, like the Doctor himself previous to the piety which so characterized him; but the Christ finds for himself a Bethlehem in the heart of this last, and, with omnipotent hands, shifts the centre of the man back to its original point, — God! Accepting and gladly yielding himself to this new force, the Doctor subordinates himself to men, too, even to the man who kills him in the end, as the Christ before him did to men and to his foes.

With my own eyes I studied for many months the unrest of General Bernard. Surely it is impossible to imagine an unrest more thoroughly identified with the man himself than his; in the same moment loving and loathing himself supremely; in the same act and with all his energies seeking and shunning himself. I add only this in regard to Dr. Harrington, loving and beloved of all men; he fell asleep at last resting his wearied self upon the unmoving centre of his soul. In the case of General Bernard, we

cover our eyes from the rending of himself, as with his own hands, asunder. And it is no more in my power to imagine an unrest more absolute than that of General Bernard up to the instant of leaving us, than it is to conceive of a peace more perfect than that of Dr. Harrington when, on a midnight hour made midday to me forever, he reached out to me a trembling hand and, with a serene smile upon his face, bade me a happy good by.

You may think it strange, but I do not consider it the descent you would suppose to pass from the instance of Dr. Harrington to that of black Tom, the negro who killed the Dutchman. Doubtless I could group these several cases more artistically, so as better to harmonize their shades of color, but I prefer mentioning them in their actual order of occurrence; and then, in the order in which the details of each come to my mind.

I very well knew, when I went to see Tom in jail, that I had already somewhat impaired my standing in the community by that public prayer of mine for Judge Jones's Bob. I do not remember how it was, but Bob, a negro-man belonging to the Judge, had killed somebody, and was being borne by the church door that Sunday morning just as my congregation arose for prayer. As the mob hurried by to a convenient tree whereat to obey the mandate of Judge Lynch in reference to Bob, I could not forbear a petition, brief but earnest, that the departing wretch might, somehow, be fitted for his change of worlds. More liberal and warm-hearted people exist nowhere than those who shook their heads not wholly satisfied in their own minds as to the right or the wrong of such an act.

Now, the Tom of whom I am speaking had heard that a certain Dutchman had money laid up from the produce of his garden. As the Dutchman lived alone in a cabin on the edge of his garden, which was in the outskirts of the town, nothing could be easier than his murder.

"As I came to town," Tom himself told me, "one evenin', from cuttin' wood, I jest went into his cabin to get his money. He was settin' by the fire smokin' his pipe, an' I asked him for a coal to light mine. I had my axe, an' when he stooped down over the harth to get a coal, I hit him on the head an' killed him. Never got but thirty-seven an' a half cents at last."

Very speedily was Tom in the hands of Judge Lynch. His owner, however, was on a dry-goods box under the tree before the crowd got there with their criminal. His appeal to them was brief but conclusive:—

"If you hang him, gentlemen, it's my loss, dead loss. If you let him alone a few days till the law tries and hangs him, the State pays me by statute his appraised value. You all see he's a likely boy, twelve hundred dollars at the lowest, and I am a poor man and can't afford to lose it. That's the only objection I've got to your hanging him right away."

During all my visits to Tom lying in jail, after being duly tried by law and condemned to death, there was that which interested me in Paul Smith, his jailer, almost as much as in Tom. An honest, vigorous, good-natured ex-stage-driver was Paul, whose one purpose in life just then it was to hold Tom in safety till the appointed moment came when he should hang him. It was with the utmost difficulty Paul could be persuaded, on my first visit to the jail, that I intended to visit Tom with a hope of preparing him for death. Perplexity and amusement at such an idea, vague respect and downright contempt for the man attempting such a thing, struggled for mastery among the tangles of Paul's hair and beard then and upon every after-visit.

"And so you want to talk to Tom? Boy, you mean, that killed that Dutchman? To *Tom*! What earthly good can you do *him*? Killed that Dutchman with his axe. O, of course," Paul Smith always added, going before me with the keys, "but — *Tom*! Most redickerlous thing I ever heard of in

my life. Tom!" And it looked as if the good-humored jailer was right, when, after unlocking several tremendous doors, he remarked, as he left me in the innermost dungeon, locking the door after me as he withdrew, "Wait till your eyes get used to the dark and you'll see him. He's chained to that far corner. If you keep here by the door, he can't hurt you! I'll be back in half an hour. Do *him* any good. *Tom!*" in a tone expressing the extreme reverse of possibility.

Now, I have no intention of recording my efforts toward the sullen lump of what might be styled, in reference to the surrounding gloom from which it slowly emerged in dim outline, the organic darkness there. Save that Tom understood English, the difference was very small between him and his great-grandfather, years before, in Africa. It came out from our after-conversation, too, that this Caliban had thrown his lariat about a German girl out upon the prairie, who had, however, been mercifully and promptly rescued from his power; and this may give some hint of the nature of the meditations from which, as he himself afterward told me, he found it so hard to separate himself, even in view of immediate death! A more thoroughly degraded and hopeless creature, who could imagine! "And so you've come *again!*" Paul would say to me upon each visit, perfectly good-natured and greatly amused. "To see Tom, — *Tom!*" If I had been visiting Tom to give him lessons in Syriac, my absurd course would not have seemed more useless! Yet here were the undeniable facts which I kept repeating over to myself like statements of the multiplication-table: "Tom is, in spite of all, a human being. Tom leaves us in a few days to live somewhere else for ever and ever. Christ came into the world and died to save even the worst. In the very agony of his own death, Christ made an amazing assurance to a felon dying beside him, in virtue of a singular change effected by him then and

there in that felon! My religion is all a sham, hollow, and despicable, which I had better renounce and be done with, if it is not just this hearty belief: That same Christ is equally in this cell to save Tom, too!"

Let but this be added here: so far as all outer evidence could testify to it, before he died this brutal savage arose from where he had lain in his filth, darkness, chains, and stood erect, an humble and sincere Christian. I dare assert nothing beyond this: Tom *seemed* to be! What I demand is, philosophical explanation as to what produced that seeming, so wholly unlike all in the man going before! At any rate, I noticed that the amused look on the face of the jailer, whenever Tom and myself were together, had turned into one of wonder at the bearing of Tom, and at the very few words he spoke that day on the gallows.

This also I remember. An excellent friend, who accompanied me to the place of execution, through the rush and roar and dust of the vast crowd, heartily agreed with me in disgust at the eagerness of the people to look upon the killing of the criminal. He only went to go and return with me.

"To feast your eyes upon the death-struggles of a human being!" he said with indignation of the hurrying throng: "it is loathsome, it is horrible!"

We stood beside each other on the ground, the murderer standing upon his coffin in a wagon, the rope securely fastened to a beam overhead and adjusted to his neck. With the Amen which closed my prayer, I turned upon my heel and walked rapidly away, never looking back to see the end! I recall this instant the eager eyes, especially of the women present, strained, as I shouldered my way through the multitude, upon the spectacle I was hurrying from! It never occurred to me, until I was quite away from the press and speeding along the deserted streets homeward, that my friend, also, had remained where I had left him, himself as eager to see as any!

Wm. M. Baker.

II.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

MONDAY, *September 1st.*—Yesterday we went to the English church. The clergyman read the service in a serious and impressive manner, but the sermon was a thoroughly doctrinal one. When the children understand French without effort, we mean to take them to a French church. I have an impression that the French preachers have more fervor than the English clergy. But we do not wish to take them to church for a lesson in French.

The children have been into the garden. I had not before permitted them to take advantage of M. de Rochejacquelein's invitation to go there when they pleased; but as he was walking there yesterday morning he saw them on the balcony and asked them to come down. Willie was delighted with the birds, of which there is a beautiful collection in the little aviary.

I think Willie will speak French very soon, he is of such a social disposition. We were very much amused, when we were in England, at the facility with which he made friends with everybody. In the railway carriages, whenever he wanted to ask a question, he applied to any one who looked as if he might be able to give him an answer; but so courteously and so simply, that the most inexpressive faces expanded into graciousness, and the information he wanted was given in the spirit in which it was asked. I saw him once sitting beside a very English-looking elderly gentleman, who was giving him some explanation with an amused smile, while Willie looked up to him with such a respectful, confiding air, as if taking it for granted that, wherever they met, it was the part of age to teach and of youth to listen.

We have had no disappointment in our apartment. There was no drawback to discover, and it is as cheerful

and homelike as possible. The lady who has the charge of letting it, and with whom all the business matters are transacted, is very kind and attentive. She has provided us with a cook, and is always ready to give me advice as to household arrangements. She is so evidently desirous to aid me, that I do not scruple to apply to her when I am in any little dilemma. The French, so far as we have seen anything of them yet, show themselves very kind, obliging, and reasonable.

Our house fronts towards a street which formerly bore the name of Rue Neuve de Berry; but in the last revolution, when all the streets whose names awakened unpopular associations were republicanized, it assumed, in deference to the feeling of the time, that of Rue de la Fraternité. This pleasant appellation is the legal one. In the directories and on the plans of Paris the street is known by no other; yet the change is ignored by the conservative part of the community; with them it remains Rue Neuve de Berry still. I have learned to guess at the political opinions of the tradespeople from whom I order goods by the direction which they put on their parcels. According to the contract for the lease of our apartment, we are living in Rue Neuve de Berry. The address on our newspapers and on the letters sent from the bankers supposes us to be in Rue de la Fraternité. You are at liberty to regard us as inhabitants of either of these streets, as your sympathies may incline. For myself, if republicanism had been in the ascendant here, my respect for the past would perhaps have led me to cherish the older name; but since it is at this moment the proscribed and suffering cause, I adhere firmly to that which the Revolution of 1848 bestowed.

The French journals are very inter-

esting. The leading organs of the different parties are ably edited; with great vigor and earnestness these, with great dexterity those. The writers in French journals are obliged to sign their articles. This I cannot think a hardship. Every man ought to be willing to take the responsibility of his words. And the public has a right to know who is addressing it.

The condition of the press seems an anomaly in this arbitrary time. Not that it is absolutely untrammelled; there is the drawback of danger. A writer may be punished for his article; the editor of the journal in which it has appeared may be punished; but, at all events, it has appeared. The Constitution forbids censorship of the press, and requires that trials for offences of the press shall take place before a jury. These privileges remain standing in the midst of so many wrecks of the fabric of 1848. They are the stronghold of the liberal party. It has eloquent speakers and able writers, whose words go through France, even adverse journals being often obliged to reproduce them; for their readers must know what is said and done in the world, and even in the republican world. The manifesto put forth by the Mountain at the time of the adjournment of the Assembly must have done a great work of instruction. It is not too long to be easily read. It gives a clear statement of the position of affairs from the republican point of view, relating the wrongs and sufferings of the Republic, but claiming the future, and the near future, for the liberal party, which is, it asserts, with the defeat of revision, entering upon a series of successes.

It is a surprising and a mournful thing to see the majority of the National Assembly uniting with the President in subversive and repressive measures. Doubtless they believe they are acting in the interests of royalty; they affirm that they are acting in conformity with the wishes of France.

France is royalist, they say. If France is royalist, why not let France say so herself? Why must she be

bound and gagged, if her hands would only applaud a restoration, and her free voice cry *Vive le roi*?

I hear the same things said here that I have heard at home: "The French cannot have a republic. They are not fit to govern themselves." These things of a country which holds the place in the industry of the world that France does! If the intelligent people of France are not fit to govern themselves, what does it say for the education which the monarchy has given them? It is surely time to try some other system.

The more closely I look at the history of the present time, the greater is my respect for the French people and the stronger my confidence in their future. Even in their mistakes, the result of inexperience, they are often to be respected, the motives of their conduct are so honorable.

I do not suppose that, if the Republic should succeed in establishing itself, all will at once go smoothly. Everything that is worth having costs trouble both in the winning and the keeping. Was our Republic founded without trouble, organized without trouble? To speak only of that particular kind of trouble with which we reproach the French and with which they reproach themselves, is there not, even in the history of our order-loving State of Massachusetts, a passage which has come down to us under the name of Shays's Insurrection?

Can it be pretended that monarchy, even the most prudent, offers any greater assurance of tranquillity? One of the leading Orleanist journals said of Louis Philippe, just after his death, that he who had just died in a foreign land "had secured to his country the calmest and the most prosperous eighteen years of its history." And yet what disturbed, disastrous years were many of these!

The natural instincts of justice and order will always keep the majority of men in the right path, if they are left free to take it; and these will restrain the hostile minority, whether the high

or the low, more effectually than any outward force can restrain it.

"But France does not want a republic. The people do not wish to manage their own affairs. They prefer to have all that done for them." Does the reaction itself believe that the people of France do not want a republic? What did M. Baroche, for example, think in 1848? — M. Baroche, who, as Minister of the Interior, proposed to the Assembly, on the part of the President, this ill-omened law of the 31st May, which struck a third of the voters of France from the lists. He may well represent the reaction.

M. Baroche, after the Revolution of February, proposed himself to the electors of the department of Charente-Inférieure as a candidate for election to the Assembly.

He recommended himself to them, first, on the ground that, under the *régime* which had just passed away, he had "constantly associated himself by energetic votes to the most advanced members of the opposition"; that he "was one of ninety-six deputies who had accepted the invitation to the banquet of the twelfth arrondissement"; that he "was one of those, anticipating by some hours the justice of the people, had proposed the impeachment of an odious and guilty Ministry."

These were the claims of his past; those of the actual time were not less emphatic: —

"I am a Republican by reason, by sentiment, by conviction. I adopt the Republic as the only form of government which can assure the greatness and the prosperity of France."

"I am convinced that royalty has had its time in France; that it has no more roots, no more foundation in the country."

"It is to the Republic that all good citizens should rally without reserve, considering as culpable every attempt at monarchic restoration."

"The Republic alone can give the laborious classes of city and country the well-being and the political liberty to which all citizens have a right."

M. Baroche must have thought the Republic was in favor with the people of Charente-Inférieure; and he was not mistaken. They elected him.

M. Baroche was not the only member of what is now the reaction who used such language in 1848, and used it successfully. Has the number of Republicans decreased since then? In certain classes, possibly. But, with the whole people, according to the testimony of both foes and friends of the Republic, republican principles and feelings have gained ground and are constantly gaining it.

M. Baroche, in introducing the electoral law of May, 1850, showed no belief that it would be received with favor by the people. He desired to have it acted on speedily, in order that the agitation which the mere mention of this law produced in the country might as soon as possible run its course and subside, in presence of an established fact.

M. de Falloux, in the debate on revision, arguing forcibly for this measure, in the interests of monarchy, warns those of his own party of the rapid progress of the doctrines, which, as he says, "we do not hesitate to call anarchical." He begs them not to overlook the fact, that it is not among the poor and miserable that these doctrines find their converts; but chiefly in the respectable class of working people, those who earn a comfortable subsistence.

M. de Falloux began his argument in favor of revision, by citing with approbation a passage which Louis XIV. had "written with his own hand" in his memoirs. It contained a warning against hope: "Hope, the deceiver, makes us speak ill and act ill. Beware of hope, a bad guide." Let the reaction by all means lay down its backward longings, but let it leave to the nation its generous, onward impulse. What leaders for it are these who are ready to renounce hope, and to take for their motto this weak outburst of royal despondency?

September 3d. — The organization of

the Republicans is understood to be very complete. They have labored and labor indefatigably to carry on the political education of the people. News of whatever transpires in the domain of public affairs is immediately communicated to men in the different departments, who pass it on, with the necessary comments and explanations, to others, who are again disseminators in their appointed districts. Once all this was an unknown world to the peasant; but now his intelligence exercises itself keenly on the questions of the day. Imagine the enlightenment poured into the mind becoming eager for enlightenment through the reading, or the hearing read, debates in the Assembly in which Michel (de Bourges) or Crémieux or Jules Favre takes part. Not less instructive are the speeches of the reactionist members. The people have, through these, an opportunity of learning how they are spoken of by their best friends, when supposed to be out of hearing.

To break up this machinery, or to disturb its perfect working, is of course a great object with the government. But men cannot yet be brought to trial for reading or lending in the departments newspapers freely published in Paris, or for relating and discussing occurrences which have perhaps been noticed even in the official journals. The republican propagandists strive to keep within the limits of the law, narrow as those limits are, and endeavor to avoid furnishing pretexts for accusation. But a government like this cannot long want pretexts. A very effective means of sending a saving fear into the respectable mind, and a guilty terror into the heart conscious of republicanism, has been found in the discovery of plots against the safety of the state.

A trial for conspiracy against the safety of the state has recently been going on at Lyons. It has been a failure as far as establishing the guilt of the accused is concerned, but a success in so far as it has joined associations of criminal charges and conviction with the re-

publican name, and inasmuch as it has given republican propagandists new and severe warning of the dangers attendant upon political zeal.

The passage of the electoral law of May 31st occasioned a great agitation throughout the country, and especially through the southern and southeastern departments. The people in many places thought it was their duty to rise in defence of the Constitution and of their own violated rights. They were restrained and calmed as before on more than one occasion by their Republican leaders, who prevailed upon them to wait until the elections of 1852 should afford the Republic a peaceful triumph. But the men who could control an insurrection by their simple word were too powerful with the people not to be dangerous to the government.

Of the prisoners who have just been undergoing trial and sentence, M. Gent, an ex-member of the Constituent Assembly, was regarded as the principal criminal, the contriver and head of the pretended conspiracy. Next in importance was M. Thourel, a distinguished advocate. With them were tried more than thirty others of various professions and occupations. They were arrested a year ago, and have been carried from prison to prison. The republican journals have continually demanded that the accused should be brought to trial. This demand was at last answered, but in a way to disappoint hope of exculpation, if any had been entertained. The trial took place before a military tribunal.

There was no evidence of criminal conspiracy which could deceive any but those who wished to be deceived; but the testimony offered furnished abundant proof of a state of things far more alarming to the real plotters against the Republic. It furnished proof that the people, instead of being ignorant, obtuse, and indifferent to public affairs, were perfectly capable of comprehending and discussing constitutional and legal questions; that, so far from being turbulent and volatile, they were intel-

ligent and devoted observers and upholders of constitution and law.

It was made clear that the restriction of suffrage by the National Assembly had sent a profound accusation through the country. The prosecution used the general excitement occasioned by this law to give probability to the charge of conspiracy; while the accused defended themselves by maintaining that they had intended to work for its repeal by legal means through a legal organization. The accused, while they denied having planned insurrection, admitted that they had talked of insurrection, and that it had been talked of widely with reference to a certain case, — the case of an insurrection against the Republic, on the part of the government.

The commissaries of police, who, with some miserable creatures, evidently their agents, were the principal witnesses against the accused, spoke of *the law of the 31st of May* as the cause of the agitation which prevailed in the country and of the insurrectionary symptoms which here and there manifested themselves in 1850.

The public prosecutor questioned one of the accused as to a certain dinner at Mâcon, at which it was pretended the Republicans had met to conspire. The prisoner said that nothing objectionable had passed at that dinner. "Did not," asked the public prosecutor, "one of the principal guests rise and say that the result of the conference was that *the law of the 31st May ought to be repealed?*" One of the accused, M. Sauve, an advocate of Digne, who had once held the office of sub-prefect of Forcalquier, admitted, in answer to interrogatories by the prosecution, that he had *circulated petitions for the repeal of the electoral law of the 31st May*. He stated that he had spoken of the necessity of *defending the Republic if it were attacked*, though he had never talked or thought of attacking it. There had been no question of insurrection, except in reference to the case of "*a coup d'état attempted in the governmental regions.*"

Another of the accused, Paul Maistre, clerk to a notary, stated that the question had been discussed among the Republicans, what was to be done in two supposed cases, — *that of a coup d'état by the President without the co-operation of the Assembly, and that of a coup d'état by the President in conjunction with the Assembly*. It was only in reference to these events that armed resistance had been spoken of. Maistre admitted that he was the writer of a paper found in his house, in which armed resistance to an attack upon the Republic was justified. He said that this paper, which had never been sent to any one, was written at a time when "*there were rumors of a coup d'état being imminent.*" One of the witnesses, a hair-dresser of Marseilles, testified that there had been a good deal of talk about an insurrection in the southern departments; that "the Whites were very much excited by fear of one; but that it was understood that a rising was to take place *only in case of a coup d'état.*"

Highly respectable witnesses testified to the earnest and courageous exertions used by some of the principal accused in maintaining tranquillity in times of excitement. M. Courant, of Aix, an ex-procureur-general, testified that the conduct of M. Gent, on one such occasion, had been "admirable." The same witness testified in regard to M. Thourel, that he had once prevented an *émeute* at Marseilles by his personal influence, energetically and devotedly employed. M. Courant spoke very warmly of M. Thourel: "In his own home M. Thourel was a real child, for gayety and sweetness. At the bar and in his office he was a great advocate. In learning he was a living library. The more I knew M. Thourel the more I loved him. As for his political opinions, I am proud to share them. We were both of us of opinion that the salvation of the Republic depended on the maintenance of calm. What his intentions were in going to Lyons I do not know, but very certainly they were good."

M. Talon, an attorney of Aix, testified that he knew M. Thourel and esteemed him highly. "He was made uneasy, as many others were," said M. Talon, "by the agitation caused by this law of the 31st May, which they talk of abrogating."

"We must speak respectfully of this law since it has been voted by the Assembly," interrupted the President of the Court; "abstain from all reflections."

M. Talon proceeded: "M. Thourel told me that he went to Lyons to consult with an influential person in order to prevent any disturbances. On his return he told me that he had a perfect understanding with M. Gent, and that all disturbances were to be prevented." M. Cote, an advocate of Digne, bore testimony to the high character of M. Thourel, speaking especially of his disinterestedness and goodness of heart. He expressed emphatically his belief that M. Thourel was not a man to be concerned in a conspiracy.

M. Crémieux, a member of the provisional government of 1848, appeared as a witness for one of the accused, M. Bouvier. His testimony was to the same effect as that of M. Courant in regard to the intentions of the Republicans and their desire to prevent disturbances. He had seen M. Bouvier several times in the summer of 1850, at Crest, in the department of Drôme. There was a good deal of agitation in the department at that time, caused by the electoral law of the 31st May. Bouvier was of the same opinion with himself, that it was necessary to maintain quiet and wait for 1852. "I saw Bouvier," said M. Crémieux, "after his return from Mâcon. These are his exact words: 'Nothing unconstitutional will be done. No one thinks of an insurrection. Everybody wishes to wait for 1852.' Bouvier is a Republican," said M. Crémieux, "I do not deny it."

The President of the court felt himself touched by the form of this statement, and reproved the witness accordingly: "The accused is not here for

being a Republican, but for plotting against the Republic."

The President was sensitive on this point. M. Longomazino, one of the accused, said that he had established his journal to defend republican principles: "The principles," he added, "for which I am here."

"Longomazino," said the President, "express yourself more clearly. You are not here for holding republican principles; but, on the contrary, under the inculpation of plotting to destroy the republican government."

When the first and principal witness for the prosecution, a commissary of police, had told a long story, one of the counsel for the defence asked him how he had obtained his information. Whereupon the President of the court indignantly: "You must understand that a commissary of police cannot name the agents he employs. If they wore a label, indicating their functions, the police would not be possible. You know that as well as I do."

Among the advocates for the defence was M. Michel (de Bourges). He drew from one of the witnesses, evidently a police agent, an admission that he had been condemned to fourteen months' imprisonment for robbery. The public prosecutor administered a reproof to the advocate, reminding him that this man was a witness, not one of the accused, and that he was not obliged to answer any question unconnected with the case. M. Michel, in the next sitting of the court, asked that an investigation might be made into the character of the witnesses, as he had evidence to present of the discreditable character of some of them. The court retired to deliberate, and returned to announce that "the investigation proposed by M. Michel (de Bourges) was not of a nature to aid in the demonstration of truth."

While the witnesses were thus carefully protected, the prosecution did not fail to employ against the prisoners the usual method of weakening public sympathy in their behalf by defaming them. More than one was cruelly treated in

this way, without redress. A commissary of police, employed to collect evidence in regard to the character of M. Gent, brought against him various accusations, not connected with the actual case; prefacing his statements with "they say," or "it is well known," etc.

M. Gent appealed to the court for protection.

"Could you say from whom you had your information?" asks the President of the witness.

"I cannot. Such confidences are received, so to speak, under the seal of an oath."

The court sustained the witness in his refusal: "I told you the other day the agents of the police are not to be ticketed."

"But these are not police agents. He said that they were conscientious men," urged poor Gent, and, turning to the witness, — "Give their names."

"I know what my duty requires of me," replies the virtuous commissary, "and nothing shall turn me from it."

M. Michel (de Bourges) came to the aid of his client, and required the names of the informants, that they might be cited.

The witness persisted in his silence, and the court sustained him in it.

M. Michel and three other of the advocates united in a demand that the witness, Portenart, should be compelled to give the names of his informants, or that his statements should be regarded as calumnious, and he himself arrested as a false witness.

M. Michel appealed to the code, which he affirmed was on the side of his client. "No man's honor is safe," he continued, "if the police are not obliged to produce authority for their statements. If this is not done in the present case, a great crime will be committed against justice; the sacred rights of defence will be shamefully violated."

The court retired to deliberate. It returned to confirm its first decision: "There is no propriety in the measure demanded by Gent and his advocate."

In the end, so plain was the inutility

of any attempt to obtain justice, that the accused, through their counsel, who gave their approbation to this decision, declined to offer any defence.

The prisoners being asked if they had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, Thourel addressed a few words to their judges.

"We commit our cause to the court, trusting that men independent and free, whose consciences are not under martial law, will remember that they are to render justice in the name of God and the Republic."

When the prisoners were together in the court-room for the last time, waiting for their sentence, they addressed a letter to their counsel, thanking them for the zeal and devotion displayed during the trial; expressing a sense of the entire harmony of principle, feeling, and purpose which existed between themselves and their defenders, and a hope that the same harmony might unite the whole republican party. The letter concludes: "Your friendship and the sympathy of the people for whom we suffer will heighten the joy of those who are to obtain release, and to those of us who are to be condemned will supply inexhaustible consolations under temporary tortures."

A certain number of the accused were acquitted. The others were condemned, some to deportation; others to detention or imprisonment for periods varying from fifteen years to one year; the minor punishments being, however, augmented by fines and by deprivation of civic rights for a longer or shorter term.

Twenty-one of the condemned prisoners have appealed from the decision of the military court.

September 4th. — It is very interesting to find that those parts of France which are now distinguished by their fidelity to principle are the same which have been distinguished by it from early time.

The prosecuting officer and some of the witnesses against the accused of the Lyons plot, stigmatized fifteen departments, eleven in the south, four in the

east, as especially united in a republican bond.

The soil of every one of these departments is holy ground. It has been drenched again and again with the blood of the martyrs of liberty. These people have been persecuted as Albigenses, persecuted as Waldenses ; persecuted as Huguenots, who are now persecuted as Republicans.

We do not at once recognize under their departmental disguises the names so sacred to every descendant of the Puritans. But the proscribed departments of the South represent Provence, Languedoc, Franche-Comté, Dauphiné, Venaissin, Avignon, Vivarais. To each of these names the past has joined associations of sorrow and of heroism, which do not obliterate or dim their other titles to glory, but which are yet their greatest.

These people of the South of France have among their ancestors the men and women who, when deprived of everything, when tracked and hunted down like wild beasts, could still say : "Our least care is for life and goods ; our greatest is to keep entire our faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and in his word."

Many times their enemies have believed the race exterminated ; but its spirit is inextinguishable. The descendants even of those who suffered a violent or — stolen in their childhood — a treacherous conversion, have inherited the cast of intellect and tone of character which makes investigators, protesters, and reformers.

These people are of our own kindred. Their blood flows, intermingled with our English blood, through every State of our Union. But in the Christian world there are no French and no English. Geographical limits do not make distinctions between men and men. Differences of race, such slight differences as exist between the peoples of France and England, do not make a distinction. The only true division is between the servants of God and the slaves of the Prince of this World. The Huguenots of France and the

Puritans of England are of one lineage.

September 5th. — An article has recently appeared in the *Constitutionnel* by Dr. Véron, one of the most unhesitating of the partisans of Napoleon. In this article he sounds the alarm, after the usual fashion, in regard to the ferocious designs of the socialists, and reproaches society with its apathy in the presence of such frightful dangers. "The perils of the country are extreme," he says. "This fatal rencounter of 1852 is to-morrow ; and yet, to look only at appearances, society is calm, tranquil, confident." He admits, after his own manner, that the republican leaders exert themselves to maintain peace and order : "The chiefs of demagoguery and of socialism employ all their efforts to keep in check the gross appetites, eager for disorder and pillage, and to suppress any inopportune outbreak." The inference of course is, that in 1852 outbreak will be opportune, and that disorder and pillage will no longer be kept in check. And what is the remedy proposed by Dr. Véron ? Simply that the President shall take the initiative, in the *repeal of the law of the 31st May*. "Let the President of the Republic address to the National Assembly, to the country, on this subject, those spirited and loyal words with which his patriotism knows how to inspire him. . . . Give way to the just demand for universal suffrage, and the fate of arms will not blindly decide our future destinies."

Instincts of disorder and plunder controlled by the repeal of an unconstitutional law !

This article is thought to foreshadow the future policy of the President. There is no hope of obtaining revision from the present Assembly ; he cannot, it is thought, rely on the army to sustain him in the so-long-talked-of *coup d'état*. An appeal to the "national sovereignty" is now the cry. That is, since neither Constitution nor Assembly can be made to give way to his pretensions, he will appeal from Constitution and Assembly to the peo-

ple, as to the original source of power. But the people have learned something since 1848.

It is cheering to see what an independent and resolute spirit the Republicans maintain, notwithstanding the dangers that a profession of their faith brings with it. Here is a voice from Côte d'Or. This is not one of the fifteen departments stigmatized at the Lyons trial as ultra-republican; but it has one of them — Saône-et-Loire — for its southern boundary. The mayor of the city of Beaune, in the southern part of this department, lately presided at a distribution of prizes in the college of that city. The address which he made to the students concludes thus: —

“In a time of meanness and servility, when the adorers of power abjure liberty and calumniate its martyrs, it is for the new generation, the young and devoted hearts, to rescue the future, and bear witness to the immortality of progress.

“For sixty years, — ever since our illustrious date of '89, — whenever a usurpation has attacked the sovereignty of the people, — this power incontestably legitimate, this property not less sacred than any other, — whenever liberty could be served only by a struggle, the youth of our schools have always risen with the people to respond to aggression. It is on you that those count, as upon themselves, who devote their life to the realization of this imperishable programme: Freedom, Equality, Brotherhood; Democracy beneficent and progressive.

“Children of our city, wholly republican, where the love of order and the love of liberty are inseparable, may you make fruitful the happy future which we foresee. We shall bless Heaven if we can leave you such an inheritance, even if we are to perish in clearing your way to it.”

The same paper which gives this bold address contains the announcement of the suspension, by the prefect, of the Mayor of Beaune.

A committee appointed by the republican members of the Assembly, called the Committee of Surveillance, holds meetings from time to time while the Assembly is not in session, and reports upon the condition of the country. This committee is probably intended to correspond to the Permanent Committee of the Assembly, which, of course, represents the majority.

The Committee of Surveillance has recently published a note, expressing great satisfaction with the aspect of things: “The calm which reigns in Paris and in the departments must give confidence. The attitude of the people is in admirable contrast with all the violent and unconstitutional expectations of a portion of the press of the great party of order.”

The Republicans have made mistakes in their time, of course, though not all the mistakes were theirs which have been ascribed to them. Their greatest fault, their want of union, the tenacity with which each separate set clung to its own particular theories or plans of action, they have recognized and amended. We do not now find the more moderate Republicans reproaching the ardent with their zeal, or guarding themselves from all appearance of being infected by it. They endeavor to restrain, indeed, but with sympathy. Nor does this change appear to be mere political compromise. The different parties of Republicans understand each other better, and respect each other's sincerity. Patriotism is now the common bond. They tacitly agree to rescue the Republic, and let other questions wait for their solution until this great one, justly decided, leaves a free field for their open discussion and equitable adjustment.

M. L. P.

WANTED: AN HEIR.

HAVE you ever observed, after a storm on the sea-coast, what a dismal array of black and water-worn fragments are left on the beach, brought — the waves alone know — whence? Nothing tells of their first estate. You would never know that they were once gay bits of painted ships, or of other shipwrecked treasures which the storm had stolen from the capacious pocket of the ocean.

I have often thought that the war stranded just such a forlorn collection of human drift, and I have in my memory more than one nondescript who came ashore on our own retired coast.

I smile, even now, to remember the sort of mild despotism which was established over their patients by the women who occupied themselves in the care of the war's wounded and sick. They were perhaps sovereign simply through the courteous consent of these invalided warriors; but, by whatever tenure they held their office, it yielded them, for a brief time, the dear opportunity of exercising those yet untried administrative powers in which woman unquestionably delights and for which she so publicly pines.

Here was a creature who had carried a dangerous musket and had even stood and faced a volley, without dodging, lying quite helpless, surrendered unconditionally to feminine authority! What profound ignorance these heroic children exhibited on subjects which any woman's instinct could master! They had, for instance, so little money and so much less idea of its proper use: what could be of more value than a little feminine advice on the point? I, for one, was half melancholy when our last sick man recovered, or rebelled and went home to the legally appointed domestic authorities, to be scolded and coddled. I felt like Napoleon on

St. Helena, and for a time almost regretted that there was no further supply of semi-detached soldiers to manage.

It is true that there remained at the close of the war, and still exists, a queer precipitate of disabled men, who either would not or could not recover, and who preferred a peripatetic career to a less exciting but more respectable existence in a National Asylum. They made starring tours through the provinces, which proved highly remunerative; for although we all know that it seems at least a century ago that these heroes fought and bled, they still find, here and there, a remote shrine where a little patriotic fire smoulders, not yet dead in its white ashes. Of a drama whose chief actor belonged to this wandering race, and whose several acts were performed within my own observation, I propose to sketch the plot.

How Pat Diamond ever happened to be enlisted is a mystery which must forever remain unsolved. Drafted he must of necessity have been; yet as it was his wont to remain very brief periods in one habitation, the problem still continues obscure. He was probably caught on the wing — if even poetic license dare suggest in such terms thy slow and meditative motion, O Patrick! — by some nimble enrolling officer.

After the summer of 1865 care for the bodies of our disabled *protégés* resolved itself into solicitude for their pecuniary welfare, and fostering attention to their interests in the account between themselves and their employer, Uncle Sam. Consequently, even before shutters were put up over the windows of the Soldiers' Homes and dreary invitations to purchasers adorned their doors, the Sanitary Commission offices were some of them turned into impro-

vised claims-agencies, and the world of discharged soldiers, who could muster faith in services for which they paid nothing, were invited to appear and register their claims upon the government.

They came : a few — alas their number was small! — because they really believed it the best way to secure their dues ; others because having already settled the whole matter satisfactorily with another agent, it could do no harm to repeat the process ; others, again, who preferred to save the customary fees in any legitimate manner.

Pat Diamond applied at an early period in the history of our own agency to engage its services in securing his pension. He was a person who at once appealed to the sympathy of every respectable breast. Let me make a pen-and-ink sketch of him, as he first appeared to us. A thin, meagre man of unknown age, with drooping head and uncertain gait, red, uncombed hair, and lustreless eyes which sought yours with so plaintive and humble a look, that your last cent was instantly magnetized from the pocket's depths profound. Then was that gaze enforced by the tattered blue army coat which hung in festoons from his arms, and waved banners of distress from every quarter ; and overboard went your last remaining scruple.

Occasionally our feminine corps had been taken in — I grieve to write it — by men as deficient in worth as in worldly goods, but on this occasion we said unanimously : "Pat is certainly fearfully dirty, ragged, and forlorn. We must clothe and feed him."

The inner man of our client was speedily refreshed, but without, it must be owned, producing visible improvement in its external representative. We also bought him a warm great-coat and a pair of stout shoes, and, as his individual responsibility in his claim was fully discharged, we dismissed him to his home, *pro tem.*, in a country village some thirty miles distant, where he proposed to await action upon his case.

"When we require further proof we will send for you," we said, "and, of course, we will write you as soon as your pension is granted."

Away he went, but only a short time elapsed before one morning found him again standing near the door of our small office, silent, ragged, melancholy.

"Well, Pat, what do you want now?" with slight surprise.

"Nothing, ma'am. Only to get my money."

"Already! Why, man, your claim is just sent on. Don't you know, we told you it might take a long time to settle it? There are thousands of other men who want pensions, and you'll have to take your turn."

"Very well, ma'am," turning away and shuffling through the door.

"Pat!" After a glance at the streaming tatters : "Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Where are you going to sleep to-night?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"What have you done with your new coat?"

"Here it is, ma'am." And drawing aside the blue rags, he displayed his recently acquired garment concealed carefully beneath.

We still had an expansive, ever-ready Soldiers' Home, and Pat was soon ambling thitherward, armed with an order for food, lodging, and a railroad pass to his home, for use on the following day.

The superintendent reported the conduct of Patrick Diamond, while he remained in the Home, as quite unexceptionable, save in one point, to which he directed our attention. Patrick refused to remove his overcoat before retiring, and, displaying unexpected firmness on the point, proceeded to get into the neat white cot assigned to him in full military array. There

"he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him."

Should the superintendent enforce the rules of the establishment and con-

sider such eccentricity as a breach of good order on future occasions?

We, his superior officers, decided that this defender of his country should be permitted to enjoy his slumbers in the manner most congenial to his feelings. Besides, how extremely improbable was it that we should again be called upon to extend hospitality to Pat Diamond! Vain hope! Delusive dream!

The nature of Pat's disability was of the vaguest description, and shone with an *ignis fatuus* gleam upon our comprehensions. It was as difficult to define as the boundaries of the new States to one whose geographical principles were acquired twenty years ago. To put your legal finger upon one disability was to discover another, and so general was the collapse that the difficulty in his case seemed almost to consist in the question whether anything mortal to be pensioned remained. I very much fear his military record was inglorious, for even the most easy-conscienced of his regimental officers declined to testify that the service was responsible for his present dilapidated condition, and even failed to remember him at all.

Meanwhile time rolled on. One officer after another was solicited to testify that Patrick Diamond, age forty years, hair red, eyes blue, height five feet six, native of Ireland, did incur his disability in the service of the United States and in the line of duty. Again and again did their refusals thus to perjure themselves arrive by return mail. Not one of them either could or would remember said Patrick Diamond, or believe him to have been a member of any given regiment.

Our hearts bled for Pat, so humble, so needy, so upright, and so unjustly ignored! Indeed, as to the fact of his enlistment there was no doubt, nor was there any doubt that he was discharged from the service for disability. Yet the case looked dark, and the Pension Office, which through many printed forms had requested explanation of va-

rious discrepancies, remained unsatisfied.

Is it asked where, meanwhile, was the client? I answer, in constant progression from one extreme of his orbit to the other. Did Fortune and a passing train favor him, we saw him at frequent intervals; did conductors frown, he walked the whole weary distance and appeared, with much of the thirty miles' mud and clay upon his garments and the old refrain on his lips, "Can I get my money?"

If I asserted that his agents were entirely free from spasms of momentary impatience, under these repeated aggravations, I should not be a reliable historian, which is my laudable aim. I can say, however, that the feeling was most evanescent, and that a glance at the pitiful, pleading face and dismal figure alone was necessary to translate the anger into unclouded compassion. Time would fail me were I to recount the breakfasts, the dinners, the suppers that slipped down that melancholy being's throat at our expense. Nor could I undertake to record the free excursions in which he indulged through the long-suffering of the railroad company. But to all things there is a limit. One fatal day we received the following message from the conductor of a train which Diamond habitually patronized: "Never send me that man again."

Thereafter Pat walked sixty miles instead of thirty, to inquire weekly into the progress of his claim.

That the case was finally adjusted was, I persist in thinking, due to a little exercise of mother-wit. We had finally discovered a former officer of Pat's own company, whose military glory had long lain concealed under the disguise of a civil occupation. Pat, happening singularly enough to be in town at the time, was sent, personally, to recall the facts of the case to his former commander, and presto! the thing was done. Not long afterwards Patrick Diamond was duly sworn to be a victim of the late war, over the signature of — — —, late Captain or

Lieutenant ——— V. I. The name of Diamond had sunk into oblivion, but its owner's face preserved the history.

I remember how eagerly we anticipated Pat's face of joy when the favorable decision upon his case should be made known to him. We imagined how great would be the pleasure of giving him the crisp new certificate, and prayed that we might none of us be absent when the day of his triumph arrived. We secretly resolved to have a finger in the pie, as regarded the spending of that money.

The intelligent reader may perhaps divine what we actually experienced. Pat showed no emotion whatever, no gladness, no relief, no surprise, only a sort of feverish eagerness, which flushed his sunken cheeks and sent an additional tremor through his thin hands. As he sat at the desk, endeavoring with much labor of lips and fingers to fashion the hieroglyphics, which represented Patrick to himself, he looked more shrivelled and hopeless than ever before. At a sudden noise behind him he started violently, and with a quick, convulsive movement drew his tattered coat hastily together and looked around him with wild eyes. At that significant gesture a revelation was made to one, at least, of his audience, which subsequent events fully justified.

One more effort should be made in the interests of civilization.

"Pat, you have two or three hundred dollars now. You *must* promise to go at once and buy yourself a suit of new clothes."

"I can't, ma'am, I can't; I owe it all to a man in my place."

"You are quite right to wish to pay your honest debts," we said with mild dignity, "but the most hard-hearted creditor could not object to your having a little something to wear."

"I can't. O, I can't! I owe it."

"But you are not properly protected from the weather. Look at your sleeve!" pointing to the coat which could no longer even be called threadbare, that stage of genteel poverty hav-

ing passed into actual absence of thread in many places.

It was all useless. His distress at being thus urged was evident, and it must be confessed there were no signs of yielding in the plaintive meekness of his refusal. We said no more; and pocketing his precious papers, he collected his rags, gave a duck of the head by way of farewell, and went away.

There was a flutter of familiar blue through the door, a little hacking cough on the stairs, and Pat Diamond we never saw again.

All this was four years ago. Our clients have turned into respectable, but less interesting civilians, and all the dear old army blue has been cut down and has disappeared in little boy's trousers and jackets. The heroes of Pittsburg Landing and Stone River, of Mission Ridge and Nashville, are orderly citizens and pine not for another war. I should be glad to know if Fortune has smiled upon many an honest fellow who looked so well in military dress and so commonplace when he came, in checked pantaloons and striped necktie, to bid us and the war a joyful farewell. I have, it is true, some friends who will not consider this cruel war over; but I can't lift my hat to the uniform in conjunction with a hand-organ, and I remonstrate, while I drop my pennies into the plate.

Occasional stray scraps of information about old acquaintances I glean in the letters from country towns which fill up our city newspapers so conveniently, in times of advertising dearth. Here I have perhaps the melancholy pleasure of reading that a certain one-armed soldier has been thrown from a carriage and seriously injured, or that another ex-warrior has been nominated for justice of the peace. It was only a short time since that, my eye being attracted by a familiar name, I accidentally learned the conclusion of Pat Diamond's strange history.

Let me give the exact words of our interesting correspondent from ——— County:—

"On the 9th of March, about sundown, a ragged, repulsive, filthy creature, carrying a bundle of rags and leaning wearily upon a rude staff, applied at the house of Eli Hutsen, about a mile east of Edinburg, for food and lodging for the night. Mr. Hutsen kindly let him in, gave him a supper, and would have given him a bed, but he declined, preferring the floor. He tossed about during the night, and only became quiet towards morning. At six o'clock Mr. Hutsen arose and proceeded to call up his peculiar guest. Once, twice, and even thrice he called, and still the moaning sleeper slumbered on. At last, however, he was awakened and proceeded to arise. After getting upon his feet he fell to the floor, gasped, and died. A coroner's jury was summoned, and a *post mortem* examination showed that the cause of the death was disease of the heart. Proceeding to an examination of the clothing of the deceased, to the surprise and wonder of all, concealed in an inner garment, sewed up in three different parcels, was found money, — fifty-dollar notes, twenty-dollar notes, ten-dollar notes, and the smaller denominations, the whole amount found thus secreted being one thousand dollars and eighty-one cents. From papers on the deceased it was found that he was a native of Ireland, his name Patrick Diamond, his age forty-five years, his stature five feet six inches. He was a soldier in the Union Army, having enlisted in the — — V. I., from which he was honorably discharged, on account of a tubercular affection of the

lungs. Further than this, there was no clew to the personal history or social relations of the man. A respectable suit of clothes was procured, a burial-case obtained, and then this 'poor pauper whom nobody owned' was interred in a Christian manner. Reserving from the amount of money the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars to pay burial expenses, Justice Sanford deposited the remainder in the First National Bank, to await future development and legal claimants, if such there be."

I put the paper down, and sighed, yet half smiled as I thought of this queer wandering creature, true to his instincts to the last, and of his sad and pitiful death. Need I say that I also exclaimed, "We were right"?

Here was the secret and the end of all the starving, the pinching want, the cold, the foot-sore wanderings, the homeless life, year after year!

A coroner's inquest, a grave in an obscure country burial-place, and Patrick Diamond's name on a tombstone! It is strange and incongruous, and I cannot drive from my mind the image of that dismal figure, plodding down one long country road after another, this bitter winter, preserved only through the charity of kindly souls from death by cold and hunger, and yet hugging to his breast the charm which could give him warmth, comfort, luxury.

And now, who is to claim this dearly bought gold? For whom has Pat Diamond saved and died? Again I write, "Wanted: an Heir."

E. F. Terry.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

II.

THE last time, my dear nephew, we sat together in this small apartment I talked with you about Pope and Thackeray, the portraits of whom are still looking at us from the wall. To-day we will sit opposite the likeness of the rarest genius America has given to literature,—a man who lately sojourned in this busy world of ours, but during many years of his life

“Wandered lonely as a cloud,”—

a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude. I hope you have read and enjoyed, as I have done, the writings of this author, who has never soiled the public mind with one unlovely image. His men and women have a magic of their own, and we shall wait a long time before another arises among us to take his place. Indeed, it is highly probable no one will ever walk precisely the same round of fiction which he traversed with so free and firm a step.

The portrait we are looking at was made by Rowse (an exquisite drawing, as you perceive), and is a very truthful representation of the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne. He was several times painted and photographed, but it was impossible for art to give the light and beauty of his wonderful eyes. I remember to have heard, in the literary circles of London, that, since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. Old Mrs. Basil Montagu told me, many years ago, that she sat next to Burns at dinner, when he appeared in society in the first flush of his fame, after the Edinburgh edition of his poems had been published. She said, among other things, that, although the company consisted of some of the best bred men of England, Burns seemed to her the most perfect gentleman among them. She noticed, particularly, his genuine grace and deferential manner toward women,

and I was interested to hear Mrs. Montagu's brilliant daughter, when speaking of Hawthorne's advent in English society, describe him in almost the same terms as I had heard her mother, years before, describe the Scottish poet. I happened to be in London with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and I was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody. You can see, from the face before you, that its impression among strangers would be no common one.

Here is a golden curl which adorned the head of Nathaniel Hawthorne when he lay a little child in his cradle. It was given to me many years ago by one near and dear to him. I have two other similar “blossoms,” which I keep pressed in the same book of remembrance. One is from the head of John Keats, and was given to me by Charles Cowden Clarke, and the other graced the head of Mary Mitford, and was sent to me after her death by her friendly physician, who watched over her in her last hours. Leigh Hunt says,

“There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest thread
Of our frail plant, — a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk ; — as though it said,
Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
Behold affectionate eternity.”

There is a charming old lady, now living two doors from me, who dwelt in Salem when Hawthorne was born, and, being his mother's neighbor at that time (Mrs. Hawthorne then lived in Union Street), there came a message to her intimating that the baby could be seen by calling. So my friend tells me she went in, and saw the little winking thing in its mother's arms. She is very clear as to the beauty of the in-

fant, even when only a week old, and remembers that "he was a pleasant child, quite handsome, with golden curls." She also tells me that Hawthorne's mother was a beautiful woman, with remarkable eyes, full of sensibility and expression, and that she was a person of singular purity of mind. Hawthorne's father, whom my friend knew well, she describes as a warm-hearted and kindly man, very fond of children. He was somewhat inclined to melancholy, and of a reticent disposition. He was a great reader, employing all his leisure time at sea over books.

Hawthorne's father died when Nathaniel was four years old, and from that time his uncle Robert Manning took charge of his education, sending him to the best schools and afterwards to college. When the lad was about nine years old, while playing bat and ball at school, he lamed his foot so badly that he used two crutches for more than a year. His foot ceased to grow like the other, and the doctors of the town were called in to examine the little lame boy. He was not perfectly restored till he was twelve years old. His kind-hearted schoolmaster, Joseph Worcester, the author of the Dictionary, came every day to the house to hear the boy's lessons, so that he did not fall behind in his studies. He used to lie flat upon the carpet, and read and study the long days through. Some time after he recovered from this lameness he had an illness causing him to lose the use of his limbs, and he was obliged to seek again the aid of his old crutches, which were then pieced out at the ends to make them longer. While a little child, and as soon almost as he began to read, the authors he most affected were Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson. The "Castle of Indolence" was an especial favorite with him during boyhood. The first book he bought with his own money was a copy of Spenser's "Faery Queen."

One who watched him during his childhood tells me, that "when he was

six years old his favorite book was Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'; and that whenever he went to visit his Grandmother Hawthorne, he used to take the old family copy to a large chair in a corner of the room near a window, and read it by the hour, without once speaking. No one ever thought of asking how much of it he understood. I think it one of the happiest circumstances of his training, that nothing was ever explained to him, and that there was no professedly intellectual person in the family to usurp the place of Providence and supplement its shortcomings, in order to make him what he was never intended to be. His mind developed itself; intentional cultivation might have spoiled it. . . . He used to invent long stories, wild and fanciful, and tell where he was going when he grew up, and of the wonderful adventures he was to meet with, always ending with, 'And I'm never coming back again,' in quite a solemn tone, that enjoined upon us the advice to value him the more while he stayed with us."

When he could scarcely speak plain, it is recalled by members of the family that the little fellow would go about the house, repeating with vehement emphasis and gestures certain stagg lines from Shakespeare's Richard III., which he had overheard from older persons about him. One line, in particular, made a great impression upon him, and he would start up on the most unexpected occasions and fire off in his loudest tone,

"Stand back, my Lord, and let the coffin pass."

When Hawthorne was a little more than twelve, the family moved to Raymond in the State of Maine; here his out-of-door life did him great service, for he grew tall and strong, and became a good shot and an excellent fisherman. Here also his imagination was first stimulated, the wild scenery and the primitive manners of the people contributing greatly to awaken his thought. At seventeen he entered Bowdoin College, and after his graduation

returned again to live in Salem. During his youth he had an impression that he would die before the age of twenty-five; but the Mannings, his ever-watchful and kind relations, did everything possible for the care of his health, and he was tided safely over the period when he was most delicate.

When a youth he made a journey into New Hampshire with one of his relatives. They travelled by wagon, and met with many adventures which the young man chronicled in his letters home. Some of the touches in these epistles were very characteristic and amusing, and they showed in those early years his quick observation and descriptive power. The travellers "put up" at Farmington, in order to rest over Sunday. Hawthorne writes to a member of the family in Salem: "As we were wearied with rapid travelling, we found it impossible to attend divine service, which was, of course, very grievous to us both. In the evening, however, I went to a Bible class, with a very polite and agreeable gentleman, whom I afterwards discovered to be a strolling tailor, of very questionable habits."

When the travellers arrived in the Shaker village of Canterbury, Hawthorne at once made the acquaintance of the Community there, and the account which he sent home was to the effect that the brothers and sisters lead a good and comfortable life, and he wrote: "If it were not for the ridiculous ceremonies, a man might do a worse thing than to join them." Indeed, he spoke to them about becoming a member of the Society, and was evidently much impressed with the thrift and peace of the establishment.

This visit in early life to the Shakers is interesting as suggesting to Hawthorne his beautiful story of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," which you will find in his volume of "The Snow-Image, and other Twice-Told Tales."

A lady of my acquaintance (the identical "Little Annie" of the "Ramble" in "Twice-Told Tales") recalls the young man "when he returned home

after his collegiate studies." "He was even then," she says, "a most noticeable person, never going into society, and deeply engaged in reading everything he could lay his hands on. It was said in those days that he had read every book in the Athenæum Library in Salem." This lady remembers that when she was a child, and before Hawthorne had printed any of his stories, she used to sit on his knee and lean her head on his shoulder, while by the hour he would fascinate her with delightful legends, much more wonderful and beautiful than any she has ever read since in printed books.

The traits of the Hawthorne character were stern probity and truthfulness. Hawthorne's mother had many characteristics in common with her distinguished son, she also being a reserved and thoughtful person. Those who knew the family describe the son's affection for her as of the deepest and tenderest nature, and they remember that when she died his grief was almost insupportable. The anguish he suffered from her loss is distinctly recalled by many persons still living, who visited the family at that time in Salem.

I first saw Hawthorne when he was about thirty-five years old. He had then published a collection of his sketches, the now famous "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow, ever alert for what is excellent, and eager to do a brother author opportune and substantial service, at once came before the public with a generous estimate of the work in the *North American Review*; but the choice little volume, the most promising addition to American literature that had appeared for many years, made little impression on the public mind. Discerning readers, however, recognized the supreme beauty in this new writer, and they never afterwards lost sight of him.

In 1832 Hawthorne published a short anonymous romance called *Fanshawe*. I once asked him about this disowned publication, and he spoke of it with great disgust. and afterwards he thus

referred to the subject in a letter written to me in 1851: "You make an inquiry about some supposed former publication of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct answers as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage; and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready enough to bring forward. Anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal; and so far from assisting your researches in that direction, I especially enjoin it on you, my dear friend, not to read any unacknowledged page that you may suppose to be mine."

When Mr. George Bancroft, then Collector of the Port of Boston, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger in the custom-house, he did a wise thing, for no public officer ever performed his disagreeable duties better than our romancer. Here is a tattered little official document signed by Hawthorne when he was watching over the interests of the country: it certifies his attendance at the unloading of a brig, then lying at Long Wharf in Boston. I keep this precious relic side by side with one of a similar custom-house character, signed *Robert Burns*.

I came to know Hawthorne very intimately after the Whigs displaced the Democratic romancer from office. In my ardent desire to have him retained in the public service, his salary at that time being his sole dependence, — not foreseeing that his withdrawal from that sort of employment would be the best thing for American letters that could possibly happen, — I called, in his behalf, on several influential politicians of the day, and I well remember the rebuffs I received in my enthusiasm for the author of the "Twice-Told Tales." One pompous little gentleman in authority, after hearing my appeal, quite astounded me by his ignorance of the claims of a literary man on his country. "Yes, yes," he sarcastically croaked down his public turtle-fed throat, "I see through it all, I see through it; this Hawthorne is one of

them 'ere visionists, and we don't want no such a man as him round." So the "visionist" was not allowed to remain in office, and the country was better served by him in another way. In the winter of 1849, after he had been ejected from the custom-house, I went down to Salem to see him and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering from illness. He was then living in a modest wooden house in Oliver Street, if I remember rightly the location. I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling; and as the day was cold, he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talk about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood. "Now," said I, "is the time for you to publish, for I know during these years in Salem you must have got something ready for the press." "Nonsense," said he; "what heart had I to write anything, when my publishers (M. and Company) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of the 'Twice-Told Tales'?" I still pressed upon him the good chances he would have now with something new. "Who would risk publishing a book for *me*, the most unpopular writer in America?" "I would," said I, "and would start with an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write." "What madness!" he exclaimed; "your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. No, no," he continued; "I have no money to indemnify a publisher's losses on my account." I looked at my watch and found that the train would soon be starting for Boston, and I knew there was not much time to lose in trying to discover what had been his literary work during these last few years in Salem. I remember that I pressed him to reveal to me what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I caught sight of a bureau or set of drawers near where we were sitting; and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away somewhere in that article of furniture was a

story or stories by the author of the "Twice-Told Tales," and I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently with the fact. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave, begging him not to come into the cold entry, saying I would come back and see him again in a few days. I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me from the chamber, asking me to stop a moment. Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of manuscript in his hands he said: "How in Heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written, and tell me, after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad,—I don't know which." On my way up to Boston I read the germ of "The Scarlet Letter"; before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the marvellous story he had put into my hands, and telling him that I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I went on in such an amazing state of excitement when we met again in the little house, that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed sadly at my enthusiasm. However, we soon arranged for his again appearing before the public in the shape of a book.

This quarto volume—handle it carefully, my dear lad—contains numerous letters, written to me by him from 1850 down to the month of his death. The first one refers to "The Scarlet Letter," and is dated in January, 1850. At my suggestion he had altered the plan of that story. It was his intention to make "The Scarlet Letter" one of several short stories, all to be included in one volume, and to be called

OLD-TIME LEGENDS:

TOGETHER WITH SKETCHES,

EXPERIMENTAL AND IDEAL.

His first design was to make "The Scarlet Letter" occupy about two hun-

dred pages in his new book; but I persuaded him, after reading the first chapters of the story, to elaborate it, and publish it as a separate work. After it was settled that "The Scarlet Letter" should be enlarged and printed by itself in a volume he wrote to me:—

"I am truly glad that you like the Introduction, for I was rather afraid that it might appear absurd and impertinent to be talking about myself, when nobody, that I know of, has requested any information on that subject.

"As regards the size of the book, I have been thinking a good deal about it. Considered merely as a matter of taste and beauty, the form of publication which you recommend seems to me much preferable to that of the 'Mosses.'

"In the present case, however, I have some doubts of the expediency, because, if the book is made up entirely of 'The Scarlet Letter,' it will be too sombre. I found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in. Keeping so close to its point as the tale does, and diversified no otherwise than by turning different sides of the same dark idea to the reader's eye, it will weary very many people and disgust some. Is it safe, then, to stake the fate of the book entirely on this one chance? A hunter loads his gun with a bullet and several buckshot; and, following his sagacious example, it was my purpose to conjoin the one long story with half a dozen shorter ones, so that, failing to kill the public outright with my biggest and heaviest lump of lead, I might have other chances with the smaller bits, individually and in the aggregate. However, I am willing to leave these considerations to your judgment, and should not be sorry to have you decide for the separate publication.

"In this latter event it appears to me that the only proper title for the book would be 'The Scarlet Letter,' for 'The Custom-House' is merely introductory,—an entrance-hall to the magnificent edifice which I throw open

to my guests. It would be funny if, seeing the further passages so dark and dismal, they should all choose to stop there! If 'The Scarlet Letter' is to be the title, would it not be well to print it on the title-page in red ink? I am not quite sure about the good taste of so doing, but it would certainly be piquant and appropriate, and, I think, attractive to the great gull whom we are endeavoring to circumvent."

One beautiful summer day, twenty years ago, I found Hawthorne in his little red cottage at Lenox, surrounded by his happy young family. His boy and girl were swinging on the gate as we drove up to his door, and with their sunny curls formed a beautiful feature in the landscape. As the afternoon was cool and delightful, we proposed a drive over to Pittsfield to see Holmes, who was then living on his ancestral farm. Hawthorne was in a cheerful condition and seemed to enjoy the beauty of the day to the utmost. Next morning we were all invited by Mr. Dudley Field, then living at Stockbridge, to ascend Monument Mountain. Holmes, Hawthorne, Duyckinck, Herman Melville, Headley, Sedgwick, Matthews, and several ladies, were of the party. We scrambled to the top with great spirit, and when we arrived, Melville, I remember, bestrode a peaked rock, which ran out like a bowsprit, and pulled and hauled imaginary ropes for our delectation. Then we all assembled in a shady spot, and one of the party read to us Bryant's beautiful poem commemorating Monument Mountain. Then we lunched among the rocks, and somebody proposed Bryant's health, and "long life to the dear old poet." This was the most popular toast of the day, and it took, I remember, a considerable quantity of Heidsieck to do it justice. In the afternoon, pioneered by Headley, we made our way, with merry shouts and laughter, through the Ice-Glen. Hawthorne was among the most enterprising of the merry-makers; and being in the dark much of the time, he ventured to call

out lustily, and pretend that certain destruction was inevitable to all of us. After this extemporaneous jollity, we all dined together at Mr. Dudley Field's in Stockbridge, and Hawthorne rayed out in a sparkling and unwonted manner. I remember the conversation at table chiefly ran on the physical differences between the present American and English men, Hawthorne stoutly taking part in favor of the American. This 5th of August was a happy day throughout, and I never saw Hawthorne in better spirits.

Often and often I have seen him sitting in the chair you are now occupying by the window, looking out into the twilight. He liked to watch the vessels dropping down the stream, and nothing pleased him more than to go on board a newly arrived bark from Down East, as she was just moored at the wharf. One night we made the acquaintance of a cabin-boy on board a brig, whom we found off duty and reading a large subscription volume, which proved, on inquiry, to be a Commentary on the Bible. When Hawthorne questioned him why he was reading, then and there, that particular book, he replied with a knowing wink at both of us, "There's considerable her'sy in our place, and I'm a studying up for 'em."

He liked on Sunday to mouse about among the books, and there are few volumes in this room that he has not handled or read. He knew he could have unmolested habitation here, whenever he chose to come, and he was never allowed to be annoyed by intrusion of any kind. He always slept in the same room,—the one looking on the water; and many a night I have heard his solemn footsteps over my head, long after the rest of the house had gone to sleep. Like many other nervous men of genius, he was a light sleeper, and he liked to be up and about early; but it was only for a ramble among the books again. One summer morning I found him as early as four o'clock reading a favorite poem, Grainger's "Ode on Solitude," a piece

he very much admired. That morning I shall not soon forget, for he was in the vein for autobiographical talk, and he gave me a most interesting account of his father, the sea-captain, who died of the yellow-fever in Havana, and of his beautiful mother, who dwelt a secluded mourner ever after the death of her husband. Then he drew a picture of his college life, and of his one sole intimate, Franklin Pierce, whom he loved devotedly his life long.

In the early period of our acquaintance he much affected the old Exchange Coffee-House in Devonshire Street, and once I remember to have found him shut up there before a blazing coal-fire, in the "tumultuous privacy" of a great snow-storm, reading with apparent interest an obsolete copy of the "Old Farmer's Almanac," which he had picked up about the house. He also delighted in the Old Province House, at that time an inn, kept by one Thomas Waite, whom he has immortalized. After he was chosen a member of the Saturday Club he came frequently to dinner with Felton, Longfellow, Holmes, and the rest of his friends, who assembled once a month to dine together. At the table, on these occasions, he was rather reticent than conversational, but when he chose to talk it was observed that the best things said that day came from him.

As I turn over his letters, the old days, delightful to recall, come back again with added interest. "I sha'n't have the new story," he says in one of them, dated from Lenox on the 1st of October, 1850, "ready by November, for I am never good for anything in the literary way till after the first autumnal frost, which has somewhat such an effect on my imagination that it does on the foliage here about me,—multiplying and brightening its hues; though they are likely to be sober and shabby enough after all.

"I am beginning to puzzle myself about a title for the book. The scene of it is in one of those old projecting-storied houses, familiar to my eye in Salem; and the story, horrible to say,

is a little less than two hundred years long; though all but thirty or forty pages of it refer to the present time. I think of such titles as 'The House of the Seven Gables,' there being that number of gable-ends to the old shanty; or 'The Seven-Gabled House'; or simply, 'The Seven Gables.' Tell me how these strike you. It appears to me that the latter is rather the best, and has the great advantage that it would puzzle the Devil to tell what it means."

A month afterwards he writes further with regard to "The House of the Seven Gables," concerning the title to which he was still in a quandary:—

"'The Old Pyncheon House: A Romance'; 'The Old Pyncheon Family; or the House of the Seven Gables: A Romance',—choose between them. I have rather a distaste to a double title; otherwise, I think I should prefer the second. Is it any matter under which title it is announced? If a better should occur hereafter, we can substitute. Of these two, on the whole, I judge the first to be the better.

"I write diligently, but not so rapidly as I had hoped. I find the book requires more care and thought than 'The Scarlet Letter'; also, I have to wait oftener for a mood. 'The Scarlet Letter' being all in one tone, I had only to get my pitch, and could then go on interminably. Many passages of this book ought to be finished with the minuteness of a Dutch picture, in order to give them their proper effect. Sometimes, when tired of it, it strikes me that the whole is an absurdity, from beginning to end; but the fact is, in writing a romance, a man is always, or always ought to be, careering on the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity, and the skill lies in coming as close as possible, without actually tumbling over. My prevailing idea is, that the book ought to succeed better than 'The Scarlet Letter,' though I have no idea that it will."

On the 9th of December he was still at work on the new romance and writes: "My desire and prayer is to

get through with the business in hand. I have been in a Slough of Despond for some days past, having written so fiercely that I came to a stand-still. There are points where a writer gets bewildered and cannot form any judgment of what he has done, or tell what to do next. In these cases it is best to keep quiet."

On the 12th of January, 1851, he is still busy over his new book, and writes: "My 'House of the Seven Gables' is, so to speak, finished; only I am hammering away a little on the roof, and doing up a few odd jobs, that were left incomplete." At the end of the month the manuscript of his second great romance was put into the hands of the expressman at Lenox, by Hawthorne himself, to be delivered to me. On the 27th he writes: "If you do not soon receive it, you may conclude that it has miscarried; in which case, I shall not consent to the universe existing a moment longer. I have no copy of it, except the wildest scribble of a first draught, so that it could never be restored.

"It has met with extraordinary success from that portion of the public to whose judgment it has been submitted, viz. from my wife. I likewise prefer it to 'The Scarlet Letter'; but an author's opinion of his book just after completing it is worth little or nothing, he being then in the hot or cold fit of a fever, and certain to rate it too high or too low.

"It has undoubtedly one disadvantage in being brought so close to the present time; whereby its romantic improbabilities become more glaring.

"I deem it indispensable that the proof-sheets should be sent me for correction. It will cause some delay, no doubt, but probably not much more than if I lived in Salem. At all events, I don't see how it can be helped. My autography is sometimes villanously blind; and it is odd enough that whenever the printers do mistake a word, it is just the very jewel of a word, worth all the rest of the dictionary."

I well remember with what anxiety

I awaited the arrival of the expressman with the precious parcel, and with what keen delight I read every word of the new story before I slept. Here is the original manuscript, just as it came that day, twenty years ago, fresh from the author's hand. The printers carefully preserved it for me; and Hawthorne once made a formal presentation of it, with great mock solemnity, in this very room where we are now sitting.

After the book came out he wrote: "I have by no means an inconvenient multitude of friends; but if they ever do appear a little too numerous, it is when I am making a list of those to whom presentation copies are to be sent. Please send one to General Pierce, Horatio Bridge, R. W. Emerson, W. E. Channing, Longfellow, Hillard, Sumner, Holmes, Lowell, and Thompson the artist. You will yourself give one to Whipple, whereby I shall make a saving. I presume you won't put the portrait into the book. It appears to me an improper accompaniment to a new work. Nevertheless, if it be ready, I should be glad to have each of these presentation copies accompanied by a copy of the engraving put loosely between the leaves. Good by. I must now trudge two miles to the village, through rain and mud knee-deep, after that accursed proof-sheet. The book reads very well in proofs, but I don't believe it will take like the former one. The preliminary chapter was what gave 'The Scarlet Letter' its vogue."

The engraving he refers to in this letter was made from a portrait by Mr. C. G. Thompson, and at that time, 1851, was an admirable likeness. On the 6th of March he writes: "The package, with my five heads, arrived yesterday afternoon, and we are truly obliged to you for putting so many at our disposal. They are admirably done. The children recognized their venerable sire with great delight. My wife complains somewhat of a want of cheerfulness in the face; and, to say the truth, it does appear to be afflicted with a bedevilled melancholy; but it

will do all the better for the author of 'The Scarlet Letter.' In the expression there is a singular resemblance (which I do not remember in Thompson's picture) to a miniature of my father."

His letters to me, during the summer of 1851, were frequent and sometimes quite long. "The House of the Seven Gables" was warmly welcomed both at home and abroad. On the 23d of May he writes:—

"Whipple's notices have done more than pleased me, for they have helped me to see my book. Much of the censure I recognize as just; I wish I could feel the praise to be so fully deserved. Being better (which I insist it is) than 'The Scarlet Letter,' I have never expected it to be so popular (this steel pen makes me write awfully). ——— Esq., of Boston, has written to me, complaining that I have made his grandfather infamous! It seems there was actually a Pyncheon (or Pynchon, as he spells it) family resident in Salem, and that their representative, at the period of the Revolution, was a certain Judge Pynchon, a Tory and a refugee. This was Mr. ———'s grandfather, and (at least, so he dutifully describes him) the most exemplary old gentleman in the world. There are several touches in my account of the Pyncheons which, he says, make it probable that I had this actual family in my eye, and he considers himself infinitely wronged and aggrieved, and thinks it monstrous that the 'virtuous dead' cannot be suffered to rest quietly in their graves. He further complains that I speak disrespectfully of the ———'s in Grandfather's Chair. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, though there is quite enough of the latter quality to give piquancy to his epistle. The joke of the matter is, that I never heard of his grandfather, nor knew that any Pyncheons had ever lived in Salem, but took the name because it suited the tone of my book, and was as much my property, for fictitious purposes, as that of Smith. I have pacified him by a very polite and gentlemanly letter,

and if ever you publish any more of the Seven Gables, I should like to write a brief preface, expressive of my anguish for this unintentional wrong, and making the best reparation possible; else these wretched old Pyncheons will have no peace in the other world, nor in this. Furthermore, there is a Rev. Mr. ———, resident within four miles of me, and a cousin of Mr. ———, who states that he likewise is highly indignant. Who would have dreamed of claimants starting up for such an inheritance as the House of the Seven Gables!

"I mean to write, within six weeks or two months next ensuing, a book of stories made up of classical myths. The subjects are: The Story of Midas, with his Golden Touch, Pandora's Box, The Adventure of Hercules in quest of the Golden Apples, Bellerophon and the Chimera, Baucis and Philemon, Perseus and Medusa; these, I think, will be enough to make up a volume. As a framework, I shall have a young college student telling these stories to his cousins and brothers and sisters, during his vacations, sometimes at the fireside, sometimes in the woods and dells. Unless I greatly mistake, these old fictions will work up admirably for the purpose; and I shall aim at substituting a tone in some degree Gothic or romantic, or any such tone as may best please myself, instead of the classic coldness, which is as repellant as the touch of marble.

"I give you these hints of my plan, because you will perhaps think it advisable to employ Billings to prepare some illustrations. There is a good scope in the above subjects for fanciful designs. Bellerophon and the Chimera, for instance: the Chimera a fantastic monster with three heads, and Bellerophon fighting him, mounted on Pegasus; Pandora opening the box; Hercules talking with Atlas, an enormous giant who holds the sky on his shoulders, or, sailing across the sea in an immense bowl; Perseus transforming a king and all his subjects to stone, by exhibiting the Gorgon's head. No particular accuracy in costume need be

aimed at. My stories will bear out the artist in any liberties he may be inclined to take. Billings would do these things well enough, though his characteristics are grace and delicacy rather than wildness of fancy. The book, if it comes out of my mind as I see it now, ought to have pretty wide success amongst young people; and, of course, I shall purge out all the old heathen wickedness, and put in a moral wherever practicable. For a title how would this do: 'A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys'; or, 'The Wonder-Book of Old Stories'? I prefer the former. Or, 'Myths Modernized for my Children'; that won't do.

"I need a little change of scene, and meant to have come to Boston and elsewhere before writing this book; but I cannot leave home at present."

Throughout the summer Hawthorne was worried almost out of existence by people who insisted that they, or their families in the present or past generations, had been deeply wronged in "The House of the Seven Gables." In a note, received from him on the 5th of June, he says:—

"I have just received a letter from still another claimant of the Pyncheon estate. I wonder if ever, and how soon, I shall get a just estimate of how many jackasses there are in this ridiculous world. My correspondent, by the way, estimates the number of these Pyncheon jackasses at about twenty; I am doubtless to be remonstrated with by each individual. After exchanging shots with all of them, I shall get you to publish the whole correspondence, in a style to match that of my other works, and I anticipate a great run for the volume.

"P. S. My last correspondent demands that another name be substituted, instead of that of the family; to which I assent, in case the publishers can be prevailed on to cancel the stereotype plates. Of course you will consent! Pray do!"

Praise now poured in upon him from all quarters. Hosts of critics, both in England and America, gallantly came

forward to do him service, and his fame was assured. On the 15th of July he sends me a jubilant letter from Lenox, from which I will read to you several passages:—

"Mrs. Kemble writes very good accounts from London of the reception my two romances have met with there. She says they have made a greater sensation than any book since 'Jane Eyre'; but probably she is a little or a good deal too emphatic in her representation of the matter. At any rate, she advises that the sheets of any future book be sent to Moxon, and such an arrangement made that a copyright may be secured in England as well as here. Could this be done with the Wonder Book? And do you think it would be worth while? I must see the proof-sheets of this book. It is a cursed bore; for I want to be done with it from this moment. Can't you arrange it so that two or three or more sheets may be sent at once, on stated days, and so my journeys to the village be fewer?"

"That review which you sent me is a remarkable production. There is praise enough to satisfy a greedier author than myself. I set it aside, as not being able to estimate how far it is deserved. I can better judge of the censure, much of which is undoubtedly just; and I shall profit by it if I can. But, after all, there would be no great use in attempting it. There are weeds enough in my mind, to be sure, and I might pluck them up by the handful; but in so doing I should root up the few flowers along with them. It is also to be considered, that what one man calls weeds another classifies among the choicest flowers in the garden. But this reviewer is certainly a man of sense, and sometimes tickles me under the fifth rib. I beg you to observe, however, that I do not acknowledge his justice in cutting and slashing among the characters of the two books, at the rate he does; sparing nobody, I think, except Pearl and Phœbe. Yet I think he is right as to my tendency as respects individual character.

"I am going to begin to enjoy the summer now, and to read foolish novels, if I can get any, and smoke cigars, and think of nothing at all; which is equivalent to thinking of all manner of things."

The composition of the "Tanglewood Tales" gave him great pleasure, and all his letters, during the period he was writing them, overflow with evidences of his felicitous mood. He requests that Billings should pay especial attention to the drawings, and is very anxious that the porch of Tanglewood should be "well supplied with shrubbery." He seemed greatly pleased that Mary Russell Mitford had fallen in with his books and had written to me about them. "Her sketches," he said, "long ago as I read them, are as sweet in my memory as the scent of new hay." On the 18th of August he writes:—

"You are going to publish another thousand of the Seven Gables. I promised those Pyncheons a preface. What if you insert the following?

"(The author is pained to learn that, in selecting a name for the fictitious inhabitants of a castle in the air, he has wounded the feelings of more than one respectable descendant of an old Pyncheon family. He begs leave to say that he intended no reference to any individual of the name, now or heretofore extant; and further, that, at the time of writing his book, he was wholly unaware of the existence of such a family in New England for two hundred years back, and that whatever he may have since learned of them is altogether to their credit.)

"Insert it or not, as you like. I have done with the matter."

I advised him to let the Pyncheons rest as they were, and omit any addition, either as note or preface, to the romance.

Near the close of 1851 his health seemed unsettled, and he asked me to look over certain proofs "carefully," for he did not feel well enough to manage them himself. In one of his notes, written from Lenox at that time, he says:—

"Please God, I mean to look you

in the face towards the end of next week; at all events, within ten days. I have stayed here too long and too constantly. To tell you a secret, I am sick to death of Berkshire, and hate to think of spending another winter here. But I must. The air and climate do not agree with my health at all; and, for the first time since I was a boy, I have felt languid and dispirited during almost my whole residence here. O that Providence would build me the merest little shanty, and mark me out a rood or two of garden-ground, near the sea-coast. I thank you for the two volumes of De Quincey. If it were not for your kindness in supplying me with books now and then, I should quite forget how to read."

Hawthorne was a great devourer of books, and in certain moods of mind it made very little difference to him what the volume before him happened to be. An old play or an old newspaper sometimes gave him wondrous great content, and he would ponder the sleepy, uninteresting sentences as if they contained immortal mental aliment. He once told me he found such delight in old advertisements in the newspaper files at the Boston Athenæum, that he had passed delicious hours among them. At other times he was very fastidious, and threw aside book after book until he found the right one. De Quincey was a special favorite with him, and the Sermons of Laurence Sterne he once commended to me as the best sermons ever written. In his library was an old copy of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," which had floated down to him from a remote ancestry, and which he had read so industriously for forty years that it was nearly worn out of its thick leathern cover. Hearing him say once that the old English State Trials were enchanting reading, and knowing that he did not possess a copy of those heavy old folios, I picked up a set at a book-stall and sent them to him. He often told me that he spent more hours over them and got more delectation out of them than tongue could tell, and he said,

if five lives were vouchsafed to him, he could employ them all in writing stories out of those books. He had sketched, in his mind, several romances founded on the remarkable trials reported in the old volumes; and one day, I remember, he made my blood tingle by relating some of the situations he intended, if his life was spared, to weave into future romances. Sir Walter Scott's novels he continued almost to worship, and was accustomed to read them aloud in his family. The novels of G. P. R. James, both the early and the later ones, he insisted were admirable stories, admirably told, and he had high praise to bestow on the novels of Anthony Trollope. "Have you ever read these novels?" he wrote to me in a letter from England, some time before Trollope began to be much known in America. "They precisely suit my taste; solid and substantial, written on the strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business and not suspecting that they were made a show of. And these books are as English as a beefsteak. Have they ever been tried in America? It needs an English residence to make them thoroughly comprehensible; but still I should think that the human nature in them would give them success anywhere."

But I fear I am tiring you with this long talk about the man I knew and loved so well. You ask me if all his moods were sombre, and if he was never jolly sometimes like other people. Indeed he was; and although the humorous side of Hawthorne was not easily or often discoverable, yet have I seen him marvellously moved to fun, and no man laughed more heartily in his way over a good story. Wise and witty H——, in whom wisdom and wit are so ingrained that age only increases his subtle spirit, and only enhances the power of his cheerful temperament,

always had the talismanic faculty of breaking up that thoughtfully sad face into mirthful waves; and I remember how Hawthorne writhed with hilarious delight over Professor L——'s account of a butcher who remarked that, "Idees had got afloat in the public mind with respect to sassingers." I once told him of a young woman who brought in a manuscript, and said, as she placed it in my hands, "I don't know what to do with myself sometimes, I'm so filled with *mammoth thoughts*." A series of convulsive efforts to suppress explosive laughter followed, which I remember to this day.

He had an inexhaustible store of amusing anecdotes to relate of people and things he had observed on the road. One day he described to us, in his inimitable and quietly ludicrous manner, being *watched*, while on a visit to a distant city, by a friend who called, and thought he needed a protector, his health being at that time not so good as usual. "He stuck by me," said Hawthorne, "as if he were afraid to leave me alone; he stayed past the dinner-hour, and when I began to wonder if he never took meals himself, he departed and set another man to *watch* me till he should return. That man *watched* me so, in his unwearied kindness, that when I left the house I forgot half my luggage, and left behind, among other things, a beautiful pair of slippers. They *watched* me so, among them, I swear to you I forgot nearly everything I owned."

I see you are still interested, my dear boy, in this remarkable author; and, if you desire it, I will continue my reminiscences of him when we meet again. I could go on in this desultory conversational way a long time if I were as sure of my audience as I am of the genius of my subject. So *you* must decide if we shall continue our Hawthorne talk next month, or if you are to move your uncle's chair opposite some other portrait, of which there are many more in the room.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Faust: A Tragedy by JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. The First Part. Translated, in the original Metres, by BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston : Fields, Osgood, & Co.

WE need not enter upon the question, which Mr. Taylor considers somewhat in his Preface, whether he had a real vocation to the present work, since Mr. Hayward had already done it acceptably in one form and Mr. Brooks in another. Translation is a labor that almost in the nature of things must be renewed from time to time ; and the fact that we had no English version by a man of so much poetical repute as himself would to our thinking justify Mr. Taylor's attempt. He warmly acknowledges the fidelity and conscientiousness of Mr. Brooks's translation, which he says he could not but follow "in all essential particulars," and of which it seemed to him the only deficiencies were "a lack of the lyrical fire and fluency of the original in some passages, and an occasional lowering of the tone through the use of the words which are literal but not equivalent."

Mr. Taylor translates "Faust" in the original metres, with the rhymes, monosyllabic and dissyllabic, almost invariably as they are in the German, and also with a very remarkable degree of literalness, though not with so great literalness as we could have desired. There is always a question in translation of what shall perish, and each translator must decide for himself. For our part — and we say this at once that we may be able to do justice to Mr. Taylor — we think that, for the sake of fidelity, the rhyme had better go, as being the least of the admirable qualities of poetry. For example, he has done very beautifully that song of the "Spirits" in the third scene : —

"Vanish, ye darkling
Arches above him !
Loveliest weather,
Born of blue ether,
Break from the sky !
O that the darkling
Clouds had departed !
Starlight is sparkling,
Tranquiller-hearted
Suns are on high," etc.

We believe it scarcely possible to make a better version than this, and keep the

rhyme and rhythm ; but we think it would have been better to have made a rhymeless translation, keeping only the original movement, and the dissyllabic line-endings.* The translator would then have been able to reproduce the poet more truthfully, and need not, perhaps, have obliged him to say "tranquiller-hearted suns" and "loveliest weather born of blue ether," instead of what he did say : —

"Schwindet ihr dunkeln
Wölbungen droben !
Reizender schaue
Freundlicher blaue
Aether herein !
Wären die dunkeln
Wolken zerronnen !
Sternelein funkeln,
Mildere Sonnen
Scheinen darein."

We state these objections as the key to the criticism which we should have generally to make upon Mr. Taylor's version. His translation of the rhyme and metre of the original — which he also forsakes at times — is a wonderful *tour de force* ; but sometimes it prevents his rendering the German exactly ; sometimes it obliges him to invent epithets, and very often it forces him to the use of inversions which discord with the light colloquial tone of a great part of the play.

For this last reason the most successful passages of his translation are the loftier and tenderer ones, in which the poet's diction is further removed from every-day parlance. He appears to admirable effect, for instance, in that soliloquy of Faust's when he enters Margaret's chamber : —

"FAUST (*looking around*).

"O welcome, twilight soft and sweet,
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine !
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine !
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content !
This poverty what bounty blesses !
What bliss within this narrow den is pent !

* In justice to the translator we must quote what he says in his note upon this passage : "The rhythmical translation of this song — which, without the original rhythm and rhyme, would lose nearly all its value — is a head and heart breaking task. I can only say that, after returning to it again and again, during a period of six years, I can offer nothing better."

(*He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair near the bed.*)

Receive me, thou, that in thine open arms
Departed joy and pain wert wont to gather !
How oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
Hung here, around this throne, where sat the father !
Perchance my love, amid the childish band,
Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.
I feel, O maid ! thy very soul
Of order and content around me whisper, —
Which leads thee with its motherly control,
The cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee un-
roll,
The sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper.
O dearest hand, to thee 't is given
To change this hut into a lower heaven !
And here !

(*He lifts one of the bed-curtains.*)

"What sweetest thrill is in my blood !
Here could I spend whole hours, delaying :
Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
The angel blossom from the bud.
"Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence
The tender bosom filled and fair,
And here was wrought, through holier, purer pres-
ence,
The form diviner beings wear !
"And I ? What drew me here with power ?
How deeply am I moved, this hour !
What seek I ? Why so full my heart, and sore ?
Miserable Faust ! I know thee now no more."

This is very finely and faithfully done, with all the remorseful passion, the self-pitying tenderness of the man for the helplessness he is to ruin, and the feeling of the sweet domestic charm of Margaret's character transferred to the English. This sweetness and simple domesticity, so lovely in the German, is given again with great success in the version of Margaret's own pretty and trustful speeches : —

"A nice estate was left us by my father,
A house, a little garden near the town.
But now my days have less of noise and hurry ;
My brother is a soldier,
My little sister's dead.
True, with the child a troubled life I led,
Yet I would take again, and willing, all the worry,
So very dear was she.

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee !

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and it was fond of me.
Father had died before it saw the light,
And mother's case seemed hopeless quite,
So weak and miserable she lay ;
And she recovered, then, so slowly, day by day.
She could not think, herself, of giving
The poor wee thing its natural living :
And so I nursed it all alone
With milk and water : 't was my own.
Lulled in my lap with many a song,
It smiled, and tumbled, and grew strong.

FAUST.

The purest bliss was surely then thy dower.

MARGARET.

But surely, also, many a weary hour.
I kept the baby's cradle near
My bed at night ; if 't even stirred, I 'd guess it,
And waking, hear.
And I must nurse it, warm beside me press it,
And oft, to quiet it, my bed forsake,
And dandling back and forth the restless creature
take,
Then at the wash-tub stand, at morning's break ;
And then the marketing and kitchen-tending,
Day after day, the same thing, never-ending."

Now and then a precious phrase is lost ; but on the whole the translation is so good that if the reader does not recur to the German he will certainly not know from poverty of the English that he has suffered any deprivation. Here, as elsewhere in Mr. Taylor's rendering, those who read the verse aloud will perceive how he has filled himself with the music of Goethe, and how perfectly he echoes it. In nothing is his success more notable than in this particular, and yet we will not be sure that the best done of all the lyrical passages is not that only one in which Mr. Taylor permits himself so far to depart from the original as to leave unrhymed the first and third lines, which Goethe rhymed. Each reader of the German might object to a word here or there, but all can see the extraordinary closeness of the version, and all must allow its melody and beauty : —

"There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave, —
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

"Naught was to him more precious ;
He drained it at every bout :
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

"When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

"He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

"There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow ;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

"He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea :
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he !"

Among the parts of the poem that seem to us remarkably well done is the "Prelude on the Stage," which is at once very literal and very easy, — excellent Goethean and excellent English. We like also, but with more reserve, the "Dedication," and it seems to us that the last scene, in which Faust and Mephistopheles appear to rescue Margaret from prison, is as a whole good almost in proportion to the difficulties of its management. We cannot always see the reason Mr. Taylor has for lengthening certain lines by a foot or more, when a faithful version would apparently have retained the original measure, but we are ready to believe that a more careful examination of the poem than we have been able to give it would show this. At least, we feel that without study in some sort comparable to this translator's, self-distrust is safety for his critic.

In the immensely difficult work which Mr. Taylor proposed to himself, it would be surprising if he had perfectly succeeded, or if he could always have adhered to his own plan. He has been obliged to swerve from it at times, now to sacrifice the rhyme that he may keep the measure, now to vary the measure that he may have the rhyme, and now to make free with his author's expressions, that he may retain his graces. But these deflections are not characteristic of the work, which preserves in a very wonderful degree the meaning, the movement, the music of the German.

Translation has limitations as inexorable as mortality, and is like the body to the soul. At the very best, it can only allow the soul to shine through, and often must obscure it. Let us never expect too much of it; rather, let the exacting critic attempt to improve any faulty passage for himself, and then he will recognize its difficulties and the narrowness of its province. Above all, it should be remembered that it is not for those who can read the original, but for those who cannot, and to whom the form and the sense are more precious than the exquisite expression, the irretainable aroma.

"Faust" presents singular difficulties to the translator. We do not generally understand that much of it is purposely common to commonplaceness, though redeemed by the vastness and grandeur of the whole design. Against this prepossession the translator sets his face with danger, and if he is true to the poet he runs the grave risk of being blamed with his diffuseness

and mistiness. Add to this essential trouble the great and capricious variety of the metres which Mr. Taylor proposed to keep, and the dissyllabic rhymes which he reproduces in a language not rich in them, and some idea may be formed of the labor he has performed. The spirit in which he has performed it is one of perfect humility and devotion to the original and of the most patient art; so that where the translation seems least successful, his regret is almost sensible to the sympathetic reader, who cannot help rejoicing in his success.

Following the poem is a very interesting, full, and satisfactory mass of notes for the elucidation of the text, and the discussion of the various versions, — evidently the fruit of careful study and thorough knowledge of Faust-lore; and then there are valuable appendices giving the legend of Faust, and the chronology of Goethe's play.

The work appears in the sumptuous style of Mr. Longfellow's Dante and Mr. Bryant's Homer, and adds another to those American translations which, while they appeal to the national pride, may be read without an effort of patriotism. Let us not forget to speak of the graceful German poem which the translator addresses to Goethe, and of which the closing lines so well describe the intention, largely fulfilled, of his labor: —

"Lass Deinen Geist in meiner Stimme klingen,
Und was Du sangst, lass mich es Dir nachsingen!"

The English Governess at the Siamese Court: being Recollections of Six Years in the Royal Palace at Bangkok. By ANNA HENRIETTA LEONOWENS. With Illustrations from Photographs presented to the Author by the King of Siam. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

SOME passages of this unique narrative of Mrs. Leonowens we have already had the pleasure of offering our readers, who can hardly have forgotten them. They characterize very fairly the whole book, which is a description of things as remote from our conventional ideas of an Eastern court as from any experience of our Western lives. The author's six years' service as instructress of the wives and children of the Siamese king in the English language enabled her to see intimately the life of that grotesque and cruel, yet most amusing despot, and the life of the slaves of high and low degree that trembled about him, and op-

pressed and wronged each other, as he oppressed and wronged them all. The spectacle presented is one of the most tragical, varied by touches of fantasticality and absurdity as extraordinary as the features of terror and violence. The king was a man of the sublimest morals in theory, of tender affections in many ways, of a literary and scientific ambition, of aspirations for something like European culture and civilization, but bound down by the traditions of his race and the love of power to the practise of wanton and repulsive tyrannies, and steeped in the sensuality of the East. He bewails with affecting sorrow the loss of one daughter, and causes the mother of another to be scourged in her sight. His palace is a prison for the multitudes of his wives and concubines, any of whom may pass in a moment from his embrace to the whip of the executioner, if it is the caprice of his lawless temper. Under him is the wretched shadow of royalty called the Second King, who miserably exists in the fear of the Supreme King's fear of him; and the scale descends with illimitable oppression everywhere, from the various ministers and judges to the abject populace, who still have slaves of their own. Yet there is one grand check upon this monstrous system: the prosperity of European commerce with Siam. This is so important that consuls are empowered to give any desired protection to foreign residents, and the despotism ceases with the Asiatics. A quiet gentleman of the civil service of England, France, or the United States suffices to stay this tyrant in the full tide of his fury; and there is an English paper published at Bangkok, in which the relations of the king to his own subjects is sharply and wholesomely criticised; so that the late king, who was very proud of his English, had the advantage of a free press as concerned himself. Thanks to the residence of a British Consul in the city, Mrs. Leonowens was enabled to maintain the independent bearing in the king's service which alone made it endurable, to oppose his fantastic will, and somewhat to soften the rigors of the pedantic despot—a kind of Siamese James I.—towards others. Her position was a very strange one, and by no means pleasant, in most things: the potentate who respected her as an Englishwoman despised her as a woman, and his divided mind was shared by all the despots under him. Yet after being received with insolent neglect by the king's minister, and

with various arbitrary proceedings (duly resisted) by the king himself, she made herself a place in his strange regard, and when her six years' service came to an end she quitted his employ, with of course the lamentations of all the helpless women and children, and also with this quaint compliment in English from royalty itself: "Mam! you are much beloved by our common people, and all inhabitants of palace and royal children. Every one is in affliction of your departure. It shall be because you must be a good and true lady. I am often angry on you, and lose my temper, though I have large respect for you. But nevertheless you ought to know you are difficult woman, and more difficult than generality. But you will forget and come back to my service, for I have more confidence on you every day. Good by."

The book alone can convey a just idea of the life that the author saw in palace and city, and we leave it, with hearty commendation, to do so to all readers. But there is one glimpse of the grotesqueness of the national mind which we cannot forbear giving, because it seems fairly to express in a little the whole amusing invertedness of the East. "One cannot but be struck," wrote a member of the Siamese embassy after his return from London, "with the aspect of the august queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

The Children's Crusade. An Episode of the Thirteenth Century. By GEORGE ZABRISKIE GRAY. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THE fact that in the thirteenth century fifty thousand French and German children, in separate crusades, left their homes and set out, under the leadership of two of their number, to achieve the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, after so many armies had failed, is as little known as it is picturesque and surprising. It was in the time of Innocent the Great, and the children caught from him the fervor for crusading before which their elders and rulers remained cold. Two shepherd lads, who had been inflamed with so much zeal by the priests as to believe themselves divinely appointed to preach and

lead the children's crusade, gradually drew a vast following after them, the enthusiasm of which the little ones could nowhere resist. Boys and girls alike left their homes, in hut and hall, against the entreaties and commands of their parents and the decrees of their princes. A rabble of fanatical priests accompanied them, and the vile and lewd of either sex and all ages joined their march, and preyed upon them. The Rhenish barons supplied themselves abundantly with serfs from the helpless hosts of the German children, who, with immense losses by pestilence and violence and famine, crossed the Alps into Italy, where their blamelessness was made to feel the hatred for the German race enkindled by the imperial invasions. The sea was to open before them and to give them a path to Asia, and they wandered from port to port for this miracle in vain. At last they appeared before Innocent in Rome, and he sent the miserable remnant back to their homes. The French children reached Marseilles in full force, and found the Mediterranean as insensible to prophecy there as it had shown itself in Italy. But two merchants, Hugo Ferreus and William Porcus, offered the little ones passage in their ships to the Holy Land. Part of them perished by shipwreck, and the rest were carried, as the merchants had plotted, to the Moslem coasts, and sold into slavery, from which they were never redeemed.

This is that most tragical story which Mr. Gray has with great patience drawn from the chronicles of the period, and given for the first time completeness and coherence. He has written with the interest which such an uncommon theme must inspire, and has not been betrayed into greater fancifulness and conjecture, perhaps, than could well be avoided, considering the strangeness of the material and the obscurity of the time. We cannot help feeling, however, that he has just failed to make one of the most beautiful children's books that could have been written, while his narration lacks a satisfactory historical strength and philosophy. A few touches, bestowed here and there, would still put the children in possession of a work which might profitably supplant nine tenths of the books lately written for them, while their elders would be no less charmed with it, and would not then be troubled by a sense of the defects we have hinted at. But as it stands we accept it very gratefully, and own to a sad pleasure in its perusal. Certainly, in the history of

the world, there never were events more wonderful and touching, and we heartily commend the book, which fathers and mothers may read aloud to their little ones, and may easily make intelligible to them, while they themselves will not fail to enjoy it.

The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, K. G., G. C. B., etc., with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence. By the RIGHT HONORABLE SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER, G. C. B., M. P. Vols. I. and II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

THE man who has held successively the offices of Secretary at War, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Home Secretary, and Prime Minister of Great Britain for forty-six years, in that eventful period between 1809 and 1865, may well be regarded as a great public character, whose life, especially when written by one who possesses such peculiar qualifications for the work as Sir H. L. Bulwer, could hardly fail to be interesting. The two volumes now published do not extend beyond the fall of the Whig Ministry in 1841, leaving the most important part of the official life yet to be written.

Bulwer's method will not be altogether satisfactory to those who look to the daily papers to do their thinking. The reader is left to form his own opinion upon most events, from the private and public letters and extracts from diaries, which are presented very fully. That the biographer has not pursued this cause from want of sympathy with his subject is evident from the brief Preface to the work and his occasional comments, in which he leaves no doubt of his sincere and hearty admiration of Palmerston's character and political course. If the work has been performed conscientiously, that is, if there has been no improper discrimination in the selections from private correspondence, nothing omitted which would tend to develop the real character of the man, the plan is unobjectionable, — indeed the best possible, — as it brings the man himself very near to the reader.

The matter contained in these volumes, especially the first volume, which includes many letters from Lord Palmerston to his brothers and sisters, designed to show the sentiments which actuated him upon his entrance into public life, will go far to modify

the general opinion of him in this country. Most Englishmen are pleased to regard him as a good representative of their nation, — plucky, straightforward, believing in English superiority, and ready, if necessary, to fight for it as an idea. The American public, looking at him from another standpoint, have heretofore regarded him as a good representative of the governing class in England, — egotistical, snobbish, saying more than he was willing to stand by, selfish, and somewhat unscrupulous, in his foreign policy. We do not mean to say that all Americans or the most intelligent have so regarded him, but that the public has put that estimate upon him. And the reason is obvious. The people of our country see only a few prominent points in the policy of a statesman of another country. To us Palmerston was the opponent of Cobden, Bright, and Mill, the liberals, and the head of the British government during the late civil war. To most Americans those two facts were sufficient to destroy all claims to statesmanship or fair dealing.

As we have already said, the most important part of the official life is yet to come. What we have now does not so much touch Palmerston's character as a statesman as his character as a man. "There was," says Bulwer, "nothing mean, shifty, underhand, or vacillating in his course. Whatever line he took, he pursued it openly, straightforwardly, and firmly." This view is certainly borne out in the correspondence, so far as given. He must have had a genius for office; otherwise, with his decided will, and in such troublous times, — radical changes going on in all the governments of Europe, great statesmen being thrust aside never to reappear on the political stage, — he never could have held office so uninterruptedly; dying at the age of eighty-one, while still grasping with a firm hand the helm of state. We cannot give here more than a very brief outline of the prominent events in the life of the subject of this work.

Henry John Temple was born on the 20th October, 1784. He descended directly from a younger brother of that famous Sir William Temple, "who had William III. for his friend and Swift for his dependant." His father was a peer of Ireland; his mother, the daughter of a respectable tradesman of Dublin, who, though not aristocratic, was handsome and accomplished. On the death of his father, in 1802, he succeeded to the title of Viscount, and was

thereafter known as Lord Palmerston. He was educated at Harrow until sixteen years of age, when he went to Edinburgh and lived with Dugald Stewart, attending the lectures at the University. In 1803 he went to St. John's, Cambridge. Just as he became of age, in 1806, Mr. Pitt died, and the University had to choose a new member for Parliament to fill the vacancy. Although Palmerston had not taken his degree, he acted upon the advice of friends and stood as a candidate, but was defeated. In 1806 he stood again for Horsham, but was again defeated. In the following year Parliament was dissolved, and Palmerston again became a candidate for Cambridge, and would have been elected, had he not, with remarkable political honesty, adhered to an agreement to give another candidate the second votes of all his disposable plumpers. Soon after he was returned for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight. Just previous to this he was appointed by the Duke of Portland to be one of the junior Lords of the Admiralty.

The capture of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet, which occurred in September, 1807, furnished the subject of his first speech in the beginning of the session of 1808. For a first effort it was highly commended. In 1809 a quarrel between Castlereagh and Canning led to a change of Ministry, and Percival became the head of the government. The peculiar condition of parties necessitated the selection of young men for the Cabinet. Percival sent for Palmerston, then twenty-five years of age, and offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. It was a tempting offer, and one which few young men possessing the ambition and sanguine temperament of Palmerston could have had the courage to refuse. He did refuse, however, after consulting Malmesbury and others, but soon after accepted the position of Secretary at War. There was at that time a Secretary *for* War, who had charge of the general war policy, and who was usually Minister of the Colonies, or some other department. There was also a Commander-in-Chief of the army, who had entire control of the discipline, recruiting, and promotions. The Secretary *at* War controlled the finances of the War Department. Palmerston continued in this office for nineteen years, through Liverpool's, Canning's, Goderich's, and part of Wellington's administrations. When Gratton brought up the question of Catholic eman-

cipation, in 1813, Palmerston made an able speech in support of it. On all questions, except the reduction of the military establishment, he appears to have taken a more liberal view at this time than most of his Tory friends. "He spoke no word in favor of the six acts. He took no public share in the attempts to cramp the liberty of the press. His name was never identified with the attempts to increase the severity of the laws against so-called sedition and libel." Upon the dissolution of the Parliament in 1826 Palmerston found himself opposed, in the canvass for the University, by Eldon and others, on account of his action on the Catholic question, although it had been understood that that question was to be an open one. The Whigs came to his support, and he was elected. "This," he says, "was the first decided step towards a breach with the Tories, and they were the aggressors."

The wisdom of the course pursued by Palmerston was seen in the following year, when Lord Liverpool died, and Canning was called upon to form a new government. Wellington, the fossilized Eldon, Peel, — all the Tories, — retired. The "Protestant party," as it was called, — that is, the party which regarded the Catholics as having no rights which a Protestant was bound to respect, — was broken. Canning offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to Palmerston, who was now prepared to accept it. But the king, the first gentleman in Europe, had not been consulted, and for some unexplained reason he disliked Palmerston. To harmonize matters, Canning was obliged to unite the two offices of First Lord and Chancellor in his own person as Prime Minister. The Governorship of Jamaica was offered to Palmerston. He laughed at it. The Governor-Generalship of India — the most lucrative in the gift of the government — was then proposed. He thanked the Minister kindly, but said the climate would not agree with his health. When the Wellington administration was formed, in the early part of 1828, Huskisson, Palmerston, and others, representing what was called the Canningite party, were taken in to secure their support. There was little sympathy between these men and the Great Duke. Huskisson soon resigned, or was forced out, and all the others followed. This was in May, 1828, and Palmerston did not enter the government again until November, 1830, when he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs, under Lord Grey.

From that time until his death he played an important part in European politics, — more important, perhaps, than that of any other man. He had hardly become settled in his new office before he had an opportunity to show his qualities as a diplomatist. The Belgian Revolution broke out, and resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland, and its establishment as an independent power. Sebastiani was at the head of foreign affairs in the French government, and Talleyrand was Minister at London, both experienced, wily, and unscrupulous. They considered the opportunity a good one for accomplishing several things, such as putting a Frenchman, or a creature of France, on the Belgian throne, "rectifying" their Rhine frontier, and reconstructing some of the small states in that vicinity. Palmerston was shrewd enough to see that his only course was to be honest and firm. Here is a paragraph from one of his letters to Granville, British Minister at Paris: "The French continually come upon us with the argument, Do only consider our difficulties and how we are pressed, and so consent to do some little thing unreasonable, unjust, dishonest, against treaties and principles, in order to enable us to say that we have carried some one point, at least. In reply, I would say, Choose some point to be carried which is consistent with treaties and engagements and justice, and probably you will be able to carry it. Why should we wish to help you to maintain yourselves? Why, in order that you may maintain your engagements and abide by your treaties; but if the way to maintain you is to allow you to break these engagements, we are sacrificing the end to obtain the means."

In another letter he says: "I wish the French government would make up their minds to act with good faith about Belgium, and we should settle the matter in three weeks; but the men in power cannot make up their minds to be honest with stoutness, or to play the rogue with boldness."

Out of this contest of diplomacy Palmerston came with honor, having carried all his points. We should say that Bulwer, who had a hand in this matter, and who is full of it, has entered rather too largely into details, and has stated them in the hard, uninteresting blue-book style.

In 1834 Grey retired, and Melbourne took his place, forming a government, as it was said at the time, out of the dregs of the previous administration. Palmerston was

retained in the Foreign Office. But in November of that year Wellington came in and hustled them all off the stage. Wellington stood it only a month; and was followed by Sir Robert Peel, who in turn gave way to Melbourne again in April, 1835. Palmerston then returned to the Foreign Office, and held it until the Whig Ministry fell, in 1841. We have not space to enter into any discussion of his foreign policy during this period; and can barely allude to one question of *domestic* policy, the famous bedchamber question, which fairly shook the British throne. In 1839 the Tories, being called upon by the young queen to form a government, insisted on the removal of the Ladies of the Bedchamber. Here is Palmerston's account of it: "The queen declared she would not submit to it; that it would be too painful and affronting to her; that those ladies have no seats in Parliament; that the object in view in dismissing them was to separate her from everybody in whom she could trust, and to surround her with political spies, if not with personal enemies. They came three times to the charge. First, Peel made the demand simply; then he brought to his aid the Duke of Wellington; and again he came back with the unanimous opinion of his Cabinet that was to be. The queen, alone and unadvised, stood firm against all these assaults, showed a presence of mind, a firmness, a discrimination far beyond her years, and had much the best of it in her discussion with Peel and the Duke. She sent Peel this morning her final refusal to comply with this condition, and Peel thereupon resigned his commission to form a government. We shall of course stand by the queen, and support her against this offensive condition which the Tories wanted to impose upon her, and which her youth and isolated position ought to have protected her from."

The correspondence yet to be published will undoubtedly contain some important historical information concerning the Napoleonic *coup d'état* and the extent of the aid and comfort furnished by the British Secretary. It will also be interesting to know how far Palmerston was responsible for the policy of the English Cabinet which led to the invasion of the Crimea.

In conclusion, and for the satisfaction of members of Congress, here is an account of a scene in the House of Commons, in the year 1810:—

"We had last night a most extraordinary display of folly, coarseness, and vulgarity from Fuller, who, because Sir John Anstruther, chairman of the committee, would not take notice of him when he several times attempted to rise, in order to put some very gross and absurd questions to Lord Chat-ham, flew into such a passion, and swore, and abused the chairman and the House to such a degree, that it became at last necessary to commit him to custody. As he went out he shook his fist at the Speaker, and said he was a d—d insignificant little puppy, and, snapping his fingers at him, said he did not care *that* for him or the House either."

The Houses of Parliament must have rocked on their foundations at such an exhibition of disrespect.

Tausend Seelen. Roman in vier Theilen von
ALEXIS PISEMSKI. *Aus dem Russischen*
übertragen von DR. L. KAYSSLER. [A
Thousand Souls. A Romance in Four
Parts by Alexis Pisemski. Translated
from the Russian by Dr. L. Kayssler.]
Berlin. 1870.

To many readers of fiction the Russian novelists may be still unfamiliar; but now that the siege of Paris is depriving us of French books, it may be a suitable time to mention another source of amusement to those who weary of the dull monotony or vulgar excitement of many English novels.

It may seem as if Russia offered an even more barren field to the novelist than our own country, to which, by the way, it bears some likeness, with its long winters, hot summers, wooden houses, and more especially in the provincial relation the country holds to the rest of Europe in regard to all intellectual matters. But the reader who has once accustomed himself to the unusual and to us uncouth names, and who has learned the meaning of the few Russian words that still linger in the text, will find the other circumstances of these novels full of interest.

Tourguénief is the best known of the modern Russian writers, and justly so. Of his works there have already appeared in English, "Smoke" in England, and "Fathers and Sons in America," the last translated by Colonel Eugene Schuyler. One or two of his shorter tales have been printed in different magazines. The French translations are now, owing to the war, hard to

get, and some of them are out of print, but a German translation, made under the author's supervision, and the accuracy of which he himself warrants, is now publishing at Mitau. Of this three or four volumes have already appeared. The translation deserves praise for elegance as well as accuracy; in fact, it is probably elegant because it is so accurate, for Tourguénieff is a most finished writer. Although to read him we must accustom ourselves to a society very different from our own, there are few, we think, who will find the new surroundings uncomfortably strange. Much more depends upon the author than upon the subject, and we soon accustom ourselves to the novelty, under the charm of the simple, tender beauty of his tales, the calm force of his humor, and the perfection of his style, which place him at the head of living novelists. His characters impress themselves upon our imaginations as if they were people we had known. It would be hard to find more delicate, fascinating love-stories than his, or studies marked by a keener poetical insight into human nature. It is this poetical quality which mainly distinguishes him from the stern realism of another Russian novelist to whom we desire to call attention; for Tourguénieff is not the only modern Russian novelist whose works are accessible to us in translations.

There has been lately published at Berlin an excellent German version of a story, whose title we have given above, by Alexis Pisemski, — a writer well known in Russia through his comedies and novels.

The story at its opening represents a father, Peter Michailovitch Godnief, an inspector of schools, living in a small village with his motherless daughter, a girl of twenty. He is a weak, good-natured man, inclined to let matters take their own course. He resigns and is succeeded by the hero of the novel, Kalinovitch, a young man who has just finished his education, and has accepted this place in the civil service. He is cold, ambitious, and rigidly exact in the execution of his own duty and in what he demands of others. He becomes intimate in the house of Godnief, and falls in love with his daughter Nasteuka. He seeks other friends in the village, but finds the people too boorish, and is treated with coolness by a noble family when they discover the humble position that he fills. He does not content himself with its slight duties, but has already written a novel,

which is rejected by the editors to whom he had sent it. Godnief, however, sends it to an influential friend of his in St. Petersburg, an old schoolmate, with a request to get it published, and soon Kalinovitch is gratified by seeing it appear in a magazine. Here ends the first part. The second opens a few weeks later, and introduces a prince, a cousin of the noble family mentioned above. He is a cunning, speculating man of the world, who sees in Kalinovitch a fitting husband for his rich cousin, who is mortally weary of her dull life and of her slavery to her miserly mother. Kalinovitch is invited to the house, is flattered into forgetfulness of their former incivility, and tastes the elegance and comfort which contrast so sharply with his own meagre belongings. He is also invited to spend a month at the Prince's house, that he may become more intimate with the rich cousin, Pauline. Instead of falling in love with her, he is struck with the beauty of the Prince's daughter; and when the father suggests his marriage with Pauline, he rejects the offer and returns to the village, but not to stay there. He determines to go to St. Petersburg to try his hand at literature. The third part presents him to us at the capital, where he soon has his eyes opened to his many illusions. He finds himself unknown, although he was the lion of his village; and learns that his novel had been published, not for its own merits, but through the influence of the friend of Godnief. The managing editor of the magazine, an old friend of his, dying in deep poverty, tells him this, and solemnly warns him against literature. He seeks a place in the civil service, but can get none that will support him. In addition to all this he becomes sick, and Nasteuka, hearing of his wretched plight, joins him in St. Petersburg, bringing him two thousand rubles. This money comes to an end, he knows not which way to turn, and in despair he tells the Prince he is willing to marry Pauline, the heiress, the owner of the thousand serfs. He tears himself from Nasteuka and sells himself to this rich marriage. He is, of course, utterly miserable; he hates his wife and she hates him. He is appointed vice-governor of one of the departments, where he distinguishes himself, and wins many enemies by his zeal and scrupulous integrity. He ousts the inefficient governor, detects the Prince in some dishonesty and has him arrested. Pauline, who has always loved the Prince, runs away

from her husband. At this moment Nasteuka, who has become a great actress, visits the town, and Kalinovitch renews his former relations with her. The Prince escapes from prison, and is powerful enough, with the aid supplied him by the hatred which Pauline and the offended nobles bear against Kalinovitch, to have him removed from his post and tried for malfeasance in office. Here the story ends; we are briefly told that he marries Nasteuka and passes his sour old age in Moscow.

This bare analysis can give no just idea of the interest of the story. Nasteuka's unflinching devotion is contrasted with Kalinovitch's love, sincere, it is true, but subordinate to his ambition. We are admitted to examine his whole conduct, the temptations and reasonings which control him, with a sharpness with which we should hardly dare to look at our own hearts. The simplicity of the village life, the pride of the aristocracy, the corruption of society, are painted with a merciless hand. The exposition of the civil service and its workings shows that, however little there may be in the artificial sympathy between Russia and this country, a similarity in the faults of both gives us at least one trait in common.

Plutarch's Morals. Translated from the Greek by several Hands. Corrected and revised by WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, Ph. D., Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Five Volumes. 8vo. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THIS regal edition, just issued from Wilson's press in Cambridge, contrasts very strangely with the old London copy we have been accustomed to read. The English edition we refer to was printed in 1695, and is marked Third Edition, corrected and amended. It is inscribed by one M. Morgan in a dedicatory epistle, with "the lowest Submission To William, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Private and Metropolitan of all England." M. Morgan tells William Canterbury that he, William, "can illustrate even the meanest person and make him considerable." M. tells William also that the "several Hands" who have made the translation "with the humblest prostrations of reverence, kneel to Your Grace and beg that you

will bless our Persons," etc., etc., etc. All this sort of nonsense has long ago been buried in the dust, and Mr. Emerson comes forward in his sturdy fashion to introduce old Plutarch to the readers of 1871. The essay, which preludes the subject-matter of the first volume, is admirable. No man could have lifted the curtain more graciously and introduced his author with more sense and sensibility. It certainly means excellence when Professor Goodwin is willing to re-edit so old a book as Plutarch's "Morals," and Mr. Emerson is willing to pause in his studies and compose such a paper as he has prefixed to this new Boston edition. We take it for granted that this work will be an addition to the readable literature of the century. The old editions were full of errors, and the new editor very modestly explains his position by saying that he has endeavored to make each treatise what the original translator would have made it, if he had carried out his own purpose conscientiously and thoroughly. "Several Hands" have had more than justice done them by Professor Goodwin. Mr. Emerson says: "It is a service to our Republic to publish a book that can force ambitious young men, before they mount the platform of the county conventions, to read Plutarch's 'Apothegms of Great Commanders.'" He also says Plutarch's popularity will return in rapid cycles; that his sterling values will presently recall the eye and thought of the best minds; that his books will be reprinted and read anew by coming generations, and that he will be perpetually rediscovered from time to time as long as books last. And no one can doubt the wisdom of these assertions who opens this treasury of "Morals" and reads such chapters as "Concerning the Cure of Anger," "On the Training of Children," "Of the Tranquillity of the Mind," "Rules for the Preservation of Health," "Concerning the Virtues of Women," "Of Garrulity," or "Talkativeness," "Of Envy and Hatred," "Of Curiosity," "Of Fortune," "Of Fate," and so on.

When old Sir Thomas North put his hand to the translation of Plutarch's "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans," in 1693, he was unwittingly assisting William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. Who can tell what a fortunate help may be rendered to America by the reproduction of these "Morals," now for the first time presented to the New World in an edition of its own?

The Naturalist's Guide in collecting and preserving Objects of Natural History. With a complete Catalogue of the Birds of Eastern Massachusetts. By C. J. MAYNARD. With Illustrations by E. L. Weeks. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 18mo. pp. 170.

THIS is a compact but sufficiently comprehensive manual of directions for preparing zoological specimens, vertebrate and invertebrate, followed by a list of the birds of this vicinity. Both portions of the book have the appearance of being founded on personal experience, which, as Mr. Maynard remarks in his opening sentence, "is a good, and, in fact, the only adequate teacher we can have in learning any art." Every collector will have his own favorite methods, but the directions here given seem to be sound and sensible, and we have no hesitation in recommending them to the use of the young naturalists, of whom each year brings forward a fresh crop. The passion for "collections," without very much regard to what is collected, befalls most boys, like measles or whooping-cough; and when it takes the direction of natural history, is sometimes deprecated by tender-hearted and reasonable people for the amount of unrequited destruction and suffering which it seems to them to invoke. The laceration of trousers and of cuticle, and the still worse laceration of the finer sensibilities incident to bird-nesting and shooting and the impalement of butterflies, seems to the considerate parent imperfectly compensated by an uncertain amount of fragmentary and undigested information picked up in the process. The merely acquisitive and rapacious propensities seem called into play, rather than the higher faculties. There is some foundation for this view. Even the doings of full-fledged naturalists are not always pleasant to think of. The ravages of which Audubon complacently accuses himself, and some even of Mr. Maynard's recommendations, must affect the most liberally disposed mind with mixed feelings. "While visiting a remote region, but little known," he says, "one should not neglect to shoot numbers of every bird met with, even if they are common species at home," that is, perhaps, in the next village. "If a bird is seen that is not fully recognized, it should be shot at once; for in no other way can it be determined whether it is not a *rara avis*," and as such deserving instant destruction.

"While collecting the eggs of the warblers and other small birds, the most experienced oölogist should *never* neglect to shoot the bird, even if he has to watch for it a long time." Nevertheless, on the whole, and remembering that, as Emerson says, we must fetch the pump with dirty water if clean cannot be had, these drawbacks and deductions should not blind us to the advantage which there is to every one in having some acquaintance with his four-footed or feathered neighbors, or to the fact that such acquaintance is rarely obtained by any one who has not at some time or other passed through the "collection" stage. It would of course be better for our young friends to devote as much zeal to observing the living animal as they do to making a "specimen" of him; and the same thing may be said of their teachers, of the learned doctors in science. It is a little disgraceful that we should know so much about the teeth of the fox or the woodchuck, and so little of his biography, — of the use for which these characteristic distinctions exist. But we must take men as they are, and it seems to be the natural course to begin with the outside, the specimens, and afterwards to come to the perception of what it is they are specimens of. Mr. Maynard devotes a good deal of space to directions (and very good ones) for the mounting of birds and mammals, that is, setting up their skins with wires, so as to look lifelike and natural, and for the manufacture of rocks and trees of *papier-maché* sprinkled over with sand or powdered glass to receive them. He does not say — doubtless feeling that it is not his affair to say it — that, except for public museums, a skin, that is, an unmounted specimen, is in every point of view preferable to a mounted one. It is easier to prepare, much easier to take care of, and more convenient for study. Mr. Maynard does not feel called upon to suggest this view; but if it could be adopted, without detriment to the zeal aforesaid, private collections and even public might, by losing something of their cumbrousness, gain in utility and have a better chance of being kept up. Part II. contains valuable notes, which might to advantage be expanded, on the distribution of birds in this region. The absence, in the Eastern States, of natural barriers sufficient to modify distribution makes them an apt field for the study of this problem. In the neighborhood of Boston some species seem, without assignable

cause, regularly to frequent or avoid rather narrowly circumscribed regions. Some occur abundantly at irregular intervals, and are rare or unknown at other times. The Rose-breasted Grossbeak, which Mr. Maynard marks as a common summer resident, is, or until lately has been, rare in some of our neighboring towns. The Great Crested Fly-catcher, which he marks as very rare, has been a regular summer visitor in one of these towns for the last thirty years; and the Black-throated Bunting, which he considers to be a very rare visitor, "a straggler," was one summer as abundant in a certain range of meadow in Cambridge as the Bobolink. Such instances might be multiplied, and they suggest the thought that concerted observation might reveal some of the conditions which influence distribution, and perhaps let us into some of the open secrets of bird-life.

In a second edition the lettering of the plates might be revised to advantage, particularly that of Plate III., which at present is not quite intelligible. Otherwise, the get-up of the book is careful and convenient.

Winter Poems by Favorite American Poets.

With Illustrations. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

A Child's Dream of a Star. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by Ham-matt Billings. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

The Sunnyside Book. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons.

Illustrations to Goethe's Faust. Designed by Paul Konewka. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Black Peter: Scissor-Pictures. By PAUL KONEWKA. With Rhymes from the German. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

The Song of the Sower. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated with Forty-two Engravings on Wood. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Unknown River. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. Illustrated by the Author. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

ALL but one of the Winter Poems are old friends. They are "The Golden Milestone," "Woods in Winter," and "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," by Mr. Longfellow; "A Winter Piece" and "The Snow-Shower," by Mr. Bryant; "The

Snow-Storm," by Emerson; "The First Snow-Fall," by Mr. Lowell; and "In School Days," by Mr. Whittier, who also contributes the only new poem, the descriptive piece with which the beautiful little book begins. We believe, not to go any further, that a more satisfactory collection of American poems about winter could hardly have been made, and there is no winter association, either of mystery or awfulness, of tenderness or familiarity, of beauty or grimness, which is not here expressed or suggested. Mr. Whittier's new poem is of a sunlit, hard-frozen, snowy winter morning, — a walk that the poet takes the reader from his books into the woods, with a little gleam or dream of spring falling in at the close. It is full of Mr. Whittier's sincere love of nature; and Mr. Fenn's exquisite illustrations reflect the poet's feeling throughout. They do not merely translate some of his expressions into wood-engraving, for Mr. Fenn is an artist who reserves his literality for the natural objects, though even over these he always contrives to throw ideal loveliness. We like all his illustrations of "The Pageant," but most that snow-drifted, hemlock-clad hill-slope, and the sylvan and farm-yard life grouped about the verses,

"I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The foolish screaming of the jay,
The chopper's axe-stroke far away;
The clamor of some neighboring barnyard,
The lazy cock's belated crow,
Or cattle tramp in crispy snow."

Some of Mr. Griswold's pictures for the "Winter Piece" approach these best illustrations of all in delicacy of sentiment; and Mr. Eytinge shows more feeling than he commonly lets people suspect him of, in his rendering of those lines in Mr. Whittier's poem, "In School Days,"

"For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled,"

and the rest. Here Mr. Eytinge's conventional face, which we have seen upon so many young and old shoulders of either sex, has quite vanished; and though the picture is only an interpretation of the words, it is very pleasant to have them so faithfully and tenderly interpreted. Mr. Homer's little pictures for "The Golden Milestone" are good, and are full of the suggestiveness of the poem. The young girls of Mr. Homer's pencil, if they are all a good deal alike, are always pretty (perhaps they resemble the young girls of real life in both respects), and it is a very lovable one that sits looking into

the fire with the before-seen well-dressed young — New-Yorker, we came near saying. The conjugal quarrel is excellent, and the little girl's face in the peacefuller group at another fireside is one to take and hold the delighted eye. Again, and with renewed pleasure, we have Mr. Fenn in the illustrations of "Woods in Winter." The effects of sunlight on the wintry landscape, the bit of snow-drowned forest, that flight and splash of wild-fowl into a reedy pool, — are in a manner that we always find unaffected, lifelike, and charming. In all these pictures the artist and his admirer owe great part of the pleasure of their acquaintance to the excellent effect with which the engraver, Mr. Anthony, has brought them into each other's presence. His work here, as in the "New England Ballads," has all those self-denying virtues and graces which must be more felt than seen by the many they contribute to please.

What Mr. Anthony has done for various hands, Mr. Linton has performed for Mr. Hammatt Billings in the illustrations of "A Child's Dream of a Star." The pictures are such as children will love, full of sympathy and a quaint fidelity to the text, and never too subtle in feeling for their perception and enjoyment. The first five are singularly sweet and touching, and they are all such as will take the wonder and liking of those for whom they were made.

"The Sunnyside Book" is a collection of pieces chiefly from Washington Irving, but including poems and sketches by Messrs. Stoddard, Butler, Read, Curtis, and others. We believe that none of them are newly printed here, and that the pictures by Mr. Darley and other well-known artists are few of them new. The book for this reason cannot claim examination; but its material is good, and we could easily imagine that it might give pleasure, which, happily for such books, is not always inspired by novelty alone.

Konewka's "Faust," good and beautiful as it is, is a less charming book than the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which his wonderful silhouettes illustrated. Being so sculpturesque in its effects, his art lent itself more willingly to the tender, nude outlines of the fairies than it does to the draperies necessary in "Faust," and it is at its best here in the faces, and in such parts of the natural shape as are shown. Where the close-fitting dress of Margaret reveals the soft contour of her arms and shoulders (as in

the scene of her first meeting with Faust), all the sweetness and witchery of the artist is felt; and in Mephistopheles and Martha the artist's humor is more delightful than in anything in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Where these two are walking together, and that foolish old woman asks her demoniac gallant about the state of his affections, the humor of the situation is expressed with unsurpassed — we are tempted to say unequalled — force. The Faust is always something of a stage Faust, and perhaps the whole reminds one quite as much of Gounod as of Goethe, of the opera as of the poem. But there is no reason that holds against the assurance of one's senses that a thing is pleasant; and no one can deny that Konewka's "Faust" is a fascinating book, or that his peculiar art has ever been other than charming. It is a kind of performance to which one might easily do less than justice, and not so easily do more. It reminds one so strongly of what is very cheap and common, that sometimes it is only by considering its strong portrayal of action, its expression of the finest feeling, and its never-failing suggestion of the unexpressed, that we can render it due praise.

The danger is greater in the case of a work like "Faust" than with such a child's book as "Black Peter," where the artist, in the abundance of his fancy and sentiment, has done so much more than was needed to achieve anything that could have been desired by children. In this there are such bewitching shadows of little people and their pets as never were cast before; there are a rough-coated colt and a lamb that caper beyond all applause; there are inestimable dogs and birds; and as for the small men and maids, and the softly outlined bald-headed babies, they are delicious. The translator of the verses that accompany the pictures has tried to damage the book by his clumsiness, but has only partially succeeded.

The really good series of drawings, illustrating the "Song of the Sower," opens unfortunately. Of the four sketches by Mr. Griswold, the snow scene on page 39 is the best, being well composed and well drawn. Mr. Fenn's pictures, on pages 10 and 15, are good as illustrations, drawings, and engravings. In the former it is no easy thing in the wood-cutting to make the distant hill on the right (the reader's left) show through the trees and yet lie back in its proper place. Mr. Harley has done both. The stem of

the nearest tree could scarcely be finer and clearer, even in etching. In the picture on page 15, with the end of a barn, a log, and a litter of pigs, — prosaic elements of which to compound an attractive scene, — Mr. Fenn has shown how a homely subject can be admirably treated, and Mr. Karst has aided by good engraving. The willow-grown dam, and the surveying scene, on pages 16 and 27, are among the best in the book. The picturesque beauty of the former lies not only in what it shows, but in what it suggests. In the latter, the play of light on the ground and tree-stems, the good tone in the shadows, and the composition of the lines, are very admirable.

For examples of more thoughtful study in Mr. Hennessy, whose things here are not all good, see page 40, which is a fine illustration. The action of the mother gathering the cradle-curtain about her child is dainty, flexible, and graceful. The allegorical pieces on pages 22 and 31 are both fine illustrations of the text, and show much fancy and grace. Mr. Hennessy's shortcomings always seem to arise more from negligence than ignorance or inability.

We intended to remark upon the engravers' work, but want of space prevents. Messrs. Appleton & Co. deserve great credit for their part of the book. The typography, paper, and binding are excellent contributions to decorative art.

The noble art of etching was never better employed than in Mr. Hamerton's "Voyage of Discovery." His name has now grown in America to be the synonyme of all that is charming in an artist's out-of-door life, and this new volume is certainly one of his most welcome books. We hope that this eloquent writer and his dog Tom will frequently sail together in hitherto unexplored parts of Europe. It were quite a work of supererogation to point out the excellences in the pictures which illustrate this late voyage. Every one of them is perfect in expressing just what it purports to represent. We will name a few of the illustrations merely to show what exquisite regions Hamerton has lately been exploring. Here are some of the musical titles of places in his list of pictures: "On the Ternin," "Pre Charmoy," "Millery," "Towers of Autun," "Genetoie," "Old Houses at Etang," "Great Oak of St. Nisier," "The Bridge of Toulon," "River Shore near Digoin." Whoever is fortunate enough to have this volume in the

house will have a gallery always new and beautiful close at hand. Hamerton himself, etched the pictures from nature on the spot so that we get in them all the truth and vivacity of out-of-door sketches.

The Origin and Development of Religious Belief. Part II. Christianity. By S. BARING-GOULD. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MR. BARING-GOULD is a very earnest and yet a very liberal-minded member of the English Church, who has sought and, as he himself thinks, found a new and philosophic armory for religious truth in the resources of Hegel's dialectic. He concedes that the principle of authority — whether it be the Catholic principle of Church authority, or the antagonist Protestant principle of Scriptural authority — is no longer competent to subjugate the sceptical temper of the age; and he reasonably insists, therefore, that if we are to continue regarding Christianity as a veritable divine institution, we must bestir ourselves to find an enduring basis for it in the acknowledged truths of human nature and human science.

Mr. Baring-Gould, though a bright, vivacious intellect, and a man of signally amiable intentions, lacks logical completeness, and must accordingly content himself with the fame of having put a new face for a moment upon an old controversy, but one which will assuredly not survive the moment. For example. The sceptic, if he understands himself, is not at all the limp creature which Mr. Baring-Gould takes him to be, whose intellectual backbone is to be straightened up or cured of its curvature by a certain amount of logical friction at the hands of judicious Doctor Hegel, or some other logical expert. Hegel's diagnosis of the sceptical malady is flagrantly shallow, to begin with. He conceives it to be a malady of the mind primarily, not of the heart. He conceives, in short, that scepticism is at most a diseased way of thinking. Why? Because, to this great physician, thought is everything in life, and feeling nothing. Not affection, but thought, is in his opinion the limit of existence. The identity of being and thought is in fact the foundation-stone of his system. No doubt there may be an amateur or voluntary sceptic here and there whose melodramatic sorrows will relent under this agreeable titillation. But the hearty or honest sceptic will

have none of it. It seems a medicine fashioned only for the insincere, for those whose grief exists only to be paraded or talked about. He cannot help looking upon it as quackery. In fact, the depth of his so-called malady predisposes him, along with Schopenhauer, to regard Hegel's dialectic as transparent word-jugglery, and Hegel himself to that extent the arch-quack of his century. For he knows, past the power of all sciolism to dispute, that his disease, if it be one, is not of his thought, but exclusively of his deeper will. It is an outgrowth, not of his shifty politic understanding, but of his upright manly heart, which claims to recognize in God the ideal of all human perfection; and which is only to be appeased consequently by such a revelation of his name as will be sheerly incongruous with the fossil exigencies of any existing church and state, or avouch henceforth only the interests of the broadest human society or brotherhood on earth and in heaven. Accordingly what every such man must feel himself impelled to say to the kindly but feeble-minded adviser he finds in Mr. Baring-Gould, and especially to the remorseless dogmatist he encounters in Hegel, is: "Physician, heal thyself! First remove the beam from your own eye, and then perhaps you may see how to take out the mote (at most) which impairs my vision. I have no disbelief in truly divine things, such as the universe of the human heart, the universe of the human mind, the universe of the human body. And I insist, moreover, upon the necessary logical correlative of such faith in the truth of a divine individuality in man every way commensurate with these divine universals. But how is this devout and disinterested faith of mine—or rather how is it not—daily vexed and stifled, as it were, by your petty personal adulation of the Christ, as if his historic pretension had confessedly been to divinize his proper person at the expense of his common nature! In short, my only disbelief is in you, and every other man who has the fatuity to set himself up, on either traditional or rationalistic grounds, as a competent exponent either of literal or spiritual religion. *Non tali auxilio*, etc. If consequently you would full surely cure me of this afflictive scepticism, you have only to mend your own bewildered ways by consenting to become a conscientious learner of others, before proposing yourself as their all-

sufficient critic and teacher. *Si vis me flere*,—the precept is old, but it admits of a timely application, which is, that if you wish to cope effectually with scepticism or any other intellectual malady, you must enter heartily into it yourself, or know it experimentally. So alone will you attain to that inward anointing of the eyes which is the indispensable condition of all spiritual vision."

With every disposition then to do justice to Mr. Baring-Gould's exceptional frankness, and freedom from sectarian rancor, we cannot help thinking his method of dealing with scepticism essentially fallacious. What the sceptic demands, and has a perfect right to demand, of the Church, is, not any probable or tentative, but some most assured, knowledge of God; that is to say, he demands, and has a right to demand, a revelation of the divine name ample to conciliate, not merely the spiritual but the rational, and even the sensuous, homage of mankind. It is only paltering with his sincere doubts, consequently, when you relegate him anew to the mystical letter of truth, for a sole *quietus* to those doubts. This insatiate letter of revelation is the citadel and pregnant armory of his misgiving; and by attempting to tighten its grasp upon his imagination by any fresh violence or speciousness of ratiocination, you simply shut him up to intellectual despair. Undoubtedly if you are wise enough to unlock this obdurate, implacable, letter, and, without forcing its mystical contents, to deduce from them a thorough philosophic justification of all the facts of nature and all the events of history, you will have done his intellect an incalculable service. But in that case farewell evermore to the letter, and hail only to the spirit! For what you have now done with your sceptic is not to have made him a proselyte to any dogmatic system, but a sheer intellectual freedman. That is to say, the result of your effort in every such case will be, not to enhance, but to deaden one's ritual conscience, by making one see in religion no longer a childish ceremonial, but an earnest and most secular life; no longer an outward law, but an inward inspiration, no longer an insult or imputation upon one's natural force, but, on the contrary, so divine a consecration of it, as to inscribe one's abject flesh and blood with "holiness to the Lord," or exalt one's ordinary appetites and passions to the dignity of a sacramental apparatus. —H. J.